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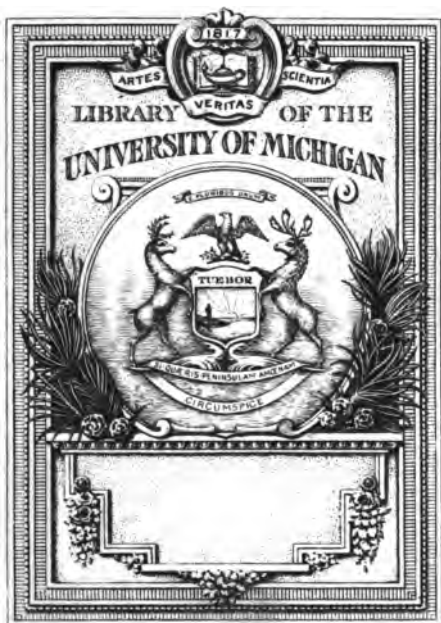
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THE WORKS  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE.  

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THE LIFE  
OF  
ALEXANDER POPE.



POPE'S TOWER, MAPLEDURHAM.

LONDON:  
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.  
MDCCCLVII.





## P R E F A C E.

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THIS new edition of the LIFE OF POPE, preliminary to a reprint of his Works, has been carefully revised. Considerable additions have been made, and a better arrangement of the materials attempted. Indeed, so many new facts illustrative of Pope's literary and personal character have been brought to light within the last four or five years, that any previous life of the poet would require to be almost wholly rewritten. The Editor has availed himself of this recent information—of course specifying the authority for each fact and illustration—and he has been enabled to make some additions from unpublished sources. Further extracts are given from the Mapledurham MSS., including a few letters from Pope, Mrs. Howard, Mallet, &c. The correspondent to whom Pope addressed the "Letters to a Lady," first published by Dodsley in 1769, has been traced and found (where it is pleasant to find a new poetical association) in the family of Cowper. The "Erinna" of Pope was the aunt of the author of "The Task." Some particulars

have been gleaned from the Wills in Doctors' Commons, and proof is adduced of Pope's connexion with the *Grub-street Journal*, as asserted by Curll.

For the private details of the poet's life, the chief authority is Spence's Anecdotes. Johnson had the use of this work in manuscript when writing his life of Pope, and Malone made extracts from it for his life of Dryden. A complete edition, however, was not printed till 1819, when it was edited and published by Mr. Samuel Weller Singer. The anecdotes are interesting and valuable; but Spence was inferior to Boswell in all the important requisites of industry, correctness, and dramatic talent in sketching character and reporting conversation. With the same opportunities as Spence, Boswell would have cleared up all the doubtful and mysterious points in Pope's life and poetry, besides giving us a copious sprinkling of the table-talk at Twickenham and Dawley, and interior glimpses of Will's or Button's coffee-houses. In one respect, however, Spence is equal to the northern biographer: he almost worshipped the object of his work, and unhesitatingly subscribed to the poet's opinions, literary and personal.

All the editors of Pope have been misled in some material points by trusting to *Memoirs of his Life and Writings*, published in 1745, and written by William Ayre, Esq. The existence of "Squire Ayre" (as he has been called) was denied by one of his contemporaries, "J. H.," who asserted

that the notorious Edmund Curll was author of the work; and Miss Aikin, in her life of Addison, seems inclined to adopt the same conclusion. Ayre, however, was a veritable existing person. He had previously appeared as a commentator on Pope ("Truth, a Counterpart to Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, by Mr. Ayre," 1739; and "A Counterpart to Mr. Pope's Essay on Man, Epistle II., by Mr. Ayre," 1739), and had published some translations from the French and Italian. He put forth his *Memoir of Pope* with high pretensions, dedicated it to the poet's noble friends, Bolingbroke, Burlington, Marchmont, and Bathurst, and professed to have received large and valuable assistance. He took the precaution of securing the copyright of his work by letters patent under the royal signet. Yet, notwithstanding all this parade and assumption, a more careless and worthless book than that of Ayre never issued from the press. Of the seven hundred and more pages comprised in the two volumes, not fifty are original, the rest having been quoted or stolen from other authors, chiefly from Pope; and the whole work exhibits inextricable confusion, inaccuracy, and misrepresentation. One error which runs through his narrative is assuming that Pope's correspondent, Edward Blount, was brother of the poet's female friends, Teresa and Martha Blount. This has been copied by every succeeding biographer, and forms the groundwork of various conjectures and discussions by Bowles and Roscoe. The importance of this seemingly

trifling mistake will be best seen by an example taken from Roscoe's Pope, vol. viii., p. 383 :

"Mr. Blount died in London the following year, 1726."—*Pope*.

"Blount died of the small-pox ; and was attended during his illness with the greatest affection and sorrow, by the lady whose name is so often mentioned in these volumes. Soon after his death, Pope was much more explicit than he had ever been before respecting the nature of his feelings towards Miss Martha."—*Bowles*.

"By 'the lady whose name is so often mentioned in these volumes Mr. Bowles means Martha Blount, who attended her brother through the illness which terminated in his death, although she had not herself had the disease. The assertion of Mr. Bowles, that after the death of Mr. Blount 'Pope was much more explicit than he had ever been before respecting the nature of his feelings towards Miss Martha,' is only an additional proof of his earnestness to avail himself of every opportunity of attributing that attachment to an improper motive."—*Roscoe*.

Now, with the exception of Pope's simple statement of the fact of his friend's death, the whole of this explanation and crimination is a tissue of errors. Edward Blount did not die of the small-pox, but of gout and old age ; he was not attended by Martha Blount, who in reality had had the small-pox ; and Edward Blount's death had no effect whatever on Pope's attachment to his fair friend. The complication of blunders (of which this is but one specimen) arise from two causes—the publication of some letters taken from an old translation of *Voiture* as genuine letters from Pope to Miss Blount, and the unfounded assertion that Edward Blount was the brother of the lady. The latter *had* a brother, Mr. Michael Blount, of Mapledurham, in Oxfordshire.

shire, who survived till 1739; but Edward Blount was an elderly gentleman, owner of the estate of Blagdon, in Devonshire, whose second daughter afterwards became Duchess of Norfolk. It is obvious from the genuine correspondence that Ayre's statement cannot be correct; but it was implicitly adopted and continued without examination. We may add, that from dependence on the same untrustworthy guide, the quarrel between Pope and Addison has been misrepresented.

Criticism on the poet's works has been exhausted: his position as an English classic has long been fixed. But his biography has been neglected; and though the present work can be considered only as a contribution towards the history of Pope and his times, the Editor can honestly say that he has taken nothing upon trust which he had an opportunity of investigating, and that he has been anxious to show his sense of the public favour by increased attention and diligent inquiry.

R. C.

Inverness, July, 1857.

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# LIFE OF POPE.

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## CHAPTER I.

[1688—1708.]

POPE'S BIRTH, FAMILY, AND EDUCATION. HIS EARLY FRIENDS, SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL, WYCHERLEY, WALSH, AND HENRY CROMWELL.

THE death of Dryden, on the 1st of May, 1700, left the poetical throne of England vacant, with no prospect of an immediate or adequate successor. His dominion had often been disputed, and was assailed to the last; but as every year strengthened his claims, and as the latter portion of his life was the most rich and glorious of his literary career, his adversaries ultimately withdrew or became powerless, and his supremacy was firmly established. The magnificent funeral of the poet, though a gaudy and ill-conducted pageant, had a moral that penetrated through the folds of ceremony—it was a public recognition of merits which every effort of envy, faction, and caprice, had been employed to thwart and condemn. And posterity has amply ratified this acknowledgment of the services of the great national poet. Dryden inherited the faults and vices of his age, and he wanted the higher sensibilities, the purity of taste, and lofty moral feeling that dignify the poet's art. But even when sinning with his contemporaries he soared far above them, and his English nature at length overcame his French tastes and the fashion of the Court. His sympathies had a wider and nobler range; his conceptions were clear and masculine; and no one approached him in command of the stores of our language—whether

choice and secret, or familiar and universal—or in that free, elastic, and *sounding* versification which has so large a compass of rhythmical melody. He gave to the heroic couplet the utmost variety of cadence, stateliness, and harmony of which that measure is susceptible; and his great Ode is still our finest specimen of lyric poetry. These native honours gained and tardily acknowledged, the venerable poet, when approaching the close of his chequered life, bequeathed to Congreve the care of his posthumous fame. He trusted that his friend would be kind to his remains, and defend him from “the insulting foe,” shading those laurels which would descend to himself. The sacred bequest was not neglected; but Dryden’s laurels were destined to descend, not to the successful dramatist, but to one who should follow closely and reverently in his own footsteps, copying his subjects, his manner, and versification; and adding to them original powers of wit, fancy, and tenderness, and a brilliancy, condensation, and correctness, which even his master did not reach, and which still remain unsurpassed.

ALEXANDER POPE was born in London in the memorable year of the Revolution, 1688. The belief in judicial astrology was then not utterly exploded, and the professors of this pretended science living in Westminster—their ancient stronghold—used to exhibit a book of horoscopes of extraordinary men, among which was that of Pope. The planetary influences shown in the poet’s horoscope proved, they said, that all the great events of his life, known or unknown to the world, were to happen in years of commotion and trouble. His birth was in the year of that revolution which drove the Stuarts into unregretted exile; his publication of Homer commenced in the year of the Jacobite insurrection of 1715; and he died in the year 1744, when an invasion from France was attempted; being the beginning of that struggle which terminated with the victory at Culloden. The old practising astrologers up to a late period boasted that Pope regularly consulted their predecessors. This tradition, however, may be discarded as an invention of the craft; for probably no distinguished author, having “the vision and the faculty divine,” was ever so free as Pope from all superstitious weakness or overpowering romance of sentiment.

There are few circumstances connected with the history or character of Pope that have not been made the subject of eager discussion ; and we find the diversity of statement take its rise at the fountain-head. The date of his birth and the pedigree of his parents have been controverted. The former cannot be determined by an appeal to that record

“———where to be born and die  
Of rich and poor makes all the history.”

The parish register at that time took no cognizance of the baptism of the children of Roman Catholic parents. But Pope himself sanctioned the statement in Jacob's Poetical Register (1723) that he was born in London in the year 1688. Another contemporary account, published by Curll, professes to be more specific, adding that the poet was born in Cheapside on the 8th of June, 1688, “so that one week produced both Pope and the Pretender.” Ayre, in his Memoirs, published the year after the poet's death, adopts this date, but silently drops Cheapside. A short and worthless Life of Pope, by W. H. Dilworth, 1759, follows Ayre. The next authority purporting to be original, and one which possesses strong claims to attention, is a Life of Pope published by Mr. Owen Ruffhead in 1769. Owen Ruffhead was a plodding and prosaic lawyer, editor of the Statutes at Large ; but he obtained information and manuscripts concerning Pope from Bishop Warburton, the poet's friend, commentator, and literary executor. Ruffhead states that Pope was born in Lombard-street on the 21st of May ; Spence in his Anecdotes gives the same date and place ; while Dr. Johnson—probably from mere inattention—mentions the 22nd of May, and Warton follows Johnson. The question is still further perplexed by a passage in one of Pope's letters to his friend Gay—a passage worth quoting for the fine lines it contains :

“Mr. Congreve's death touches me nearly. It was twenty years and more that I have known him : every year carries away something dear with it, till we outlive all tenderesses, and become wretched individuals again as we begun. Adieu ! *This is my birthday*, and this is my reflection upon it :

“ ‘ With added days if life give nothing new,  
But like a sieve, let every pleasure through ;

Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,  
 And all we gain, some sad reflection more !  
 Is this a birthday?—"Tis, alas ! too clear  
 'Tis but the funeral of the former year."

No date is given to this letter, but Congreve died on the 19th of January, 1728-9; and as Pope and Gay were in familiar and constant intercourse, it has been inferred that Pope's birthday was near the time of Congreve's death, in the latter end of January or beginning of February. This discrepancy, however, is removed by a simple explanation. In preparing his letters for the press, Pope was in the habit of altering and revising them, and sometimes of making one printed epistle out of two or more written ones. The lines we have quoted formed part of another poem; and there is little doubt that the latter portion of the above extract was detached from some other letter, or had been added for the sake of the poetry and the sentiment. The combined testimony of Ruffhead and Spence is conclusive. The 21st of May, 1688, was Pope's birthday, and Lombard-street, the ancient Exchange of the City, where the merchants, and money-lenders, and sedate citizens, congregated so early as the days of our Edwards and Henries, and where Falstaff dined with Master Smooth, the silkman, possesses the distinction of being his birthplace. With Chaucer, Spenser, Bacon, Milton, Pope, and Gray as her sons, the City of London, always rich and famous for merchandise and English spirit, may well claim the honour of being rich also in great poetical and immortal memories.<sup>1</sup>

In Lombard-street the poet's father carried on the busi-

<sup>1</sup> Spence states that the house in which Pope was born was afterwards (in 1739) occupied by one Mr. Morgan, an apothecary. It would seem to have been continued as an apothecary's or druggist's shop. The following particulars are obligingly communicated by Samuel Sharpe, Esq., author of "The History of Egypt," &c. "The house which, by the tradition of its inmates, claims the honour of being Pope's birthplace, is at the bottom of Plough Court, and faces you as you enter the passage from Lombard-street. It belonged to the well-known William Allen, and he succeeded a Mr. Bevan. The present owners say that Mr. Bevan used to relate that in his childhood the house was often visited by persons who came there out of curiosity to see the birthplace of the great poet. Mr. Bevan's memory, were he living, would reach back above a hundred years."

ness of a linen merchant. "He was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands wholesale," as his widow informed Mr. Spence. His son claimed for him the honour of being sprung from gentle blood. When that silken baron, Lord Hervey, vice-chamberlain in the Court of George II., and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, disgraced themselves by inditing the verses containing this couplet:

"Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure,  
Hard as thy heart and as thy birth obscure:"

Pope indignantly repelled the accusation as to his descent.

"I am sorry (he said) to be obliged to such a presumption as to name my family in the same leaf with your lordship's; but my father had the honour in one instance to resemble you, for he was a younger brother. He did not indeed think it a happiness to bury his elder brother, though he had one, who wanted some of those good qualities which yours possessed. How sincerely glad could I be, to pay to that young nobleman's memory the debt I owed to his friendship, whose early death deprived your family of as much wit and honour as he left behind him in any branch of it. But as to my father, I could assure you, my lord, that he was no mechanic (neither a hatter, nor, which might please your lordship yet better, a cobbler), but, in truth, of a very tolerable family; and my mother of an ancient one, as well born and educated as that lady, whom your lordship made choice of to be the mother of your own children; whose merit, beauty, and vivacity (if transmitted to your posterity) will be a better present than even the noble blood they derive only from you. A mother, on whom I was never obliged so far to reflect as to say, she spoiled me; and a father, who never found himself obliged to say of me, that he disapproved my conduct. In a word, my lord, I think it enough, that my parents, such as they were, never cost me a blush; and that their son, such as he is, never cost them a tear."<sup>2</sup>

In accordance with this representation, and written about the same time, an account of the poet's family was communicated to Curll (signed "P. T."), in which the poet's father is described as of "the younger branch of a family in good

<sup>2</sup> Letter to a Noble Lord. The elder brother of Lord Hervey alluded to was Carr Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol by his first marriage. The lady whom Pope's "noble lord" made choice of to be the mother of his children, was Miss or Mrs. (as it was then the custom to style unmarried ladies) Mary Lepell, daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepell, married to Lord Hervey in 1720.



repute in Ireland, and related to the Lord Downe;" that he was a posthumous son and little provided for, his elder brother (who, it is added, studied and died at Oxford) having inherited what small estate was left, but that the poet's father being put to a merchant in Flanders, acquired a moderate fortune by merchandise. This communication we shall afterwards have occasion to notice in connexion with the publication of Pope's Letters in 1735. There is little doubt that it emanated from the poet himself, and was intended partly to mislead the credulous and inquisitive publisher, and partly to invest Pope's family history with interest and importance. Next year a more authoritative version was given. In a note on his Epistle to Arbuthnot, Pope states that his father was of a gentleman's family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole heiress married the Earl of Lindsay. Next comes a different statement by Mr. Pottinger, a relation of the family, who informed Dr. Bolton, Dean of Carlisle, that the poet's grandfather was a clergyman of the Church of England in Hampshire, who had two sons, the younger of whom, Alexander, was sent to Lisbon to be placed in a mercantile establishment, and that while there he became a convert to the Roman Catholic Church.<sup>3</sup> From these conflicting statements, it is impossible to tell whether the poet's family was of Ireland or of Oxfordshire, and whether his father had in his youth been placed under a merchant in Flanders or in Lisbon. It is probable, however, that the elder Pope had become a convert to the Catholic Church. The poet mentions, in one of his letters to Atterbury, that his father's library consisted wholly of books of controversial divinity ("a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James II."), and in the case of a conscientious man, inquiry and study would precede the adoption of a new creed. To the same cause we may, perhaps, ascribe his rigid adherence to the Catholic Church, characteristic of a convert, which made the poet afraid to write verses or send profane letters in Holy Week under the eye of his father. Mr. Pottinger,

<sup>3</sup> Warton's Essay on Pope, v. ii. p. 256 (edit. of 1806). Richard Pottinger, M.P. for Reading, died in 1740. This may have been Pope's kinsman; but his will contains no mention of the Pope family.

however, repudiated the "fine pedigree" which his cousin the poet had made out for himself. "He wondered where he got it; he had never heard anything himself of their being descended from the Earls of Downe, and an old maiden aunt, equally related [to Pope], a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, never mentioned this circumstance, on which she certainly would not have been silent had she known anything of it." The Earl of Guilford (who inherited the English estates of the Earls of Downe) had examined the pedigrees and descents of that family, and was sure that there were none of the name of Pope left who could be descended from it.<sup>4</sup> The Heralds' Office, according to Mr. Bowles, is equally silent on the subject; and the poet, it is probable, had been betrayed into a weakness not singular in the history of great names. Pope claimed to be descended from a lord that he might shame Lord Hervey and Lady Mary; Shakspeare claimed to be descended from ancestors distinguished in the service of Henry VII., that he might obtain a grant of arms to flash in the face of Sir Thomas Lucy and the squires of Warwickshire; but both genealogies are pronounced spurious, and the poets had better have trusted to the underived honours of genius, or imitated the spirit of Pope's witty friend, Chesterfield, who, on purpose to ridicule assumptions of ancient and distinguished family descent, hung two old portraits on his wall, inscribed *Adam de Stanhope* and *Eve de Stanhope*.<sup>5</sup>

No trace of the poet's grandfather, the reputed clergyman in Hampshire, has been obtained. The list of incumbents in

<sup>4</sup> Communicated to Warton by John Loveday, of Caversham, Esq. "The Oxford antiquary [Wood's *Athen. Oxon.*] informs us that Thomas Pope, the young Earl of Downe, died in St. Mary's parish in Oxford, Dec. 28, 1660, aged thirty-eight years; leaving behind him one only daughter, named Elizabeth, who was married to Henry Francis Lee, of Dichley, in Oxfordshire, and afterwards to Robert, Earl of Lindsey. The earldom of Downe went to Thomas Pope, Esq., his uncle, who likewise leaving no male issue, the estate went away among three daughters, the second of whom was married to Sir Francis North, afterwards Lord North of Guilford. Both these Earls of Downe were buried at Wroxton, near Banbury, in Oxfordshire, with their ancestors."—*Note to letter of P. T. in Curll's edit. of Pope's Lit. Correspondence*, vol. ii.

<sup>5</sup> Walpole: letter to Sir Horace Mann, Sept. 1, 1750. "The ridicule is admirable," adds Walpole.

the Archdeacons' Registry at Winchester goes no farther back than 1660, and the name of Pope does not occur in it; nor is there any will or grant of letters of administration in the Bishops' or Archdeacons' Registry of any person likely to be the grandfather of the poet.<sup>6</sup> Families of the name of Pope were at that time widely scattered over several of the counties of England, and in the registers of the Prerogative Will Office in Doctors' Commons, at least a hundred persons of the name will be found between the years 1600 and 1700.<sup>7</sup> It is worthy of notice, that the name was also common at an early period in the north of Scotland, and that its possessors were remarkable for their adherence to the Roman Catholic Church, as well as for the prevalence amongst them, through successive generations, of the Christian name of Alexander. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there were Popes, traders of good account, in Scotland. In 1546, Alexander Pope appears in a deed of the prebendaries and chaplains of King's College, Aberdeen, and twenty years afterwards he was appointed one of the authorities for the suppression of the "rising heresy" then on the eve of resulting in the Reformation. In the MS. records of the College of Douay is the name of Alexander Pope, a priest, who died in 1596. After the Reformation, in 1622, Alexander and William Pope, burgesses of Aberdeen, were cited before the Kirk Session as Romish recusants. Two other burgesses of that city, George and Gilbert Pope, were driven abroad by the persecution of the Roman Catholics, and are found in France between the years 1630 and 1640—Gilbert at Havre as a trader, and George at Paris as "Garde de Marche," or one of the Scottish Guards of the King of France.<sup>8</sup> Another

<sup>6</sup> Information communicated by Charles Wooldridge, Esq., Winchester, who kindly undertook a search for the purpose.

<sup>7</sup> In Hampshire there was a succession of Popes possessors of Durley. The name is found in all the southern and midland counties, and in London. A certain Richard Pope, scrivener, in St. Nicholas-lane, was law agent, and afterwards churchwarden of the united parishes of St. Edmund the King and St. Nicholas Acons (in which Lombard-street is situated) from 1697 to 1702.

<sup>8</sup> It was long remembered with pride in the families of these "Cavalieros of Fortune," that the Scotch Guard kept the French King company in his private apartments, and that in testimony of their loyalty twenty-six of the number wore white coats of a peculiar fashion, overlaid with lace: six of

branch of the Popes appeared in the county of Ross in the sixteenth century, whence they spread to the neighbouring counties of Sutherland and Caithness. One of these, Hector Pope, Minister of Loth, was one of the last of the parish ministers of Scotland who retained the "prelatical" liturgy and ceremonial. His son, Alexander Pope, was the Presbyterian minister of Reay, a rural parish in the county of Caithness. This northern Alexander Pope entertained a profound admiration for his illustrious namesake of England; and it is a curious and well-ascertained fact, that the simple, enthusiastic clergyman, in the summer of 1732, rode on his pony all the way from Caithness to Twickenham in order to pay the poet a visit. The latter (according to a family, but not very probable, tradition) felt his dignity a little touched by the absence of the necessary "pomp and circumstance" with which the minister first presumed to approach his domicile; but after the ice of outward ceremony had melted, and their intellects had come in contact, the poet was interested in his visitor, and a friendly feeling was established between them. Several interviews took place, the minister dined with Pope and Bolingbroke, and the poet presented his good friend and namesake, the minister of Reay, with a copy of the subscription edition of the *Odyssey*, in five volumes, quarto—a present which was highly valued, and is still preserved. An occasional correspondence was afterwards kept up between them, of which one letter remains:

"Twickenham, April 28, 1738.

"SIR,—I received yours, in which I think you pay me more than is due to me for the accidental advantage which it seems my name has brought you. Whatever that name be, it will prove of value and credit when an honest man bears it, and never else; and therefore I will rather imagine your own good conduct has made it fortunate to you. It is certain I think myself obliged to those persons who do you service in my name, and I am always willing to correspond with you when it can be in any way beneficial to you, as you see by my

these in turn stood next to the royal person on all occasions. Some Scottish antiquaries have attempted to trace the poet to these northern Popes; but the extracts furnished us by Joseph Robertson, Esq., of the Register House, Edinburgh—a zealous and obliging archæologist—do not countenance the supposition.

speedy answer to your last. I should think it an impertinence to write my Lady Sutherland, or I would do so to thank her for the great distinction you tell me she shows me, who have no other merit than loving it wherever I find it, be it in persons of quality or peasants. I am not any altered from what you saw me only by some years, which give me less solicitude for myself (as I am going to want nothing ere it be long), than for others who are to live after me in a world which is none of the best. I am, sincerely, your well-wisher and affectionate servant—A. POPE.

"To Mr. Alexander Pope, at Thurso, in the county of Caithness, North Britain." \*

In the case of his maternal parent, Pope has stated that she was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York, who was married to Thomasine Newton. "She had three brothers, one of whom was killed; another died in the service of King Charles [Charles I.]; the eldest, following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family."<sup>10</sup> It is certain that in Worsborough Dale, in Yorkshire, a house is still pointed out in which, according to tradition, Editha or Edith Turner was born. This antique mansion is called Marrow House, from the name of a subse-

\* From certified copy in the possession of W. Murray, Esq., of Geanies, Ross-shire. The original was in the hands of the late Joseph Gordon, W.S., Edinburgh. Mr. Pope, the clergyman, was a good scholar and antiquary. He translated Torfœus's *Orcades*, and was author of the *Description of the Shires of Caithness, Strathnaver, and Sutherland*. (See Pennant's *Tour*, 1774.) Also, *Description of the Dune of Dornadilla*, *Archæologia*, 1779.

<sup>10</sup> Note on *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, and account of Mrs. Pope's death in *Grub-street Journal*, June 14, 1783. The latter was evidently written by the poet. In the biographical statement sent to Curll, signed "P. T." (which we assume to have been Pope's), it is also mentioned that his mother "was one of the seventeen children of William Turnor, Esq., formerly of Burfit Hall, in the \* \* \* Riding of Yorkshire: two of her brothers were killed in the Civil Wars." In a letter to Swift, dated March 29, Pope says that the previous day was his mother's birthday. The poet's parents were apparently both of the same age, born in 1642, and consequently in their forty-sixth year at the time of Pope's birth. The latter states that his mother was ninety-three years of age at the period of her death, in 1733, but the entry in the register (her baptism following that of an elder sister) would seem to make her age only ninety-one. Swift had the same impression. "I buried the famous General Meredith's father last night in my cathedral; he was ninety-six years old, so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer."—*Letter to Gay*, May 4, 1732.



MRS. POPE.

quent owner of the property; but its ancient name was Godscroft. The baptism of the poet's mother, together with that of three of her sisters, is recorded in the parish register of Worsborough, and is quoted by Mr. Hunter in his account of the Deanery of Doncaster:

- 1641. Nov. 20, baptised Martha, daughter of Mr. William Turner.
- 1642. June 18, baptised Edith, daughter of Mr. William Turner.
- 1643. Sept. 1, baptised Margaret, daughter of Mr. William Turner.
- 1645. Nov. 25, baptised Jane, daughter of Mr. William Turner.

Neither Mr. Hunter nor a previous genealogist, Brooke, had been able to trace this William Turner's connexion with Worsborough (of which he was apparently not a native), or to bring to light any circumstances of his situation in life; but the former concludes that the addition of "Mr." would not have been at that period given to his name if he had not been

regarded as something above the mere yeomanry of the time.<sup>11</sup> The same addition, it will be recollected, distinguishes Shakspeare's father, in the town records of Stratford-upon-Avon, from a certain John Shakspeare, a shoemaker, who long troubled and confused the antiquaries. Another sister of the poet's mother, named Christiana, was married to Samuel Cooper, the celebrated portrait-painter, to whom both Cromwell and Charles the Second sat, and whose widow is said to have enjoyed a pension from the French Court, in acknowledgment of similar services by her husband. Cooper was termed "Vandyke in miniature," and he was the friend of Butler, author of *Hudibras*—honourable distinctions to him both as an artist and a man. He died in London in 1672; there is no mention of the Popes in his will—the connexion was in all probability not then formed—but one of the witnesses to the will is "Thomasin Turner," no doubt the mother or an elder sister of Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Pope. Mrs. Cooper survived till 1693, and from her will we learn something of other maternal relatives of the poet. She leaves small legacies to her sisters, Elizabeth Turner, Alice Mawhood, Mary Turner; also to her sister Marc, and her sister Jane Smith; and to her sister Pope is this bequest: "My necklace of pearl and a *grinding-stone and muller*, and my mother's picture in limning." To her brothers (brothers-in-law), Marc, Calvert, Pope, and Smith, she leaves each a broad piece of gold. The poet, then only five years of age, is not forgotten: "To my nephew and godson, Alexander Pope, my painted china dish, with a silver foot and a dish to set it in; and, after my sister Elizabeth Turner's decease, I give him all my books, pictures, and medals set in gold or otherwise." The nephew, even in infancy, must have exhibited a fondness for books and pictures, and his personal deformity combined with this may have suggested that he should become an artist and inherit the "*grinding-stone and muller*" which his uncle-in-law had used with so much success. Mrs. Cooper, in her will, desires to be decently buried at the parish church of St. Pancras, "as near my dear husband as may be;" and against the south wall of St. Pancras Church is a tablet, surmounted by a palette and

<sup>11</sup> Hunter's Deanery of Doncaster, v. ii. p. 292.

pencils, to the memory of Samuel Cooper: "the arms are those of Sir Edward Turner, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II., at whose expense it is probable the monument was erected."<sup>12</sup> He would seem at least to have been related to the family of Mrs. Cooper and Mrs. Pope.

—Of no less than fourteen sisters and three brothers Edith Pope came at last to be the sole survivor. She lived to a great age, and had the rare felicity of seeing her son—her only child—crowned with comparative wealth and the highest literary honours, the companion of nobles, and the first poet of his age; and she experienced from him the most devoted attention and unbounded affection.

"O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing age,

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,

Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,

And keep awhile one parent from the sky!"

*Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

The elder Pope had been successful in business. He had saved, according to the poet's friend, Martha Blount, about 10,000*l*. His fortune was probably larger than this; but he was unambitious and fond of the country; and when the Revolution came, destroying the hopes and even endangering the lives and property of the Roman Catholics, he withdrew from the City. He was then only forty-six years of age; but having only one son, and that one of delicate frame, and from the religion of his parents disqualified for any important civil employment, there was little in his case to tempt the further pursuit of fortune. He may not, however, have altogether abandoned trade when he retired from London,<sup>13</sup> and it is

<sup>12</sup> Cunningham's Hand-book for London. The will of Mrs. Cooper is preserved in Doctors' Commons. It is dated May 16, 1698, and was proved on the 28th of August of the same year. The sole executor was her nephew, Samuel Mawhood, citizen and fishmonger of London.

<sup>13</sup> Mr. Bowles was informed by a respectable inhabitant of Binfield (who had seen the document) that in the deed by which his estate, when sold, was conveyed, he was entitled "Alexander Pope, merchant of Kensington."



certain that he carried his careful business habits into the management of his property in the country. He retired to



POPE'S HOUSE AT BINFIELD.

Binfield, in Windsor Forest, about nine miles from the town

And Dr. Wilson, a former rector of Binfield, stated to Lysons, the topographer, that Pope, the poet, did not go to Binfield till he was six years of age. The father may have previously resided in Kensington, but we have no evidence of such residence. In his will made in February 1710-11, he styles himself "gentleman." Hearne, the antiquary, who had a grudge at the poet for the sarcastic notice of him in the *Dunciad*, has the following curious entry in his diary: "1729, July 18, Mr. Alexander Pope, the poet's father, was a poor, ignorant man, a tanner at Binfield, in Berks. This Mr. Alexander Pope had a little house there, that he had from his father, but hath now sold it to one Mr. Tanner, an honest man. This Alexander Pope, though he be an English poet, yet he is but an indifferent scholar, mean at Latin, and can hardly read Greek. He is a very ill-natured man, and covetous, and excessively proud."—*Reliquiæ Hearnianæ*, Oxford, 1857. In another place, Hearne styles old Pope a "sort of broken merchant," but afterwards remarks that he left his son 300*l.* or 400*l.* a year. The poet, he says, was born at Binfield. This we do not believe, but the assertion that a Mr. Tanner, "an honest man," succeeded the Popes at Binfield, is supported by a note of Doncastle's, *Hearne's Supp.* Volume, p. 119.

of Windsor, and two from the post-town of Oakingham or Wokingham. In this skirt of the great forest, situated in the tract called the Royal Chase, the elder Pope purchased twenty acres of land and a small house near the public road. Economy was necessary in the management of their moderate competency, especially as Catholics were then subjected to double taxes as well as penal statutes. The retired and cautious merchant is said to have put his money in a strong-box and lived upon the principal; and this statement appearing in Ruffhead's Life, under the authority of Warburton, was continued by Johnson and all the subsequent biographers of Pope. In this, however, as in other instances, Warburton appears to have known little of the family history of the poet. Besides Binfield, the elder Pope possessed property at Windsham, or Windlesham, in the county of Surrey, and a yearly rent-charge upon the manor of Ruston, in Yorkshire. He had also money invested for himself and his son on French securities, to all which father and son devoted prudent and zealous attention.<sup>14</sup> The family was comfortable—comparatively rich in their own sphere of life, which shaded more into the high than the middle rank of provincial society. Pope, in one of his letters, has said "that he never had a sister." He had, however, a half-sister, Magdalen, the daughter apparently of his father by a previous marriage.<sup>15</sup>

<sup>14</sup> In June, 1713, Pope thus wrote to a friend, though the passage does not appear in any of the printed letters: "I have a kindness to beg of you—that you would please to engage either your son or some other correspondent you can depend upon at Paris, to take the trouble of looking himself into the books of the Hôtel de Ville, to be satisfied if our name be there inserted for 8080 livres at ten per cent. life-rent on Sir Richard Cantillon's life, to begin Midsummer, 1705. And again in my father's name, for my life, for 5520 livres at ten per cent., to begin July, 1707." Again, apparently to the same correspondent: "We are all very much obliged to you for the care of our little affair abroad, which, I hope, you will have an account of, or else we may have great cause to complain of Mr. A.'s, or his correspondent's negligence, since he promised my father to write (as he pressed him to do) some time before your journey. He has received the fifth bill, but it seems the interest was agreed at 5*l.* 10*s.* per cent. in the bond, which my father lays his commands upon me to mention as a thing he doubts not you forgot." —*Athenæum*, July 8, 1854.

<sup>15</sup> In his will (see Appendix), Pope's father mentions, "My son-in-law, Charles Rackett, and my dear daughter Magdalen." We agree with Mr. Cunningham (Johnson's Lives, v. iii. p. 4) that this language indicates that

This lady was afterwards married to a Mr. Charles Rackett, of Staines, in Middlesex, by whom she had three sons, and her family was regarded with kindred affection by Pope, who assisted them liberally during his life, and made a provision for them by his will. The utmost harmony seems to have subsisted between the two families.

The burdens and privations consequent on adherence to the Romish Church appear to have been borne with patience by the elder Pope :

“ And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,  
 Denied all posts of profit or of trust :  
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,  
 While mighty WILLIAM's thundering arm prevail'd.  
 For right hereditary tax'd and fin'd,  
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ;  
 And me the Muses help'd to undergo it,  
 Convict a Papist he, and I a poet.”

*Imit. of Horace, Ep. ii. b. ii.*

The laws against the Roman Catholics, in spite of the efforts of “mighty William,” were marked by a Draco-like severity, but they were leniently administered. By the act of 1700, it appears that perpetual imprisonment was adjudged as the penalty for any priest exercising his clerical functions, with a premium of 100*l.* to the informer. Every Catholic was required, on arriving at the age of eighteen, to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to renounce transubstantiation ; without which he could not purchase or inherit lands, and the inheritance passed to the next of kin being a Protestant. To keep a school, board youth, or even profess

the woman was nearer related to him than the man. Yet the poet, in his will, styles Mrs. Rackett his sister-in-law. In some legal proceedings before the Prerogative Court, arising out of the administration of Pope's will, Mrs. Rackett is described as the sister and next of kin of the deceased, and such relationship is admitted by the executors. She must have been married while the family resided at Binfield, but as this was before the Marriage Act of 26th George II., the parties, being Catholics, were under no legal obligation to celebrate the marriage in the parish church, or according to the ritual of the Church of England. The Rev. Mr. Randal, of Binfield, was kind enough to examine the register of marriages from 1690 to 1729, but found no entry of the marriage of Magdalen Pope, or of any female bearing the Christian name of Magdalen.

Catholicism, was made a crime liable on conviction to a penalty of 100*l*. It is creditable to the national character that though our ancestors had the bigotry to pass such persecuting laws, they had not the cruelty to carry them into effect in the same spirit. The Catholics, however, were a proscribed class, and had to submit to popular contumely and insult, which were still further aggravated after the insurrection of 1715. No popular voice was raised in their favour. Bolingbroke was among the legislative persecutors, Garth subscribed money to burn effigies of the pope and cardinals, Swift's irony and indignation sought a different direction, and Pope consulted his ease and safety in silence. With "bated breath and whispering humbleness," the Papists held on their way, and such nurture was ill-suited to the formation of an erect and manly spirit in the poet of Windsor Forest.

The favourite occupation of the elder Pope was his garden:

" Plants, cauliflowers, and boasts to rear  
The earliest melons of the year."

And his success was not inconsiderable; for Sir William Trumbull—a retired statesman, whose seat was about two miles distant—envied Mr. Pope's skill in gardening, and acknowledged that he could not grow such artichokes as those which the retired merchant of Binfield occasionally presented him with. The Pope mansion was described by the poet as

" A little house, with trees a row,  
And like its master very low."

It has since been raised and transformed into a handsome villa residence. Two of the trees, noble elms, still remain at the gate of the house, and the poet's study has been preserved. On the lawn is a cypress-tree which Pope is said to have planted—a tradition common to all poetical residences. Milton has still an apple-tree at Horton and a mulberry-tree at Cambridge; and Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, with the story of its ruthless and Gothic destruction, has a fame almost as universal as his dramas. The enthusiasm of poetical admiration seeks for such tangible objects as seeming to give us an

earthly hold on immortal minds, and invests them with the interest of holy relics. Part of the forest of Windsor now bears the name of Pope's Wood, and among those tall, spreading beeches with smooth, grey, fluted trunks, he first met the Muse, and "lisp'd in numbers."<sup>16</sup> His country retirement and sylvan walks were highly important at this susceptible period of life in the formation of Pope's poetical character. He soon ceased to be a descriptive poet, and, with a weakness observable on other subjects, he depreciated what he did not adopt or prefer. Description was with him synonymous with imbecility; but the censure can only apply to weak versifiers and to bad description. No eminent poet of this class who has made nature his study confines himself wholly to external or inanimate phenomena. Thomson and Cowper link their descriptions to the natural emotions and finer sentiments of the heart, and to all the healthful and exhilarating occupations of rural life. They make the "world's tired denizens" breathe a fresher and purer existence; they connect with national or local scenes historical and patriotic events; or, taking a wider survey, they awaken those primary solemn and religious feelings with which men in all ages and countries have regarded the grander aspects of the visible universe. Pope's physical constitution, no doubt, helped to shape his mental habits; but it was fortunate that he had this early taste of the country. His recollections of Windsor Forest, and of the mornings and sunsets he had enjoyed within its broad circumference of shade, or from the "stately brow" of its historic heights, may be tracked like the fresh green of spring along the fiery course of his satire, and

<sup>16</sup> "There was a particular beech-tree under which Pope used to sit, and it is the tradition of the place, that under that tree he composed the Windsor Forest. The original tree being decayed, Lady Gower of Bill-hill had a memorial carved upon the bark of another immediately adjoining: 'HERE POPE SANG.' During Lady Gower's life the letters were new cut every three or four years."—*Bowles*, 1806. This tree was destroyed by a storm about thirty years since; but there is still a fine grove of beeches on the spot, which is elevated, and commands a rich and extensive view. There are no traditional accounts of Pope or of any of his friends extant about Binfield. The neighbourhood is a very *changeable* one, and no family, gentle or simple, has been there long enough to become the repository of any tradition of that period.

through the mazes of his metaphysics. Milton, let us remember, was familiar with the same scenery. Horton is within sight of Windsor, and the great poet must often have listened to the echoes of the royal chase in the forest. In his five years of retirement at Horton—a paradisiacal lustrum of unbroken tranquillity and study—Milton composed his *Lycidas* and *Comus*, and, probably, his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*. There he inhaled that love of nature which never deserted him, even when he could see it only with that “inward eye” that told

“Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

Pope excelled all his contemporaries, and led the public taste in graceful and picturesque landscape gardening. He had an exquisite eye for *dressed nature*, nature trimmed by Kent,<sup>17</sup> the lawn, the grove, and parterre; the variety of perspective, the multiplied walks, and bounded wilderness. But Milton's description of the garden of Eden shows how well the epic bard had imbibed in youth, and intensely appreciated, that true taste which makes art the handmaid of nature.

From his infancy Pope was considered a prodigy. He had inherited from his father a crooked body, and from his mother a sickly constitution, perpetually subject to severe headaches; and hence great care and tenderness were required in his nurture. His faithful nurse, Mary Beach, lived to see him a great man; and when she died, in 1725, the poet erected a stone over her grave, at Twickenham, to tell that Alexander Pope, whom she nursed in infancy, and affectionately attended for twenty-eight years, was grateful for her services. He had nearly lost his life when a child, from a wild cow that threw him down, and with her horns wounded him in the neck. He charmed all the household by his gentleness and sensibility, and, in consequence of the sweet-

<sup>17</sup> “Pleased let me own, in Esher's peaceful grove,  
Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love.”

*Ep. to Satires.*

William Kent [born 1685, died 1748] was considered by Walpole the inventor of modern gardening: “he leaped the sunk fence and saw that all nature was a garden.” Pope both instructed and was instructed by Kent.

ness of his voice, was called "the little nightingale." This distinction seems to have continued, for Lord Orrery mentions that "honest Tom Southern," the dramatist, used, in advanced life, to apply to him the same musical appellation. He was taught his letters by an old aunt, and he taught himself to write by copying from printed books. This art he also retained through life, and often practised with singular neatness and proficiency. Johnson remarks that his ordinary hand was not elegant. But this opinion must have been formed from a hasty survey of the Homer MSS. in the British Museum, which are carelessly written and crowded with interlineations. His letters to Henry Cromwell (the originals of many of which still exist), his letters to ladies and his inscriptions in books presented to his friends, are specimens of fine, clear, and scholar-like penmanship.

Pope's first education was, as he informs Spence, "extremely loose and disconcerted." The family priest, named Banister, taught him the accidence and first parts of grammar by adopting the method followed in the Jesuits' schools of teaching the rudiments of Latin and Greek together. He then attended two little schools, at which he learned nothing. The first of these, according to Spence, was the Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Winchester, but it is as likely to have been at Twyford on the river Loddon, near Binfield. At Twyford he remained a twelvemonth, and wrote a lampoon on his master for some faults he had discovered in him—so early had he assumed the characters of critic and satirist. He was flogged for the offence, and his indulgent father, in resentment, took him away, and placed him in a London school. This was kept by Thomas Deane, one of King James's converts in Oxford, who had been a Fellow of University College, but declared "non-socius" after the Revolution. Deane was a vain, restless controversialist, and had stood in the pillory in 1691, under the name of Thomas Franks, for concealing the author of a libellous pamphlet against the Government. He is said to have been the author of "An Essay towards a Proposal for Catholic Communion," 1704, but this work seems above the pitch of his intellect. He was often in prison, and was all his life, as Pope said, "a

dupe to some project or other.”<sup>18</sup> Deane had a school first at Marylebone, and afterwards at Hyde Park-corner, at both of which Pope was under his charge. “I began writing verses,” he says, “farther back than I can well remember.” Ogilby’s translation of Homer was one of the first large poems he read, and, in after life, he spoke of the rapture it afforded him. “I was then about eight years old. This led me to Sandys’s Ovid, which I liked extremely, and so I did a translation of part of Statius by some very bad hand. When I was about twelve, I wrote a kind of play, which I got to be acted by my schoolfellows. It was a number of speeches from the Iliad tacked together with verses of my own.” Ruffhead says the part of Ajax was performed by the master’s gardener, who certainly would *look* the character, however the poetry might suffer, better than his juvenile associates. Mr. Deane was a careless, remiss teacher, and what with studying plays and making verses, and attending the theatre in company with the older boys, Pope made so little progress, that on leaving school he was only able, he says, to construe a little of Tully’s Offices. He was better acquainted with Dryden than with Cicero, and his boyish admiration and curiosity led him to obtain a sight of the living poet. He prevailed upon a friend, according to Warburton, to accompany him to town and introduce him to Will’s coffee-house, the famous resort of wits, authors, actors, and play-goers, in Bow-street. Mr. Roscoe conjectured that the friend alluded to was Sir Charles Wogan, who, in a letter to Swift, boasts that he had the honour of bringing Mr. Pope from his retreat in the Forest, to “dress à la mode and introduce at Will’s coffee-house.” Now, Pope was only twelve years of age when

<sup>18</sup> *Athenæum*, July 15, 1854. Pope, in 1727, when Deane was again in prison, kindly offered to contribute towards a small yearly pension to his old master. A correspondent of Curll’s, “E. P.” gives an account, as from personal knowledge, of Pope having, before his twelfth year, attended a school in Devonshire-street, near Bloomsbury, taught by another convert to Popery, William Bromley. The incident of the satire and the whipping is transferred to this school. (Pope’s Lit. Corresp., v. ii.) The narrative, we suspect, is fabulous—another of Pope’s tricks on Curll. The importance of the poet is always kept up. The “late Duke of Norfolk” was at the Devonshire school along with “Mr. Alexander Pope.”



Dryden died, and the idea of a boy of twelve dressing à la mode and frequenting a coffee-house is preposterous. Sir Charles Wogan must have referred to a later period. The youthful poet may have been taken to Will's for the purpose of obtaining a sight of Dryden, but it is as likely that he had stolen away from his school at Hyde Park-corner to watch Dryden in Gerard-street, near his own door, or have seen him at the theatre or in Tonson's shop. "I saw Mr. Dryden," he said to Spence, "when I was about twelve years of age. I remember his face well, for I looked upon him even then with veneration, and observed him very particularly." He barely saw him, as he said to Wycherley—*Virgilium tantum vidi*; but he remembered that he was plump, of a fresh colour, with a down look, and not very conversable—agreeing with Dryden's own confession—

"To learning bred, I knew not what to say."

But in his highest mood of inspiration, as when composing his great Ode—sitting out the summer night in tremulous excitement, his grey locks waving in the early dawn—Dryden was a very different sort of person. Dr. Johnson finely remarks, "Who does not wish that Dryden could have known the value of the homage that was paid him, and foreseen the greatness of his young admirer?" Yet, considering the perils and uncertainty of a literary life, its precarious rewards, feverish anxieties, mortifications, and disappointments, joined to the tyranny of the Tonsons and Lintots, and the malice and envy of dunces—all of which Dryden had long and bitterly experienced—the aged poet could hardly have looked on the delicate and deformed boy, whose preternatural acuteness and sensibility were seen in his keen dark eyes, without a feeling approaching to grief, had he known that he was to fight a battle like that under which he was himself then sinking, even though the Temple of Fame should at length open its portals to receive him.<sup>19</sup> The die,

<sup>19</sup> A similar act of homage, among many others, was paid to Pope himself by a youth who also rose to eminence. Northcote, in his *Life of Reynolds*, mentions, that one day at a public auction, numerously attended, Pope unexpectedly made his appearance. The moment he was seen a whisper



POPE (WHEN YOUNG) FIRST SEES DEYDEN AT WILL'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

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however, was cast. "My next period," says Pope, "was in Windsor Forest, where I sat down with an earnest desire of reading, and applied as constantly as I could to it for some years. I was between twelve and thirteen when I went thither, and I continued in this close pursuit of pleasure and languages till nineteen or twenty. Considering how very little I had, when I came from school, I think I may be said to have taught myself Latin as well as French and Greek, and



POPE AND SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS IN AN AUCTION ROOM.

in all these my chief way of getting them was by translation." He afterwards said of himself,

passed through the room, an avenue was formed to admit his free approach, every hand was stretched out to bid him welcome, and the future Sir Joshua Reynolds succeeded, by thrusting his hand under the arm of another person, to catch hold of that of the poet.

" Bred up at home, full early I begun  
To read in Greek the wrath of Pelus' son."

No critical scholar, however, has given Pope credit for proficiency in the language of Homer, or pronounced his scheme of self-instruction to have been a successful experiment. He forced his way into the chambers of ancient literature, but he never obtained complete possession of the treasures with which they are stored. His case may be held to support the argument in favour of public schools; but at the same time it affords an animating example to the young student who has been denied the inestimable advantages of early training and discipline.

Classic studies were varied by attempts at original composition. Pope's father used to set him when very young to make verses; and, as his mother related to Spence, often sent him back to "new turn" them, saying, "'These are not good rhymes,' for that was my husband's word for verses." The pupil, however, soon shot far ahead of his master. His *Ode on Solitude* was written, he says, when he was not twelve years old, and a *Paraphrase on Thomas à Kempis*, recently published, is also marked by the author as "done at twelve years old." The train of sentiment and imagery in these poems exhibits Pope in his most engaging mood—as the retired, pious boy, charming his parents by his poetical talents and affectionate sweetness, and delighting to contemplate in his forest solitude a life of leisure and study. But this was only a part of his nature. Other powers and passions were developing themselves in secret. His proneness to satire was soon manifested, and some verses which he wrote, when only fourteen, on *Elkanah Settle*, the City poet, and the *Doeg* of Dryden's *Absalom and Achitophel*, are highly characteristic as well as remarkable for their ability. Some of Pope's translations and imitations of the English poets go back to nearly the same period, and all evince great skill and command of versification. In this branch of his art, Pope unquestionably surpassed Milton, Cowley, or Chatterton, whose early productions, though more strongly imbued with poetical fancy and ambition (poor Chatterton at twelve or thirteen had all the "fine

translunary madness" of the creative poet), are crude and defective in style. Pope as a versifier was never a boy. He was born to refine our numbers and to add the charm of finished elegance to our poetical literature, and he was ready for his mission at an age when most embryo poets are labouring at syntax, or struggling for expression. Nor was it only his taste and fine ear for metrical harmony that were thus early developed. His power of condensing thought and embodying observation in language terse and appropriate, his critical judgment, the satirical bias of his mind, and a tendency, it must be confessed, to dwell on indelicate and disagreeable images, all are visible in these juvenile poems. Waller, Spenser, and Dryden were Pope's favourite poets, and when a boy, he said, he could distinguish the difference between softness and sweetness in their versification. On the same points, Dryden is found to be softer, Waller sweeter; and the same distinction prevails between Ovid and Virgil. The Eclogues of Virgil he thought the sweetest poems in the world. Some further notices of Pope's boyish studies and predilections are given in Spence :

"The epic poem, which I begun a little after I was twelve, was *Alcander, Prince of Rhodes*. There was an under-water scene in the first book; it was in the Archipelago. I wrote four books toward it of about a thousand verses each; and had the copy by me till I burnt it by the advice of the Bishop of Rochester, a little before he went abroad. I endeavoured (said he, smiling) in this poem to collect all the beauties of the great epic writers into one piece: there was Milton's style in one part, and Cowley's in another; here the style of Spenser imitated, and there of Statius; here Homer and Virgil, and there Ovid and Claudian." It was an imitative poem, then, as your other exercises were imitations of this or that story? "Just that." Mr. Pope wrote verses imitative of sounds so early as in this epic poem.

" 'Shields, helms, and swords all jangle as they hang,  
- And sound formidinous with angry clang.'

"There were also some couplets in it which I have since inserted in some of my other poems without any alteration. As in the Essay on Criticism :

“ ‘ Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
As streams roll down enlarging as they flow.’

“ Another couplet in the Dunciad :

“ ‘ As man’s meanders to the vital spring  
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring.’

“ In the scattered lessons I used to set myself about that time I translated above a quarter of the *Metamorphoses*, and that part of *Statius* which was afterwards printed with the corrections of Walsh. My next work after my epic was my *Pastorals*, so that I did exactly what Virgil says of himself :

“ ‘ Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthius aurem  
Vellit, et admonuit ; pastorem, Tityre, pingues  
Pascere oportet oves ; deductum dicere carmen.’—*Eclog.* vi. 3.

[“ ‘ I first transferred to Rome Sicilian strains ;  
Nor blush’d the Doric Muse to dwell on Mantuan plains.  
But when I tried her tender voice, too young,  
And fighting kings and bloody battles sung,  
Apollo check’d my pride, and bade me feed  
My fattening flocks, nor dare beyond the reed.’—*Dryden.*]

“ I translated Tully’s piece *De Senectute* in this early period, and there is a copy of it in Lord Oxford’s library. My first taking to imitating was not out of vanity but humility. I saw how defective my own things were, and endeavoured to mend my manner by copying good strokes from others. My epic was about two years in hand, from thirteen to fifteen.”

These citations exhibit the early tastes and indefatigable application of Pope. There are errors, however, in Spence’s statement, which forbid implicit reliance on all his revelations,<sup>20</sup> and it should be borne in mind that none of Pope’s

<sup>20</sup> Atterbury, for example, did not advise the burning of the epic poem. In a letter to Pope, Feb. 18, 1717, he says, “ I am not sorry your *Alcander* is burnt ; had I known your intentions I would have interceded for the first page, and put it, with your leave, among my curiosities.” This was six years before Atterbury went abroad. There is no evidence of Walsh having corrected the *Statius* ; Cromwell was the party, though Walsh corrected the *Pastorals*. Spence also makes Pope say, that he submitted the *Essay on Criticism* to Walsh in the year 1706, whereas it was not written till 1709, a year after Walsh’s death.

juvenile poems were published before he was in his twentieth year, and it is probable that all underwent careful correction. Even after their publication many (including the Ode on Solitude) were retouched. He was too critical, and too jealous of his reputation, to suffer any gross verbal inaccuracies or puerilities to remain even in his specimens of youthful composition. He never tired of correcting, and the *limæ labor* was seldom misplaced.

The system of self-tuition by which Pope endeavoured to acquire the Latin and Greek was unsuited to modern languages, in which pronunciation forms so essential a part. He therefore, in his fifteenth year, went to London to learn French and Italian. In the family at Binfield this was looked upon as "a wildish sort of resolution," for as his health would not permit him to travel, they could not see any reason for it. Mrs. Rackett said her brother "had a maddish way with him," and "Rag Smith" (Edmund Smith, the dramatic poet), after being in Pope's company when he was about fourteen, pronounced the oracular opinion that the young fellow would "either be a madman or make a very great poet."<sup>21</sup> Pope never wanted the golden curb of prudence in forming literary plans and decisions on men or books; but his eager thirst for knowledge, his incessant studies, impatience, and irritability must often have made him appear wayward and capricious in the family circle, though his talents and affectionate disposition rendered him an object of all but idolatry. He did not make much progress with his French and Italian in London. Voltaire said Pope knew nothing of French, but it is evident he could read it.<sup>22</sup> With Italian literature he never evinced any acquaintance; and after a few months' stay in the metropolis, the impatient poet aban-

<sup>21</sup> Spence, Singer's edit. p. 25. Most of the details of Pope's early life are drawn from this popular work.

<sup>22</sup> Illustrations of this occur in the early letters to Cromwell. He read Voiture. He had also sent his friend some "love verses" for correction, and on receiving Cromwell's strictures he replies, "Your judgment of 'em, *which you give in French*, is (I think) very right." The words in italics are in the original, not in the printed copies. Yet we find Pope using the following forms of superscription: "A Mademoiselles Therese and Marth. Blount." "Au Mademoiselles, Mademoiselles de Mapledurham."



done the aid of masters, and was again alone at his studies in the Forest. He had then what he termed his great reading period of several years. "I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fall in his way." The five or six years spent in this way he looked back upon as the happiest part of his life, though he also told Spence that he was seven years (from the age of twenty to twenty-seven) unlearning what he had then acquired. We question whether he could have followed a better plan; but his constant application at length told on his health and spirits. Medical assistance proved fruitless—for his imagination was no doubt half the disease—and in despondency he lay down prepared to die. He sent farewells to his friends, and amongst these was a priest, Thomas Southcote, who, on receiving Pope's valedictory communication, went immediately to consult Dr. Radcliffe, the eccentric but able physician. Radcliffe's prescription was a very simple one—the young man was to study less and ride on horseback every day. With this recipe the Father posted to Binfield, and Pope, having the good sense to follow the prescribed course, speedily got well. Southcote's timely aid was not forgotten. Twenty years afterwards the poet, hearing of a vacant abbacy at Avignon, wrote immediately to Sir Robert Walpole, requesting his influence with Cardinal Fleury to obtain the appointment for his friend. Walpole applied to his brother Horace, then British Ambassador to the French Court, and Southcote was made Abbot. The incident is a pleasing one, and honourable to all parties.

Pope in his sixteenth year was engaged on his *Pastorals*. Dreams of the golden age and of rural innocence, which have long since faded even from our poetry, were congenial to the young classic student in Windsor Forest. The ideas and images he found in Theocritus, Virgil, and Spenser, "whose works," he says, "as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate." The versification was his chief object, and he elaborated it with such attention to the *sweetness* he prized in Virgil and Waller, and with such exactness and nicety in the construction of his lines, that even in advanced life, when poetry had long been his study, he con-

sidered the Pastorals the most correct and musical of all his works. The manuscript was submitted to the perusal of his neighbour, Sir William Trumbull, who may be considered as Pope's earliest patron, though in his case patronage never degenerated into dependence or servility. The paternal cell and limited fortune at Binfield secured independence. Sir William Trumbull was a benevolent and accomplished man. After long public and diplomatic service, first as Ambassador at the Ottoman Porte, and subsequently as Secretary of State to King William III., he retired in the year 1697 to his native village of Easthampstead, and formed an acquaintance with the Popes at Binfield. He read the manuscript of the Pastorals in the year 1704; and notwithstanding the disparity in age and circumstances, the acquaintance between the travelled knight and the retired young poet soon ripened into a cordial intimacy. They rode out together almost daily, read their favourite classic authors together, and when absent kept up a correspondence. Sir William was the first to suggest to Pope that he should undertake a translation of the Iliad. Some years later, when the young poet had been drawn into the vortex of gay and not very select society, the old statesman, with paternal anxiety, wrote to him, earnestly beseeching that he would get out of all tavern company, and fly away *tantum ex incendio*. "What a misery is it for you to be destroyed by the foolish kindness (it is all one whether real or pretended) of those who are able to bear the poison of bad wine, and to engage you in so unequal a combat!"

The first of Pope's "poet friends" was Wycherley, the "earliest of the chiefs of our prose drama," as his latest and best editor, Mr. Leigh Hunt, terms him, and whom the weight of sixty-four years, and a life as careless and as strangely diversified as that of any of the fine gentlemen in his comedies, had neither sobered nor depressed. He had what Pope called "the nobleman look;" he was still a wit and bean, but in ruins. As the author of the Plain Dealer, the friend of Dryden, and the once-fashionable and irresistible courtier, Wycherley had powerful attractions for young Pope. In town, he says, he "ran after him like a dog," and in his letters, he overflowed with elaborate expressions of humility and gratitude. His first glimpses of town

life and coffee-house society were opened up by this acquaintance. Wycherley, in his turn, was willing to profit by the literary talents of his new friend. "I am," said the dramatist, "like an old rook who is ruined by gaming, and forced to live on the good fortune of the pushing young men whose fancies are so vigorous that they ensure their success in their adventures with the Muses." And acting in the spirit of this self-abasing declaration, he submitted his poems to his pushing young friend for correction. Gil Blas was not then written, and Pope undertook the perilous office. At first he appears to have succeeded to the satisfaction of Wycherley, who longed to reap a fresh harvest of poetical honours. "You have," he said, "pruned my fading laurels of some superfluous, sapless, and dead branches, to make the remainder live the longer; and thus, like your master Apollo, you are at once a poet and a physician." The next application was of a sharper and less palatable description. Pope said he had contracted some of the pieces, "as we do sunbeams, to improve their energy and force;" some he ~~took~~ quite away, "as we take branches from a tree to add to the fruit;" and others he "entirely new expressed and turned more into poetry." And he adds, "Donne, like one of his successors, had infinitely more wit than he wanted versification; for the great dealers of wit, like those in trade, take least pains to set off their goods; while the haberdashers of small wit spare for no decorations or ornaments. You have commissioned me to paint your shop, and I have done my best to brush you up like your neighbours." The somewhat mortified wit grumbled forth thanks. As to the verses, he said, "let them undergo your *purgatory*;" and, by way of sedative, he threw out a hope that his critic's "great, vigorous, and active mind would not be able to destroy his little, tender, and crazy carcase." The "infallible Pope" proceeded, and letters were interchanged full of forced wit and hollow professions of great regard. In private Wycherley is reported to have said that Pope was "not able to make a suit of clothes, but could perhaps turn an old coat." Pope said that Wycherley's memory was gone, so that he was constantly repeating the same thoughts and expressions. At length the young critic boldly suggested, that with regard to some of the pieces, it would be better to de-

stroy the whole frame, and reduce them into single thoughts in prose, in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims. *This was his last desire not --* ~~This staggered Wycherley, and brought the farce of poet and critic to an end.~~ The unfortunate manuscripts were recalled, and Pope about the same time wrote to say, that as

merely marking the repetitions on the margin would not get rid of those repetitions, nor rectify the method, connect the matter, or improve the poetry, it was his opinion and desire, that his friend should take the papers out of his hands! There is a dash of petulance in this closing epistle, and Mr. Leigh Hunt's summing up is the correct one: "Of the two, Wycherley appears to have been less in the wrong, but then



WYCHERLEY.

his experience left him the smaller excuse for not foreseeing the result." The correctness of Pope's judgment was fully verified by the posthumous publication of Wycherley's poems, which were given to the world in 1728, edited by Theobald. The pieces are wholly unworthy the author of the Plain Dealer; but the "Maxims and Moral Reflections" in prose—three hundred and eight in number, and filling sixty-eight pages—bear traces of acute observation and correct thought, and could not all have been reduced from the anile verses. In the poetry, Pope's corrected or contributed lines are easily discernible—especially in the first piece on "The Various

**Mixed Life."** He brought the skill of the artist to the observation and wit of the man of the world, who, even in his dotage, was no ordinary thinker. The dramatist lived five years after the close of this correspondence. By the help of common friends a reconciliation was effected, and Pope visited Wycherley in his last illness. Of this serio-comic scene he has given a description in one of his letters to Mr. Edward Blount :

"Jan. 21, 1715-16.

"I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present, as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet, and our friend, Wycherley. He had often told me, as I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony; and joined together those two sacraments, which, wise men say, should be the last we receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the conscience of having by this one act paid his just debts, obliged a woman, who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged those debts; a jointure of four hundred a year made her a recompense; and the nephew he left to comfort himself as well as he could, with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done, less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying, nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request, the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her, 'My dear, it is only this, that you will never marry an old man again.' I cannot help remarking, that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humour. Mr. Wycherley showed his, even in this last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms?"

"So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles, when they concern or characterise any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest of men are seldom wiser or wittier than others in these sober moments. At least, our friend ended much in the character he had lived in: and Horace's rule for a play may as well be applied to him as a play-wright,

“ ‘*Servetur ad imum  
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.*’ ”

[“ From his first entrance to the closing scene,  
Let him one equal character maintain.”—*Francis.*]

Wycherley submitted the Pastorals to Walsh, whose poems are still *printed*, though very rarely *read*, in our collections of the English poets. His name then stood high as a scholar and critic; he dressed well, as Dennis has recorded, was knight of the shire in Parliament, and lived in ease at his seat of Abberley, in Worcestershire. From admiration of the pastoral poet, Walsh invited him to the country; and Pope passed part of the summer of 1705 at Abberley. This notice was highly gratifying to him. Walsh's name would not now “raise a spirit,” but there can be no question that his praise, encouragement, and correspondence, did much at this time for Pope. They discussed the art of poetry and the principles of versification; and Walsh gave him one advice which was too congenial to be ever forgotten. He told him that there was one way left of excelling. “We had several great poets,” he said, “but we never had one great poet that was correct; and he advised me to make that my study and aim.” Walsh could not mean that Milton was not a *correct poet*. Shakspeare he probably set down as a wild, irregular genius, not reducible to rule. Even Addison, in his account of the greatest English poets, written in 1694, wholly omits Shakspeare, and passes from Spenser to Cowley. It was the fashion of the critics of that day—in some measure sanctioned by the example of Dryden—to restrict their notions of correctness to the dramatic unities, and to mere rhymes and expressions. The true and great correctness which allies fiction to truth, and makes poetry the exponent of nature, was disregarded. Pope was formed and fashioned to become a moral, a reasoning, and satirical poet; but it would have been wiser in Walsh to have counselled him to enlarge his views, and to seek for subjects of permanent and universal interest—to launch out into invention—to delineate passions instead of painting manners and ridiculing follies; and thus, by touching our higher feelings, and ministering to the nobler wants of our intellectual and spiritual nature, “rule over the wilderness

of free minds." Such an elevation was unattainable by Pope; but if a high standard of excellence and originality had been ever before him, we might have had more poetry of the stamp of the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady* and the *Epistle of Eloisa*, and less satire of the *Curlls*, *Theobalds*, and *Cibbers*.



WALSH.

Among the other early and distinguished friends of the poet were Garth, Lansdowne, and Congreve. The youngest of these was eighteen years his senior; all had accomplished the works on which their fame rests, and all were men of mark and consideration in society. Their acquaintance was an honour to Pope, but it conferred

no real advantage. He had nothing to learn from them in poetry. He already excelled them all in versification, and the dramatic art and witty dialogue of Congreve were not within the sphere of his ambition. Garth was a good, easy man, social and generous. He was a Christian without knowing it, said Pope; and in his last illness he is reported to have sent to Addison to know if the Christian religion was true. He got tired of life — tired, he said, of having his shoes pulled off and on every day! At this time, however, he had not sunk into the careless and jaded voluptuary. He was a zealous Whig and member of the Kit-cat Club, a bustling and benevolent man, whose encouragement of Pope was active and disinterested. His *Dispensary* is one of the best poems of the day; the sixth canto exhibits considerable power as well as fancy, and

passages in Pope's *Dunciad* attest his study of the work of the friendly and accomplished physician. Granville—he had not then received the dignity of Baron Lansdowne of Bideford—was of the opposite faction in politics. He was wealthy, pre-eminently “polite,” magnificent and profuse in his tastes and expenditure, a favourite with the Queen and the public. His plays are dull performances, and his verses, even when dedicated to the charms of his *Mira*, are feeble and inelegant. Congreve, of course, stood on far higher ground. He was a man of genuine wit and brilliancy; his laurels were early acquired, and, rich with four good sinecure appointments, he reposed on his fame, with no enemy but the gout. Had he been poorer and less caressed by the great, he would probably have written more and better, for his comedies are the work of a full mind, a fertile imagination, and finely cultivated intellect. The weakness imputed to him of wishing to be considered, not as an author, but simply as a gentleman, rests upon one reported conversation with Voltaire, but Congreve, like Pope, may have suspected that his visitor was a spy, besides being somewhat lax in morals and manners. At all events, we see nothing of such super-refined gentility in Congreve's intercourse with Pope, Swift, and his other contemporaries. He was the most delightful as he was the most witty of companions.

Another of Pope's associates before the grand era of his appearing in print was Mr. Henry Cromwell, a gentleman of fortune, one of the numerous *cousinry* of the Protector's family, the common ancestor of both being Sir Henry Cromwell, of Hinchbrook, Huntingdonshire, the “Golden Knight” of Queen Elizabeth's days. Pope's friend was the son of Henry Cromwell of Ramsey, and was born on the 15th of January, 1658-9. He succeeded to the patrimonial lands, but at this time he seems to have only possessed the estate of Beesby, in Lincolnshire. He was a bachelor, and spent most of his time in London, being ambitious of the character of a man of gallantry and taste. He had some pretensions to scholarship and literature, having translated several of Ovid's *Elegies* for Tonson's *Miscellany*, and revised Pope's translation of Statius. He could also track Pope into the light literature of France, when the young poet poached upon the manor of Voiture. With Wycherley, Gay, Dennis,



the popular actors and actresses of the day, and with all the frequenters of Will's coffee-house, Cromwell was familiar. He had done more than take a pinch out of Dryden's snuff-box, which was a point of high ambition and honour at Will's; he had inscribed to him one of his translations from Ovid. Gay characterised this literary and eccentric squire as "honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches," and Dr. Johnson could learn nothing particular of him, excepting that he used to ride a-hunting in a tie-wig. The epithet "hatless" may, as Mr. De Quincey suggests,<sup>28</sup> refer to Cromwell's desire to be considered a fine gentleman devoted to the ladies; for it was then the custom for such gallant persons, when walking with ladies, to carry their hats in their hand. The fashion was a Continental one, prevalent at the Courts of Louis XIV. and XV. (the former rode uncovered by the side of Madame de Maintenon's sedan-chair); and in the present day German princes may be seen walking hat in hand through their village capitals,—a circumstance which provoked this anathema from a Turk: "May thy soul find no more rest in paradise than the hat of a German prince!" What with ladies and literature, rehearsals and reviews (though he was somewhat deaf), and critical attention to the quality of his coffee and Brazil snuff—the latter then a somewhat costly luxury only to be obtained at three shillings an ounce—Henry Cromwell's time was fully occupied. Here is one of his gallant effusions, written at Bath, and preserved among the Bodleian MSS. :

VENUS AT BATH.—BY MR. CROMWELL.

"The sportive mistress of the Paphian Court,  
 Leaving loved Cyprus, did to Bath resort.  
 Think not, Adonis, to avoid her love,  
 For Venus has as many shapes as Jove :  
 At church she takes a FOWLER's face to charm ;  
 Or walks, salutes in WENTWORTH's graceful form ;  
 Her shape is MORRIS ; ABINGDON's her air,  
 And then she kills with SCURLOCK's eyes and hair.  
 She baulks a WORSLEY, raffles a FINGAL ;  
 She's BALAM at the bath, and GREVILLE at the ball."

Most of Pope's letters to his friend are addressed to him at

<sup>28</sup> *Encyclopædia Britannica*, Seventh Edit., Article "Pope."

the Blue Ball, in Great Wild-street, near Drury-lane, and others to "Widow Hambleton's coffee-house, at the end of Princes-street, near Drury-lane, London." Cromwell was a dangerous acquaintance for Pope at the age of sixteen or seventeen, but he was a very agreeable one. The earliest instance of their correspondence (which evinces their previous intimacy) is a rhyming epistle addressed by Pope to Cromwell, which, from its allusion to the siege of Toulon, must have been written in 1707. This piece is found only in the surreptitious editions, and was never included by Pope in his works. Its poetical merit is small, but it possesses some biographical interest. He seems then to have felt what he specially guarded against in after years by means of rigid prudence and careful management—a want of money.

"I had to see you some intent,  
But for a curst impediment,  
Which spoils full many a good design,  
That is to say, the want of coin.  
For which I had resolved almost  
To raise Tiberius Gracchus' ghost;  
To get once more by murdering Caius  
As much as did Septimuleius;  
But who so dear will buy the lead  
That lies within a poet's head,  
As that which in the hero's pate  
Deserved of gold an equal weight?"

Other satirical touches mark the latent vein—and here also Cromwell might have traced his young friend to Voiture :

"When was it known one bard did follow  
Whig maxims and abjure Apollo?  
Sooner shall Major-General cease  
To talk of war and live in peace,  
Yourself for goose reject crow quill,  
And for plain Spanish quit Brazil;  
Sooner shall Rowe lampoon the Union,  
Tydcombe take oaths on the communion:  
The Granvilles write their name plain Greenfield,  
Nay, Mr. Wycherley see Binfield.  
You have no cause to take offence, sir,  
Zounds you're as sour as Cato censor!  
Ten times more like him I profess,  
Than I'm like Aristophanes.

To end with news, the best I know  
 Is, I've been well a week or so.  
 The season of green peas is fled,  
 And artichokes reign in their stead.  
 The allies to bomb Toulon prepare—  
 God save the pretty ladies there!  
 One of our dogs is dead and gone,  
 And I, unhappy, left alone."

The [allusion to Whig maxims and the Major-General would seem to indicate that even then Pope had taken his side in politics. He had friends of both parties, and was too much absorbed in literature ever to become a keen partisan; but his leanings were towards the Tories, and his subsequent acquaintance with Swift, Bolingbroke, Harley, and Arbuthnot, strengthened the connexion. From being in his youth so much in the company of old men, Pope said he had contracted some troublesome habits. He had prematurely become a man of the world, and the tone of public feeling and morality was then low. There would seem to have been little about men like Wycherley, Cromwell, and Tydcombe to conciliate the regard of a young poet, but they must have appeared to him as studies in a new field of observation. They occupied a considerable place in society, and their attentions would thus have the grace of condescension as well as the attraction of novelty. Many of the deferential expressions addressed to Cromwell were omitted by Pope on the republication of his letters, along with numerous indications of his anxiety to stand well with Wycherley.

Next year Pope accomplished another visit to London, and on his return thus wrote to Cromwell:

" March 18, 1708.

" SIR,—I believe it was with me when I left the town, as it is with a great many honest men when they leave the world, whose loss itself they do not so much regret, as that of their friends whom they leave behind in it. For I do not know one thing for which I can envy London, but for your continuing there. Yet I guess you will expect me to recant this expression, when I tell you that Sappho (by which heathenish name you have christened a very orthodox lady) did not accompany me into the country. Well, you have your lady in the town still, and I have my heart in the country still, which being wholly unemployed as yet, has the more room in it for my friends,

and does not want a corner at your service. You have extremely obliged me by your frankness and kindness; and if I have abused it by too much freedom on my part, I hope you will attribute it to the natural openness of my temper, which hardly knows how to show respect, where it feels affection. I would love my friend, as my mistress, without ceremony; and hope a little rough usage sometimes may not be more displeasing to the one, than it is to the other.

"If you have any curiosity to know in what manner I live, or rather lose a life, Martial will inform you in one line :

" ' Prandeo, poto, cano, ludo, lego, cœno, quiesco.' "

"Every day with me is literally another yesterday, for it is exactly the same: it has the same business, which is poetry: and the same pleasure, which is idleness. A man might indeed pass his time much better, but I question if any man could pass it much easier. *Human life, as Plutarch has just now told me, is like a game at tables, where every one may wish for the best cast, but after all he is to make his best of that which happens, and go on contentedly.* If you will visit our shades this spring, which I very much desire, you may perhaps instruct me to manage my game more wisely; but at present I am satisfied to trifle away my time any way, rather than let it stick by me; as shopkeepers are glad to get rid of those goods at any rate, which would otherwise always be lying on their hands.

"Sir, if you will favour me sometimes with your letters, it will be a great satisfaction to me on several accounts; and on this in particular, that it will show me (to my comfort) that even a wise man is sometimes very idle; for so you needs must be when you can find leisure to write to *such a fellow as, sir, your most faithful and obliged servant,—A. POPE.*

"P.S. *Pray do not put an anachronism again upon me, for my game at tables out of Plutarch. I gave your service to Mr. Wycherley yesterday, and desire you to give mine to—let me see—Mr. Tidcombe.*"<sup>24</sup>

Of this early friend, Tidcombe or Tydcombe, we have not been able to find any particulars. His name occurs occasionally in the poet's correspondence, and he is one of the friends whom Gay introduces into his "Welcome from Greece," congratulating Pope on the completion of his Homer. There was a certain Colonel Tidcombe, a *bon vivant* and member of

<sup>24</sup> Printed Correspondence, collated with the original. The passages which we have given in italics, were omitted by Pope. He had transferred the remark about Plutarch and the tables, to a letter printed as addressed to Steele, June 18, 1712.

the Kit-cat Club, but he died in 1713. The scattered notices of Pope's friend in the printed correspondence, and in one of Warton's notes to Dryden, represent him as a careless, jovial person, very free in his sentiments on religious subjects. The Sappho of the above letter was, we suspect, a Roman Catholic lady of Berkshire, Mrs. Nelson, who wrote verses, corresponded with Teresa Blount, of Mapledurham, and indeed was intimate with most of the poet's country friends. We have not met with any of her acknowledged poetry—ladies were then averse to appearing in print—but a complimentary effusion addressed to Pope, following the lines of Wycherley in Tonson's Miscellany of 1709 (evidently written by some personal friend), is probably of her composition. Pope did not republish the piece among the other encomiastic verses prefixed to his works in 1717, but he had then quarrelled with Mrs. Nelson.

The correspondence with Cromwell was for some time steadily maintained, Pope appearing to delight in the careless ease of his friend's tone and manner :

" SIR,

" April 25, 1708.

This letter greets you from the shades ;  
 (Not those which thin unbodied shadows fill,  
 That glide along th' Elysian glades,  
 Or skim the flowery meads of Asphodill :)  
 But those, in which a learned author said,  
 Strong drink was drunk, and gambols play'd,  
 And two substantial meals a day were made.  
 The business of it is t' express,  
 From me and from my holiness,  
 To you and to your gentleness,  
 How much I wish you health and happiness, &c.

" I made no question but the news of Sappho's staying behind me in the town would surprise you. But she has since come into the country, and, to surprise you more, I will inform you, that the first person she named, when I waited on her, was one Mr. Cromwell. What an ascendant have you over all the sex, who could gain the fair one's heart by appearing before her in a long, black, unpowdered periwig ; nay, without so much as the very extremities of clean linen in neckcloth and cuffs ! I guess that your friend Vertumnus, among all the forms he assumed to win the good graces of Pomona, never took upon him that of a slovenly beau. Well, sir, I leave you to your meditations, on this occasion, and to languish unactive (as you call it)."

The following is more worthy of Pope's reputation:

" May 10, 1708.

" You talk of fame and glory, and of the great men of antiquity; pray tell me, what are all your great dead men, but so many little living letters? What a vast reward is here for all the ink wasted by writers, and all the blood spilt by princes? There was in old time one Severus, a Roman emperor. I dare say you never called him by any other name in your life: and yet in his days he was styled Lucius, Septimius, Severus, Pius, Pertinax, Augustus, Parthicus, Adiabenicus, Arabicus, Maximus, and what not? What a prodigious waste of letters has time made! what a number have here dropped off, and left the poor surviving seven unattended! For my own part, four are all I have to care for; and I'll be judged by you if any man could live in less compass? Well, for the future I'll drown all high thoughts in the Lethe of cowslip-wine; as for fame, renown, reputation, take 'em, critics!"

Byron has versified the same sentiment, and much in the style of Pope:

" What is the end of Fame? 'Tis but to fill  
 A certain portion of uncertain paper;  
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,  
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;  
 For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill,  
 And bards burn what they call their midnight taper,  
 To have, when the original is dust,  
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust."

Yet no two poets ever longed more ardently or laboured more incessantly for fame than Pope and Byron. In moments of languor the above sentiment must have occurred to them, but their destiny impelled them onwards, and despondency was not an abiding sensation with either. The extreme *mobility* or versatility of the poetical temperament was strikingly displayed in both, and also in a third poet, Burns, whose feelings and emotions, reflected in his poetry, but more capriciously exhibited in his correspondence, changed with such rapidity. In Pope there was always an under-current that he strove to conceal, and which, when discovered, is sometimes strangely at variance with his public and stately appearances.

Cromwell made one visit to Binfield. "Pray," said the

poet, "bring a very considerable number of pint-bottles with you. This might seem a strange request, if you had not told me you would stay but as many days as you brought bottles, therefore you can't bring too many, though here we are no drunkards." On Cromwell's return to London Pope wrote to him :

"All you saw in this country charge me to assure you of their humble service, and the ladies in particular, who look upon us as but plain country fellows since they saw you, and heard more civil things in a fortnight than they expect from the whole shire of us in an age. The trophy you bore away from one of them in your snuff-box will doubtless preserve her memory, and be a testimony of your approbation for ever.

" ' As long as Mocha's happy tree shall grow,  
While berries crackle, or while mills shall go ;  
While smoking streams from silver spouts shall glide,  
Or China's earth receive the sable tide,  
While coffee shall to British nymphs be dear,  
While fragrant steams the bended head shall cheer ;  
Or grateful bitters shall delight the taste,  
So long her honours, name, and praise shall last.' "

Cromwell, of course, contrasted favourably with the rural magnates of Berkshire, who appear, from Pope's description of them, to have been of the race of Addison's fox-hunter and Fielding's Squire Western. He writes to his town friend :

"SIR,—I had written to you sooner, but that I made some scruple of sending profane things to you in Holy Week. Besides, our family would have been scandalised to see me write, who take it for granted I write nothing but ungodly verses ; *and they say here so many prayers that I can make but few poems. For in this point of praying I am an occasional conformist. So, just as I am drunk or scandalous in town according to my company, I am for the same reason good and godly here.* I assure you, I am looked upon in the neighbourhood for a very sober, well-disposed person ; no great hunter, indeed, but a great esteemer of the noble sport, and only unhappy in my want of constitution for that and drinking. They all say, 'tis pity I am so sickly, and I think 'tis pity they are so healthy. But I say nothing that may destroy their good opinion of me : I have not quoted one Latin author since I came down, but have learned without book a song of Mr. Thomas Durfey's, who is your only poet of tolerable reputation in this country. He makes all the merriment in our entertainments, and, but for him, there would be so miserable a dearth of catches,

that, I fear, they would (*sans cérémonie*) put either the parson or me upon making some for 'em. Any man, of any quality, is heartily welcome to the best toping-table of our gentry, who can roundly hum out some fragments or rhapsodies of his works: so that in the same manner as it was said of Homer to his detractors: What! dares any man speak against him who has given so many men to *eat*? (meaning the rhapsodists who lived by repeating his verses) so may it be said of Mr. Durfey to his detractors: Dares any one despise him, who has made so many men *drink*? Alas, sir! this is a glory which neither you nor I must ever pretend to. Neither you with your Ovid, nor I with my Statius, can amuse a board of justices and extraordinary 'squires, or gain one hum of approbation, or laugh of admiration. These things (they would say) are too studious, they may do well enough with such as love reading, but give us your ancient poet, Mr. Durfey!

\* \* \* \* \*

"April 10, 1710."<sup>25</sup>

This is a caricature in the style of the "men upon town," though the difficulty of communication at that time, owing to bad roads and the want of public conveyances, checked the intercourse between different classes, and helped to give an air of strong rusticity to the character of the country gentleman. Pope's Berkshire friends did not, it appears, even read the Spectator. As to Tom Durfey's catches, they possess a good deal of farcical humour and broad mirth, but they contain still more ribaldry and licentiousness. Durfey used to go with a fishing party every summer to Wiltshire, and would probably spend a night by the way with his roystering admirers in the Forest.<sup>26</sup> There was much real though coarse enjoyment in these rural gatherings and merry nights in the olden time.

Pope said to Spence that his letters to Cromwell were

<sup>25</sup> Pope struck out the characteristic passage in italics, which gives a glimpse of the interior of Binfield.

<sup>26</sup> "By long experience Durfey may, no doubt,  
Ensnare a gudgeon or sometimes a trout;  
Yet Dryden once exclaim'd in partial spite,  
*He fish!* because the man attempts to write."

*Fenton's Ep. to Lambard.*

Thomson the poet being told that Glover, the author of *Leonidas*, meditated an epic poem, exclaimed, "*He* write an epic, who never saw a mountain!" He might have said the same of Pope, who contemplated an epic with Brutus for its hero.



written with a design that does not appear: they were not written in sober sadness. To Aaron Hill he said they were written with unguarded friendliness and freedom. The one remark contradicts the other; and it is impossible to trace any occult motive in these harmless companionable epistles. If any concealment or stratagem may be detected, it consists in Pope representing himself as gay, careless, and indolent, when he was devoted to intense study, and was diligently repairing the deficiencies of his early education. One rather long piece of criticism in a letter to Cromwell Pope printed as if addressed to Walsh. In the letters there is some trifling criticism on the part of Cromwell, and some rather unwarrantable levity on the part of Pope, but much kindness and respect on both sides. The result, however, was unsatisfactory. After three years of intercourse, oral and epistolary, Cromwell was silent for a twelvemonth. Pope's jocularities and sarcasms had chafed the temper of the old pedantic beau, who began to perceive that the sickly retired lad in the Forest was becoming a decidedly formidable personage. The correspondence accordingly dropped, and was not renewed excepting on one unpleasant occasion. Long after this time, in 1726, Mrs. Elizabeth Thomas, a frail poetess and the Sappho of Cromwell, falling into distressed circumstances, sold to Edmund Curll, the publisher, the original letters of Pope to Cromwell, which she had obtained from the latter. "All persons of taste and judgment," she said, "would be pleased with so agreeable an amusement. Mr. Cromwell could not be angry, since it was but justice to his merit to publish the solemn and private professions of love, gratitude, and veneration, made him by so celebrated an author; and, sincerely, Mr. Pope ought not to resent the publication, since the early pregnancy of his genius was no dishonour to his character. And yet (she adds) had either of you been asked, common modesty would have obliged you to refuse what you would not be displeased with if done without your knowledge"—a shrewd observation, which evinces Sappho's knowledge of both the parties concerned. Cromwell, she said, had made her a free gift of the letters, to do what she liked with them. This he denied, though faintly, but he appears to have been vexed and annoyed by his own indiscretion in putting the correspondence into the hands of

this *précieuse*. He addressed Pope in the following penitential style :

• “The great value she expresses for all you write, and her passion for having them, I believe, was what prevailed upon me to let her keep them. By the interval of twelve years at least, from her possession to the time of printing them, ’tis manifest that I had not the least ground to apprehend such a design: but as people in great straits bring forth their hoards of old gold and most valued jewels, so Sappho had recourse to her hid treasure of letters, and played off not only yours to me, but all those to herself (as the lady’s last stake) into the press.—As for me, I hope, when you shall coolly consider the many thousand instances of our being deluded by the females, since that great original of Adam by Eve, you will have a more favourable thought of the undesigning error of, your faithful friend, &c.”

This must have been about the last instance of female delusion that Mr. Cromwell had to encounter, for he died in the following year, 1728. He was then in London, in the parish of St. Giles in the Fields. He had made his will eleven years before, leaving his estate of Beesby to a second cousin, the Rev. Henry Greene, and forty pounds a year to his “faithful and ancient” servant, Mrs. Isabel Perez—the “Lady Isabella” of Pope’s letters. There is no mention of Pope in the will, and Sappho was also neglected by her Phaon. Mr. Henry Greene was enjoined not to part with the valuable picture of the testator’s “dear father;” and Cromwell directed that his body should be decently interred, *suitable to his birth*, in the parish church of St. Clement Danes, “which church,” he adds, “I have most frequented.” The old wit, then, had some grace. Dr. Johnson, it is well known, eulogised one of his acquaintances as good and pious; for though he had not been in the inside of a church for many years, he never passed a church without pulling off his hat, *which showed that he had good principles*. Beau Cromwell was better in his practice, if not in his principles, than Johnson’s good and pious man.

## CHAPTER II.

[1709—1712.]

PUBLICATION OF THE PASTORALS AND ESSAY ON CRITICISM. LETTERS TO ADDISON AND STEELE. ACQUAINTANCE WITH TERESA AND MARTHA BLOUNT. THE ELEGY ON AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

IN 1709, Pope, by the publication of his Pastorals, took his place among the poets of the English Augustan age. The age was Augustan only in the patronage it extended to authors, which, for extent and liberality, was unexampled in this country. Addison, Steele, Congreve, Prior, Gay, Rowe, Tickell, Ambrose Philips, and poets humbler even than the humblest of these, held public offices, or enjoyed the patronage of the great, and lived in comparative opulence. Swift was shut out of a bishopric by the supposed irreligion of his character—an opinion carefully instilled into the mind of Queen Anne—and by the daring irreverence and dangerous wit of the Tale of a Tub; but the deanery of St. Patrick's was no very poor or inglorious provision. Pope's religion disqualified him for government employment, and it is to his honour that he adhered to it with undeviating fidelity, and was proof against both obloquy and temptation. A pension, however, was offered him by Halifax, and Addison, when in power, was desirous of benefiting him. Craggs also offered money from the Treasury; but all of these he declined. He relied on literature and on his limited patrimony, and the patronage extended to his Homer justified his choice, at the same time that it displayed the taste and munificence of the age.

The Pastorals appeared in a Poetical Miscellany or Annual issued by Tonson. Four parts or yearly volumes of this Miscellany had been edited by Dryden. A fifth was collected after his death; and now Tonson, with the help of Pope's contributions, ventured on a sixth volume. The publisher's note to Pope, offering his assistance, is characteristic of the keen old man of business whom Dryden found so hard a task-master:



TONSON.

"SIR,—I have lately seen a Pastoral of yours in Mr. Walsh's and Congreve's hand, which is *extremely fine*, and is approved by the best judges in poetry. I remember I have formerly seen you in my shop, and am sorry I did not improve my acquaintance with you. If you design your poem for the press, no one shall be more careful in printing it, nor no one can give greater encouragement to it than, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

"JACOB TONSON.

"Gray's Inn Gate, April 20, 1706."

The offer of "left-legged Jacob" could not be resisted. The Pastorals, when completed and revised, were sent to the press, and, as Wycherley profanely observed, Jacob's ladder raised Pope to immortality! The Miscellany opened with the Pastorals of Ambrose Philips, and closed with those of Pope—a seeming rivalry which afterwards proved a source

of lasting enmity between the Bucolic poets. Pope also contributed his version of Chaucer's January and May, and a translation of the Epistle of Sarpedon from the Iliad. The volume contained verses by the Marquis of Normanby, the Duke of Buckingham, and Garth, and a translation of part of Lucan by Rowe. The Windsor poet, therefore, appeared in good company, and Wycherley acted as gentleman usher by inserting a copy of complimentary verses, entitled, "To my friend Mr. Pope on his Pastorals." This piece is correctly and pleasingly written, and concludes with a prediction that the young poet's muse would soon, like Virgil's, take a higher flight.

" So larks, which first from lowly fields arise,  
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies."

Pope was charged by some malicious critics with writing, or at least correcting these verses on himself, and one might almost swear to this concluding simile being his composition. He had unquestionably added, as on former occasions, a few graceful touches to the faltering muse of the Plain Dealer.

The correctness and elegance of style and versification displayed in these juvenile Pastorals astonished Wycherley and Walsh. Both were veteran poets, and one was a judicious classical critic, yet the self-taught youth of sixteen, in the shades of Windsor Forest, had at one bound placed himself above them, and, indeed, above all the poets of that period. "The preface is very judicious and very learned," says Walsh, in a letter to Wycherley, April 20, 1705; "the author seems to have a particular genius for that kind of poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds the years you told me he was of." Again, "It is no flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his age." With what enthusiastic delight this praise, through the friendly medium of Wycherley, would be received by Pope it is easy to conceive. He was now a poet for life! Walsh died in 1708, before any of his young friend's works had been published, but in the conclusion of his Essay on Criticism, Pope has paid a tribute to the taste and talents of his first learned and complimentary critic.

All Pastorals, from Theocritus down to Pope and Ambrose Philips, are essentially the same in subject and imagery.

They have no foundation in nature, and the most juvenile rhymester would not now dream of rivalling the classics in such a field. With respect to Pope's success, apart from his melodious numbers, Warton has thrown out some remarks. "A mixture of British and Grecian ideas," he says, "may justly be deemed a blemish in these Pastorals; and propriety is certainly violated when he couples Pactolus with Thames, and Windsor with Hybla. Complaints of immoderate heat, and wishes to be conveyed to cooling caverns, when uttered by the inhabitants of Greece, have a decorum and consistency which they totally lose in the character of a British shepherd; and Theocritus, during the ardours of Sirius, must have heard the murmurings of a brook, and the whispers of a pine, with more heartfelt pleasure than Pope could possibly experience on the same occasion." Pope, however, avoided the error of Spenser, in introducing wolves into England, and showed his judgment in substituting for the *laurels* appropriated to Eurotas, the *willows* native to the Thames. As to the clustering grapes, the pipe of reeds, and the sacrifice of lambs, they are no doubt inappropriate to English rural life, but they seem inseparable from the idea of a Pastoral. Pope retained this stock classic property not through inadvertence, but because he believed it to be indispensable.

The Essay on Criticism was next begun, though not published till 1711. Didactic poetry was then popular. The authors of the day had discarded the grosser impurities of the former period, and reformed the drama. A considerable sediment, however, was left, and there were no aspirations after high invention, imagination, or passion—no return to the fountains of nature, of romance, or of heroism in Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakspeare. To extol contemporary events, to panegyrise living individuals, to paint smooth enamel word-miniatures, and to reason or criticise in decent verse, filled the measure of the poet's ambition. Addison was agreeably descriptive, but feeble, in his Letter from Italy, and Prior had given forth some runnings of his sprightly vein, but there was a character of tameness and littleness in the poetical literature of the period; and the Essay on Criticism was entitled to a high pre-eminence. Pope was probably led to his subject by the Essays on Satire, Translated Verse, and Poetry by Sheffield and Roscommon. Boileau's Art of

Poetry had been translated by Sir William Soame, and revised by Dryden, who applied the poem to English writers. This work was evidently in Pope's hands. He did not, however, adopt the methodical system of Boileau, which Sheffield followed.<sup>1</sup> He did not classify criticism as Boileau classified poetry, under its different forms of Pastoral, Elegy, Ode, Satire, &c. He selected Horace as his model, but both in Horace and Pope there is a certain order and connexion, without which their precepts would have wanted perspicuity as well as force. This would seem to be all that either the Roman or English poet aimed at, though Warburton endeavoured by a laboured commentary to show that Pope's Essay was a complete treatise both of the art of criticism and the art of poetry. "You remember," said Pope to Wycherley, "a simile Mr. Dryden used in conversation, of feathers in the crowns of the wild Indians, which they not only choose for the beauty of their colours, but place them in such a manner as to reflect a lustre on each other." Such we believe to have been the art adopted by Pope in stringing together the maxims contained in the Essay on Criticism, and the beautiful illustrations with which it is embellished.

The poet did not at first affix his name to the Essay, and the sale was slow.<sup>2</sup> It was attacked by Dennis, the most conspicuous critic of that period, but an unsuccessful poet and drama-

<sup>1</sup> Some of the lines in Sheffield's Essay on Poetry are vigorous and correct :

" Figures of speech, which poets think so fine—  
 Art's needless varnish to make nature shine—  
 All are but paint upon a beauteous face,  
 And in description only claim a place ;  
 But to make rage declaim and grief discourse,  
 From lovers in despair fine things to force,  
 Must needs succeed, for who can choose but pity  
 A dying hero miserably witty?  
 But, oh ! the dialogue where jest and mock  
 Is held up like a rest at shuttlecock ;  
 Or else like bells eternally they chime,  
 They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme !"

<sup>2</sup> So Lewis, publisher of the poem, informed Warton. To render the work better known, Pope, about a month after the appearance of the Essay, went to Lewis's shop, and addressed twenty copies to persons whom he considered the best judges of poetry, including Lord Lansdowne and the Duke of Buckingham ; and this scheme, it is added, was completely successful. Pope, in a letter to Caryll, states that the first edition consisted of 1000 copies. A second was called for in 1718. The poem was translated into

tist. Pope had dared to throw down the gauntlet to this still formidable aristarch. When treating of critics he said :

" But Appius reddens at each word you speak,  
And stares tremendous with a threatening eye,  
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry."

Dennis had written a tragedy on the story of Appius and Virginia (produced in 1708), and was well known to be irritable and violent both in his criticism and his character. The satirical portrait was at once recognised, and the enraged critic lost no time in retaliating in a pamphlet, which his egregious vanity no doubt led him to believe would bring his puny assailant to his feet in submission, or annihilate him for ever. His remarks on the *Essay* are replete with personal abuse, part of which will be found quoted by Pope, in justification of his severity, in his notes to the *Dunciad*; but they contain also a few just observations, by which the poet profited. Dennis was a man of acuteness and learning; he had been noticed by Dryden, Congreve, and Steele; but his temper, naturally violent and vindictive, had been soured by disappointment and intemperance, and his vanity and caprice distorted his judgment. His indignation at this time was specially roused by the circumstance



DENNIS, BY HOGARTH.

French by Anthony Hamilton, author of *Mémoires de Grammont*, an honour which Pope gratefully and warmly acknowledged. This version was never printed, but two French translations subsequently appeared.



that Pope had previously sought his acquaintance. "At his first coming to town," he says, "he was importunate with Mr. Cromwell to introduce him to me. The recommendation engaged me to be about thrice in company with him; after which I went to the country, till I found myself most insolently attacked in his very superficial Essay on Criticism, by which he endeavoured to destroy the reputation of a man who had published pieces of criticism, and to set up his own." Dennis, it was obvious, could bear no brother near his critical throne; and Pope's predilection for satire was overpowering his youthful diffidence and caution. The enraged critic found few to sympathise with him. The Essay was too excellent to be cried down; and many of the scribblers of that day must have rejoiced to see the furious Goliath of criticism struck on the forehead, though not felled to the ground, by a smooth stone from the sling of a stripling.

There was another class of objectors to the Essay on Criticism. The poet's liberal and tolerant sentiments on the subject of religion, with his praise of Erasmus and his censure of the monks, provoked the holy Vandals of his own Church. Their complaints were forwarded to him through the medium of "the Hon. J. C.," or John Caryll, of West Grinstead, a member of a Roman Catholic family of long standing, wealth, and influence in the county of Sussex. The modern head of this house was an historical personage—John Caryll, the English Envoy at the Court of Rome, who, proving "too timid for the high Catholic party," as Dr. Lingard has stated, or, more probably, too moderate and prudent for his royal master James, was recalled to England and appointed Secretary and Master of Requests to the Queen. On the abdication of James, Caryll accompanied him abroad, became one of the Ministers of the exiled Court, and was created a peer. He died in 1711, aged about eighty. As Lord or Secretary Caryll was a man of literary tastes, as well as rank and fortune (author of a comedy, "Sir Solomon; or, the Cautious Coxcomb, from *L'Ecole des Femmes*," 1671, and of several translations in Dryden's Miscellanies), Warburton, ignorant of the history of the family, assumed that he was the person of that name who proposed the subject of the Rape of the Lock. The poet's friend, however, was a nephew of the Secretary, who possessed an ample estate, was liberal, tole-

rant, and accomplished. Pope sedulously cultivated his friendship, and as their intimacy ripened, made him the depository of his private feuds, griefs, and disappointments.<sup>3</sup>

To this trusted friend Pope wrote in defence of his Essay:

"I have ever believed the best piece of service one could do to our religion, was openly to express our detestation and scorn of all those mean artifices and via fraudes, which it stands so little in need of, and which have laid it under so great a scandal among its enemies.

"Nothing has been so much a scarecrow to them, as that too peremptory and uncharitable assertion of an utter impossibility of salvation to all but ourselves: Invincible ignorance excepted, which, indeed, some people define under so great limitations, and with such exclusions, that it seems as if that word were rather invented as a salvo, or expedient, not to be thought too bold with the thunderbolts of God (which are hurled about so freely on almost all mankind by the hands of ecclesiastics), than as a real exception to almost universal damnation. For besides the small number of the truly faithful in our Church, we must again subdivide; the Jansenist is damned by the Jesuit, the Jesuit by the Jansenist, the Scotist by the Thomist, and so forth.

"There may be errors, I grant, but I can't think them of such consequence as to destroy utterly the charity of mankind; the very greatest bond in which we are engaged by God to one another: therefore, I own to you, I was glad of any opportunity to express my dislike of so shocking a sentiment as those of the religion I profess are

<sup>3</sup> We owe all this concerning the Carylls to a writer in the *Athenæum*, who appears to have had access to the family papers. He states that "the extent of Pope's intimacy and correspondence with the Carylls cannot even be inferred from the published letters. Pope studiously avoided to take rank before the public with the Catholics; and when, later in life, he went into open opposition, it was as one of a political not of a religious party." We may add that Pope, so early as 1714, appears to have been shy of public intercourse with his Catholic brethren. In the original letter to Martha Blount, on the subject of Arabella Fermor's marriage, he says, "My acquaintance runs so much in an anti-Catholic channel, that it was but the other day I heard of Mrs. Fermor's being actually, directly, and consummatively married." In another letter entitled "To a Lady in the name of her Brother," a certain priest, Sir William Kennedy, is in the printed letter transformed to "The Rev. Mr. ———." The *Athenæum* adds, concerning Secretary Caryll, "In 1695 he was outlawed, and his estate granted to Lord Cutts. As the principal estate was entailed, the forfeiture and grant could only extend to his life interest, and this was repurchased by the family for 6500*l*." From the same notice we learn that Pope's friend died in 1736, and that the estate passed to and from his grandson.

commonly charged with; and I hoped a slight insinuation, introduced so easily by a casual similitude only, could never have given offence, but on the contrary must needs have done good in a nation and time wherein we are the smaller party, and consequently most misrepresented, and most in need of vindication.

"For the same reason, I took occasion to mention the superstition of some ages after the subversion of the Roman Empire, which is too manifest a truth to be denied, and does in no sort reflect upon the present professors of our faith, who are free from it. Our silence in these points may, with some reason, make our adversaries think we allow and persist in those bigotries; which yet in reality all good and sensible men despise, though they are persuaded not to speak against them. I can't tell why, since now 'tis no way the interest even of the worst of our priesthood (as it might have been then) to have them smothered in silence: for, as the opposite sects are now prevailing, 'tis too late to hinder our Church from being slander'd; 'tis our business now to vindicate ourselves from being thought abettors of what they charge us with. This can't so well be brought about with serious faces; we must laugh with them at what deserves it, or be content to be laughed at, with such as deserve it."

These sentiments he always entertained; placing "all his glory" both in politics and religion in "moderation." Fire and sword, and fire and fagot, were equally his aversion. As years rolled on he became a decided opponent of the Court, for his religion and connexions threw him among the Jacobites and disappointed politicians; but the Church seems at no time to have had a strong hold on his affections. Most of his friends were tinged with infidelity, and Lyttelton, when of this class, conceived Pope to be like himself. Chesterfield claimed him as a Deist. The eloquent Characteristics of Shaftesbury, published in 1713, were much read, and Pope told Warburton that this work had, to his knowledge, done great harm to revealed religion. It was the too general fashion of the day to laugh at all serious and solemn impressions, and the young poet could hardly be more grave than his seniors and associates. In a lively letter to Martha Blount he says, "Every one values Mr. Pope, but every one for a different reason; one for his adherence to the Catholic faith; another for his neglect of Popish superstition; one for his grave behaviour; another for his whimsicalness; Mr. Tidcombe for his pretty atheistical jests; Mr. Caryll for his moral and Christian sentences," &c. When fairly embarked

in his Homer he would probably have said he belonged to the Greek Church! At all times, however, it was a point of honour to adhere nominally to the Church in which he was baptised, persecuted and reviled as it was;<sup>4</sup> and he knew that any renunciation of the ancient faith would have broken the hearts of his aged and doting parents.

To console the poet for the enmity of Dennis and the monks, he had Addison's commendation of the Essay in the Spectator. The great critic, or rather essayist, quoted passages from the work, pronouncing it to be "a very fine

<sup>4</sup> The vulgar animosity against the Catholics frequently led to such scenes as the following, which we copy from the newspapers of the day:

"On the 17th of November [1711], there was a Procession against Popish Villany. 1. Marched six Whiffiers in Pinner's Caps and Red Waistcoats. 2. A Bellman Ringing his Bell, and with a dolesome Voice, crying all the way (from Moregate to Temple Bar) 'Remember Justice Godfrey.' 3. A Dead Body representing Justice Godfrey, in the Habit he usually Wore, and the Cravat wherewith he was Murdered about his neck, with Spots of Blood on his Wrists, Breast, and Shirt, and White Gloves on his Hands; his Face Pale and Wan, riding upon a White Horse, and one of his Murderers behind him to keep him from Falling, in the same manner as he was carried to Primrose Hill. 4. A Priest in a Surplice and a Cape Embroidered with Dead Men's Skulls, and Bones and Skeletons, who gave out Pardons very plentifully, to all that would Murder Protestants, and proclaiming it Meritorious. 8. Six Jesuits carrying Bloody Daggers. 13. The Pope's Chief Physician, with Jesuits' Powder in one Hand, and a Urinal in the other. 14. The Pope and the Devil, Hugging and Whispering. . . . A very great Bonfire was prepared at Inner Temple Gate, and his Holiness, after some Compliments and Reluctances, was decently tumbled into the Flames, the Devil who *till then accompanied him, left him in the Lurch, and laughing gave him up to his deserved Fate.* This last Act of his Holiness's Tragedy was attended with a prodigious Shout from the joyful Spectators."—*The Protestant Post Boy*, Nov. 17 to 20, 1711.

"WARNING TO PAPISTS.—The Churchwardens of London and Westminster being ordered to enquire after Papists, who lurk in and about these Citys, and some of them performing it as if they were not willing, or did not understand how to go about it; *Qu.* Whether the Reverend Clergy, whose Character commands respect to their Persons, should not assist in such Enquiries after Popish and Jacobite House Keepers, Inmates, Lodgers, &c.? . . . This, with a Proclamation, commanding all Papists to remove from London and Westminster, would seem to be a much more effectual Method than for a few Men only to go about, and ask a superficial Question, whether House-keepers be Papists, or have Popish Lodgers and Inmates, to which, for the most part, they have very slight Answers returned, and so the End of Enquiry and Law is eluded."—*The Flying Post*, March 14 to 17, 1712.

poem," and "a masterpiece of its kind;" but regretting that the author had admitted into it "some strokes" of a nature detracting from modern genius. The only moderns alluded to in a depreciatory style are Dennis, Blackmore, and Milbourne—the two last in connexion with the attacks on Dryden:

"New Blackmores and new Milbournes must arise."

And it would be a great stretch of complacency to apply the term "genius" to the works of any of this triumvirate, however moral was the muse of Blackmore. Pope was grateful for the critique. He addressed to Addison the following acknowledgment, first published by Miss Lucy Aikin in 1843 in her *Life of Addison*:

[January, 1711-12.]

"SIR,—I have passed part of this Christmas with some honest country gentlemen who have wit enough to be good natured, but no manner of relish for criticism or polite writing, as you may easily conclude, when I tell you they never read the Spectator. This was the reason I did not see that of the 28th [the 20th of December] till yesterday, at my return home, wherein, though it be the highest satisfaction to find myself commended by a person whom all the world commends, yet I am not more obliged to you for that than for your candour and frankness in acquainting me with the error I have been guilty of in speaking too freely of my brother moderns. 'Tis, indeed, the common method of all counterfeits in wit, as well as in physic, to begin with warning us of others' cheats, in order to make the more way for their own. But if ever this essay be thought worthy a second edition, I shall be very glad to strike out all such strokes which you shall be so good as to point out to me. I shall really be proud of being corrected, for I believe 'tis with the errors of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if they are consumed upon the place, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever grown there. Some of the faults of that book I myself have found, and more (I am confident) others have—enough, at least, to have made me very humble, had not you given this public approbation of it, which I can look upon only as the effect of that benevolence you have been ever ready to show to any who but make it their endeavour to do well. But as a little rain revives a flower which too much surcharges and depresses, so moderate praise encourages a young writer,"<sup>s</sup>

<sup>s</sup> This simile Pope again employs in one of his letters to Wycherley, March 25, 1705. The fine use which Cowper has made of the same image in his little poem, "The Rose," will occur to most readers.

but a great deal may injure him; and you have been so lavish on that point, that I almost hope (not to call in question your judgment in the piece) that 'twas some particular inclination to the author which carried you so far. This would please me more than I can express, for I should in good earnest be fonder of your friendship than the world's applause. I might hope, too, to deserve it better, since a man may more easily answer for his own sincerity than his own wit. And if the highest esteem, built on the justest ground on the world, together with gratitude for an obligation so unexpectedly conferred, can oblige a man to be ever yours, I beg you to believe no one is more so than, sir, your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

"A. POPE."

The quick eye of Pope had at once recognised the hand of Addison in the *Spectator*, and he wrote to him, as we have seen, the day after he perused the criticism. The same shrewdness, however, suggested that Steele might wish to be considered the author, and he then penned a second letter of acknowledgment. Steele replied, in his usual frank and cordial strain:

"January, 20, 1711.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received your very kind letter. That part of it which is grounded upon your belief that I have much affection and friendship for you, I receive with great pleasure. That which acknowledges the honour done to your Essay I have no pretence to. It was written by one whom I will make you acquainted with, which is the best return I can make to you for your favour to, sir, your most obliged humble servant,

"RICHARD STEELE."\*

In his carefully-composed letter we see the eager desire of Pope to cultivate the friendship of Addison, to whom he naturally looked with high and deferential respect. The great in literature had always his warmest homage. It does not appear, however, that Addison at this time made any approach to personal intimacy. He wrote *Spectators*, not letters, and reserved his familiar intercourse for a few friends, or for the social evening in the coffee-house. As yet Button's had not attained its celebrity; but towards the close of the year, and throughout 1713, Pope and Addison frequently met in this famous rendezvous of the wits, which has in-

\* Pope's *Homer MSS.* in British Museum; and Roscoe, viii. 181.

vested Russell-street, Covent-garden, with so many pleasant associations.

Pope's acquaintance with Gay—the most congenial and best-beloved of his literary associates—seems to have commenced in 1711, or earlier. Gay was of the same age as himself—easy, indolent, and disposed to regard Pope with profound respect. “Gay,” he says, “they would call one of my *élèves*.” This simple, helpless, *lovable* poet escaped from behind the silk-mercantile counter, to which he was early condemned, and commenced author. In his twenty-fourth year, to the great joy of his friends, he was taken into the household of the Duchess of Monmouth as secretary. “By quitting a shop for such service,” says Johnson, “he might gain leisure, but he certainly advanced little in the boast of independence.” He had left the shop some years before; but he gained by the new appointment what he valued with all the eagerness and delight of a boy—fine clothes and a good table. Congreve said, as the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *cogito ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence was *edi ergo est*. Pope also alludes to Gay's epicurean habits. His love of finery afforded amusement both to himself and his friends. When he got his appointment as secretary to the embassy to Hanover, he solicited the bounty of the Lord Treasurer for an outfit, and hinted his wants in verse :

“ I'm no more to converse with the swains,  
But go where fine people resort;  
One can live without money on plains,  
But never without it at Court.  
If when with the swains I did gambol,  
I array'd me in silver and blue,  
When abroad and in Courts I shall ramble,  
Pray, my Lord, how much money will do ?”

Such was “Johnny Gay.” The death of the queen clouded his rising prospects; and he was always sighing for Court preferment, and dangling after Mrs. Howard, the favourite lady of the bedchamber, who was sincerely attached to him, but had no power. He was doomed to disappointment, till his *Beggar's Opera*, and its supplement, *Polly*, enabled him to shine in “silver loops and garment blue,” and he found a luxurious home in the house of the Duke of Queensberry.

The kind and eccentric duchess doted upon the simple poet, and the duke undertook the management of his money, giving it to him as he wanted it—a singular and felicitous destiny for a lazy man of genius! He had dropped into the only niche he was qualified to fill. It is impossible not to regret that another helpless, unworldly, and fine-dressing poet—the amiable Goldsmith—was not so fortunate. *His* clothes and luxuries made him die 2000*l.* in debt, while Gay's estate realised for his sisters a sum of about 6000*l.*

Gay had appeared as a poet before his friend Pope. In 1708 he had sung the charms of "Wine," and commemorated the Devil Tavern in blank verse; but his friendship with Pope was cemented by his *Rural Sports*, published in 1713, and inscribed to his friend:

" You who the sweets of rural life have known,  
Despise th' ungrateful hurry of the town ;  
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,  
And undisturb'd yourself and Muse enjoy.  
Thames listens to thy strain, and silent flows,  
And no rude wind through rustling osiers blows ;  
While all his wondering nymphs around thee throng,  
To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.  
But I, who ne'er was bless'd by Fortune's hand,  
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,  
Long in the noisy town have been immured,  
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured."

The rest of the poem is of the same pitch—smooth description, with the stock images of pastoral or rural verse, but containing indications of that close observation and general poetical power which Gay afterwards displayed, and which formed a contrast to his personal character and habits. His *Trivia*, and the *Birth of the Squire*, are admirable for their Hogarthian painting and broad humour; but like most of Gay's works, they are indelicate.

Steele, aware of the genius of his young friend, cultivated his acquaintance. The Essay on Criticism must, indeed, have given Pope the command of any literary society in the metropolis to which he aspired; and shortly afterwards, July 26, 1711, we find Steele soliciting him to contribute some words for music. The result was the *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*—certainly not one of his happiest productions,



and which Dryden's *Alexander's Feast* should have deterred him from undertaking. Fortunately, Steele did more than this; he procured from Pope for the *Spectator* his *Messiah: a Sacred Eclogue*, and *The Dying Christian to his Soul*. The former appeared in the *Spectator* for May 14, 1712, and was prefaced with a few lines from the editor, in which he said he would make no apology for *entertaining* his readers with a poem, "written," he adds, "by a great genius, a friend of mine in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker." This was scanty praise; but in a private letter the critic assured the poet that the *Messiah* was better than the *Pollio* of Virgil. It is perhaps the most elevated of all Pope's poems, especially towards the conclusion, where the long race of sons and daughters unborn crowd forward in prophetic vision,

"Demanding life, impatient for the skies."

Pope has nowhere else a more strikingly figurative or sublime passage; his lips were truly touched with hallowed fire from the altar. The *Dying Christian* is in the same style of rapt devotional sublimity, conveyed in language the most musical and harmonious. Steele, it appears, was, during the summer of this year, living in a house between London and Hampstead—a cottage on Haverstock Hill—and Pope has published two of his most sentimental letters, addressed to the retired wit, which contrast curiously with the letters addressed to Henry Cromwell. We subjoin the most poetical of these studied epistles, which was greatly admired by a former generation of readers, and must have cost the writer as much trouble as an equal number of lines in verse:

"July 15, 1712.

"You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus, one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

"The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made."

"Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: 'tis like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy 'tis the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks 'tis a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the grey hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.

"I am yours, &c."

We may conceive this letter read to the family circle at Binfield before it was despatched, and the joy and exultation with which the elder Pope would listen to the pious strain

of sentiment it breathes, and to the choice and elegant language in which it is expressed. But, after all, we suspect it was a mere literary exercise, to which Steele's name was not attached until long afterwards; had he received it, he would have put it in the Spectator.

The success of Tonson's volumes of *Miscellanies* induced a brother bibliopole, Bernard Lintot, to venture on a work of the same description. He engaged the services of Pope, and in 1712 appeared his collection of *Miscellaneous Poems and Translations*, to which Pope contributed the first sketch of his *Rape of the Lock*, translations from Statius and Ovid, and some smaller original pieces.<sup>7</sup> In the same volume were published *Chaucer's Characters; or, the Introduction to the Canterbury Tales*, by Mr. Thomas Betterton. This famous tragedian had died two years before, and Pope, who knew and esteemed him, is said to have written these Characters himself, and published them in Betterton's name for the benefit of the deceased actor's family. The *Rape of the Lock* is the most important of the Pope contributions, though it was but a fragment or skeleton of what the poem was afterwards to become. The *Miscellany* was noticed by Addison in the Spectator. He had read over, he said, with great pleasure, "the late *Miscellany* published by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compositions of that ingenious gentleman." In the same essay, Addison praised a poem of Tickell's on the Prospect of Peace, and recommended the Pastorals of Philips. Of the latter, he observed: "One would have thought it impossible for this kind of poetry to have subsisted without fauns and satyrs, wood nymphs and water nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities; but we see he has given a new life and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by substituting, in the place of these antiquated fables, the superstitious mythology which prevails among the shepherds of our country." To Pope was awarded "faint praise"—the merest adumbration, while Tickell and Ambrose Philips received cordial and hearty commendation. Nay, the critic's eulogy on Philips's Pastorals is an oblique satire on

<sup>7</sup> This *Miscellany* was reprinted in 1714, Pope's name being displayed conspicuously on the title-page, and all the pieces from his pen enumerated. Hence it has been called "Pope's *Miscellany*." He had probably acted as editor.

Pope's, for Pope used the classic mythology to illustrate his poem.

One piece in this Miscellany, entitled, "To a Young Lady, with the Works of Voiture," is connected with an interesting portion of the poet's personal history.

—We have seen the keen relish with which Pope entered into society and courted the correspondence of the town wits and coffee-house critics. In the country, however, he was not destitute of other attractions than his books and verses. The circumstance of his being a Roman Catholic, though publicly disadvantageous, had this private compensation, that it introduced him more readily into the company of opulent families of that creed, who clung all the more closely together in consequence of their proscription by the State, and who were proud to hail as one of their body a young poet of pre-eminent excellence and promise. With the Carylls of Sussex he had already established a close intimacy; and among the Catholic families at that time resident in Berks and Oxfordshire, were Englefield of Whiteknights, Tattershall of Finchampstead, Perkins of Ufton, Sir George Brown of Keddington, Stonor of Stonor Park, Fermor of Tusmore, Blount of Mapledurham, &c.

The families of Le Blount were of great antiquity, and could trace their descent from two brothers who accompanied William the Norman to England. Sir John Blount, in the reign of Edward III., was married to Isolda Mountjoy, and from this union is descended the family of Blount of Sodington, conspicuous in history, partly as Lords Mountjoy (Charles Blount, the favourite of Queen Elizabeth, will occur to the recollection of most readers), and now represented by Sir Edward Blount. Sir John Blount had a son who married Sancha de Ayala, of the house of Castile, and from him descended the Blounts of Oxfordshire. Sir Walter Blount of history and of Shakspeare, who fell at the battle of Shrewsbury, was of this family. In the following century, Sir Michael Blount, Lieutenant of the Tower, purchased the manor of Mapledurham, on the Oxfordshire side of the Thames, near Reading, and erected the large and venerable mansion which still remains in the possession of his descendants. It was subjected to an assault during the civil war (when it was courageously defended in aid of the royal cause by Sir

Charles Blount), but it continues in the most perfect state, with its fine avenue of elms and spacious lawn, and forms one of our best specimens of Elizabethan architecture, unspoiled by innovation.



MAPLEDURHAM HOUSE.

In the time of Pope's youth this ancient and distinguished royalist family was represented by Mr. Lister Blount, who had one son, Michael, his successor, and two daughters, Teresa and Martha Blount—names which will for ever be associated with that of Pope, as Stella and Vanessa are with the name and history of Swift. Happily the Pope connexion was less painfully interesting and less tragical in its results than that of Swift; but in both cases a mystery was preserved which still baffles investigation. Swift, cold and stern, had no sympathy with "killing eyes or bleeding hearts."

" His conduct might have made him styled  
A father, and the nymph his child."

But he proved a *stepfather*—crushing the hopes he had excited—the only hopes that blossomed in that desert of existence—and ultimately breaking the hearts of the very beings whom he loved most on earth. Pope was more susceptible; there was passion enough in his intercourse with the sisters—especially with the eldest, Teresa—but his affections were finally and irrevocably centred in Martha.<sup>8</sup> His acquaintance with the ladies gradually proceeded to intimacy, then a warmer feeling and some extravagant gallantry succeeded, after which friendship again took its place, and, in the case of Martha, being founded, as he said, on “unalterable principles,” it was never dissolved. Even in this first poetical offering to Teresa, published in 1712, the lines have nothing of an amatory character. The poet commemorates the power, not of love raised on beauty, but of good nature, which alone, he says,

“ ——— teaches charms to last,  
Still makes new conquests, and maintains the past.”

And he transmitted the volume containing this epistle to Teresa's sister, Martha, with the following letter:

“ May y<sup>e</sup> 25, 1712.

“MADAM,—At last I do myself the honour to send you the Rape of the Lock, which has been so long coming out, that the lady's

<sup>8</sup> Teresa (who was baptised Teresa-Maria) was born at Paris, October 15, 1688. Martha was born June 15, 1690. They were partly educated at a ladies' school at Hammersmith, and were afterwards placed at an establishment in Paris in the Rue Boulanger. By the will of Lister Blount, the father, dated May 15, 1710 (he died 25th June of the same year), it was directed that if his son Michael should die without issue, Martha was to inherit Mapledurham, and her eldest sister Teresa, being born an alien, was to have a sum of 12,000*l*. The French education of the young ladies imparted a certain polish and vivacity to their manners, and Teresa is described as a person of remarkable talents.

Pope's letters—at least such as remain—are preserved at Mapledurham, bound up with others addressed to the young ladies; and there is also an interesting pedigree of the family, drawn up by the Rev. C. Lefebvre. These MSS. were made use of by Sir Alexander Croke in his *Genealogical History of the Croke Family* (originally Le Blount), a work printed but not published. Michael Blount, the brother of Teresa and Martha, married, in 1715, Mary-Agnes, daughter and co-heir of Sir J. Tichborne, of Tichborne, Hants, by whom he had a numerous family; the present proprietor of Mapledurham, Michael-Henry-Mary Blount, being his great grandson. To this gentleman the present edition of Pope is largely indebted.

charms might have been half decayed, while the poet was celebrating them, and the printer publishing them. But yourself and your fair sister must needs have been surfeited already with this trifle; and, therefore, you have no hopes of entertainment but from the rest of this book, wherein (they tell me) are some things that may be dangerous to be looked upon: however, I think you may venture, though you should blush for it, since blushing becomes you the best of any lady in England, and then the most dangerous thing to be looked upon is yourself. Indeed, madam, not to flatter you, our virtue will sooner be overthrown by one glance of yours, than by all the wicked poets can write in an age, as has been too dearly experienced by the wickedest of 'em all, that is to say by, madam, your most obedient humble servant—A. POPE.”<sup>9</sup>

Gay has described the sisters, as

“The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown;”

and their portraits at Mapledurham attest the truth of the brief description, while also displaying the mingled frankness, grace, and intelligence of the elder sister, and Martha's fine complexion and blue eyes, which Pope loved to celebrate. A large picture in the family mansion represents the sisters as gathering flowers, Martha preceding Teresa, who has hold of her arm, and the expression of both is highly pleasing and animated.<sup>10</sup>

The friendship of two young ladies, members of a distin-

<sup>9</sup> First printed in Bowles's edit. of Pope. Mr. A. Chalmers, who added the notes to the letters (signed “C.”), supposed that the book sent by Pope was the enlarged edition of the *Rape of the Lock*, but this was not printed till 1714. The book referred to was undoubtedly a copy of Lintot's *Miscellany*. It is strange that there is no mention in the letter of the lines to Teresa in the same volume. Could they have been originally addressed to some other lady, or did they form a fancy picture unappropriated? Their first title, as we have seen, was merely “To a Young Lady,” &c., and they bear the same in the Works, v. i., published in 1717, though subsequently headed by Pope “To Miss Blount.”

<sup>10</sup> The family tradition is, that this picture is by Kneller, but it is more likely to be the one thus alluded to by Jervas, in a letter written by the artist to Parnell: “I have just [1716] set the last hand to a couplet, for so I may call two nymphs in one piece. They are Pope's favourites; and though few, you will guess, have cost me more pains—[more] than any nymphs can be worth—he is so unreasonable as to expect that I should have made them as beautiful upon canvas as he has done upon paper.” Copies from this “couplet” were drawn and engraved for Mr. Bowles's Pope, but the effect is much injured by the likenesses being made into two separate portraits.

guished family, and possessing all the accomplishments of the period, aided by education and residence in France, must have flattered the budding vanity and importance of Pope, and we may conceive the delight with which he occasionally left his studies and humble retreat at Binfield, to ride to Whiteknights, seven miles distant, or three miles further, by the pleasant town of Reading, to that picturesque old royalist mansion, in which his genius and rising fame ensured him a cordial welcome. If he was not a lover of the enthusiastic stamp,

“Lone sitting by the shores of old Romance,”

he was a poet, bright with hope and fancy, and eager to receive and to bestow admiration.

The exact date at which Pope's intimacy with these ladies commenced has not been ascertained. Spence records a conversation with Martha on the subject, but it is evidently a vague, general recollection, made after the lapse of thirty or more years. “My grandfather, Englefield of Whiteknights,” she said, “was a great lover of poetry and poets. He was acquainted with Mr. Pope, and admired him highly. It was at his house that I first used to see Mr. Pope. ‘It was after his *Essay on Criticism* was published?’ Oh, yes, sir. I was then a very little girl. [She was twenty-one when the *Essay on Criticism* was published.] My uncle used to say much of him, but I did not attend to it at that time.” And in another of Spence's gleanings, Miss Blount is made to say that her first acquaintance with Pope was after he had begun the *Iliad*, which was not till 1713, and Pope, we have seen, had been intimate with her at least a year previous. From a letter of Pope's mother (printed in the “*Additions to Pope's Works*,” and given in our Appendix), the acquaintance would seem to have begun before the summer of 1710. In the printed correspondence is a letter evidently meant to apply to the Mapledurham ladies, which gives us an earlier date:

“Bath, 1714.

“You are to understand, madam, that my passion for your fair self and your sister has been divided with the most wonderful regularity in the world. Even from my infancy, I have been in love with one after the other of you, week by week, and my journey to Bath fell out



in the three hundred seventy-sixth week of the reign of my sovereign lady Sylvia. At the present writing hereof it is the three hundred eighty-ninth week of the reign of your most serene majesty, in whose service I was listed some weeks before I beheld your sister. This information will account for my writing to either of you hereafter, as either shall happen to be queen-regent at that time."

On applying the vulgar touchstone of arithmetic to this poetical declaration, we find that the attachment must have begun in the year 1707, when Teresa and Pope were in their nineteenth year, and Martha was seventeen. But neither Pope nor Warburton print this letter as addressed to Teresa or Martha; the former excluded it from what he termed the genuine edition of his letters, and it is, perhaps, only a fanciful display of epistolary gallantry, no more to be relied upon than the bead-roll of beauties in Horace's lyrics or Cowley's "Chronicle."<sup>11</sup>

Although the earliest of the existing letters bearing a date belongs to 1712, it is evident that the poet had then frequently met his fair correspondent and her sister; and, judging from the handwriting, at least two other communications are of older date. The following fragment, undated and unsigned, is in Pope's youthful hand:

"But I assure you, as long as I have any memory, I shall never forget that piece of humanity in you. I must own I should never have looked for sincerity in your sex; and nothing was so surprising as to find it, not only in your sex, but in two of the youngest and fairest of it. If it be possible for you to pardon this last folly of mine, 'twill be a greater strain of goodness than I expect even from yourselves. But whether you can pardon it or not, I think myself obliged to give you this testimony under my hand, that I must ever have that value for your characters as to express it for the future on all occasions, and in all the ways I am capable of.

"That gentleman who is so happy as to have you both his friends is above all other friendship; but if he pleases to accept of mine he may (in spite of all calumny) be assured of it. The same method that is used to make him doubt of my honesty has been practised formerly to

<sup>11</sup> In the former edition, after the mention of "Lady Sylvia," was added between brackets "*Martha* in the original." On a more careful examination of the Mapledurham MSS., the editor was surprised at not being able to find this letter, and is convinced that in the hurry with which the first edition was got up, he had mistaken the purport of some entry in his notebook. He can only express his regret for this error. In the Appendix will be found a list of all the Pope letters remaining at Mapledurham.

cause my distrust of his, and by the same persons. And he may be confident that nothing but the value I have for his——”<sup>12</sup>

And this touching and beautiful letter, often printed, is in the same careful and seemingly youthful hand. It is the only one in which the name is misspelt “Blunt,” though correctly given on the address outside. The date seems to have been torn off:

“MADAM,—The chief cause I have to repent my leaving the town, is the uncertainty I am in every day of your sister’s state of health. I really expected by every post to have heard of her recovery, but, on the contrary, each letter has been a new awakening to my apprehensions, and I have ever since suffered alarms upon alarms on her account. A month ago I should have laughed at any one who had told me my heart would be perpetually beating for a lady that was thirty miles off from me; and, indeed, I never imagined my concern would be half so great for any young woman whom I have been no more obliged to than to so innocent an one as she. But, madam, it is with the utmost seriousness I assure you, no relation you have can be more sensibly touched at this than I, nor any danger, if any I have, could affect me with more uneasiness (though as I never had a sister, I can’t be quite so good a judge as you how far human nature would carry me). I have felt some weaknesses of a tender kind, which I would not be free from; and I am glad to find my value for people so rightly placed as to perceive them on this occasion.

“I cannot be so good a Christian as to be willing to resign my own happiness here for hers in another life. I do more than wish for her safety, for every wish I make I find immediately changed into a prayer, and a more fervent one than I had learned to make till now.

“May her life be longer and happier than perhaps herself may desire, that is, as long and as happy as you can wish: may her beauty be as great as possible, that is, as it always was, or as yours is. But whatever ravages a merciless distemper may commit, I dare promise her boldly, what few (if any) of her makers of visits and compliments dare to do: she shall have one man as much her admirer as ever. As for your part, madam, you have me so more than ever, since I have been a witness to the generous tenderness you have shown upon this occasion.

“I beg Mrs. Blount and Mr. Blount to believe me very faithfully their servant, and that your good mother will accept of a thousand thanks for the favour of her maid’s letters, and oblige me with the continuance of them every post. I entreat her pardon that I did not

<sup>12</sup> Mapledurham MSS.

take my leave of her; for when I parted from you I was under some confusion, which I believe you might perceive. I thought at that moment to have snatched a minute or two more to have called again that night. But when I know I act uprightly, I depend upon forgiveness from such as I think you are. I hope you will always be just, and that is, always look upon me as, madam, your most obedient, faithful, and humble servant,

“A. POPE.

“To Mrs. Teresa Blount, next door to my Lord Salisbury’s,  
in King-street, by St. James’s-square.”

The calm good sense, kind consideration, and propriety of this letter, need not be pointed out. If we be right in our conjecture that this is one of the earliest of the Mapledurham letters, it must have been written before the death of Mr. Lister Blount, in June, 1710.

The young ladies of Mapledurham had another poetical attendant and correspondent. This was James Moore (afterwards James Moore Smythe), the son of Arthur Moore, a conspicuous politician in the time of Queen Anne, and associated with Bolingbroke and Prior in the negotiations for effecting the treaty of commerce between Great Britain and Spain. Arthur Moore, as a politician, was deeply tainted with the venality and corruption of the times; but he had admirable talents for public business, and had raised himself from the humblest condition to a leading position in the government.<sup>13</sup> At this time he was one of the Commissioners of Trade, a Controller of Army Accounts, a Director of the South Sea Company, and M.P. for Great Grimsby. His son James—the “Phantom” of the Dunciad, and the object of Pope’s implacable hatred—was a Fellow of All Souls’ College, Oxford, and held, conjointly with an elder brother, the office of Paymaster of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners.

<sup>13</sup> In the Whig lampoons of the day, he is said to have been the son of the gaoler at Monaghan in Ireland, “born at the paternal seat of his family—the tap-house at the prison-gate.” Pope, as we shall afterwards see, represents him as having been (like another member of the Administration, the elder Craggs) a footman. “This old Craggs,” says Horace Walpole, “was angry with Arthur Moore, who had worn a livery too, and who was getting into a coach with him, he turned about and said, ‘Why, Arthur, I am always going to get up behind; are not you?’”—*Letter to Mann*, Sept. 1, 1750.

He wrote a comedy called the *Rival Modes*, and some small poetical pieces; but his productions are known only by name, preserved like the poet's straws in amber, in the satire of Pope. Moore, in his correspondence, took the name of Alexis; Teresa Blount was Zephalinda, and Martha, Parthenissa. These "sentimental fopperies," as Mr. Bowles styles them, and justly, though the masculine mind of Burns stooped to the romantic folly of becoming Sylvander to a Clarinda, were continued throughout the year 1713; at least most of the existing letters are of this period, but a few are undated. Moore also celebrated in verse the charms of Teresa. His letters contain the lighter news of the day—notice of balls, masquerades, and fashionable movements, interspersed with professions of attachment and extravagant compliments. At this time there was no indication of jealousy or hostile feeling between the real and the assumed Alexis. The only mention of Pope by Moore is a casual one, under the date of July 30, 1713: "I was some hours with Mr. Pope yesterday, who has, to use his own words, a mighty respect for the two Miss Blounts." That respect was in the following year evinced in a manner in which Pope had no rival. Teresa had been in London to witness the coronation of George I. in September, 1714, and Pope addressed to her a poetical epistle, in which he pictures the contrast experienced on her return to the country:

" Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;  
Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,  
She sigh'd not that they stay'd, but that she went.  
She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks.  
She went from opera, park, assembly, play,  
To morning-walks, and prayers three hours a-day;  
To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,  
To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;  
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;  
Up to her godly garret after seven,  
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n."

A graphic sketch, quite dramatic in its contrasts, but one

not likely to be highly esteemed by the Squire at Mapledurham or Whiteknights, or by the aunts in the old hall. In this poem the game of whist is alluded to, and Pope is said to have been the first poet who mentioned the game. He calls it "whisk," the common appellation at that time and long afterwards, but one less expressive than the present, which indicates the silence and attention required by the player. Martha was not at the coronation, but she had written to the poet in a strain that called forth special joy and congratulation:

"Most Divine!—"Tis some proof of my sincerity towards you that I write when I am prepared by drinking to speak truth; and sure a letter after twelve at night must abound with that noble ingredient. That heart must have abundance of flames, which is at once warmed by wine and you. Wine awakens and refreshes the lurking passions of the mind, as varnish does the colours that are sunk in a picture, and brings them out in all their natural glowings.

"My good qualities have been so frozen and locked up in a dull constitution at all my former sober hours, that it is very astonishing to me, now I am drunk, to find so much virtue in me. In these overflowings of my heart I pay you my thanks for those two obliging letters you favoured me with of the 18th and 24th instant. That which begins with 'Dear creature!' and 'My charming Mr. Pope!' was a delight to me beyond all expression. You have at last entirely gained the conquest over your fair sister. 'Tis true you are not handsome, for you are a woman, and think you are not. But this good humour and tenderness for me has a charm that cannot be resisted. That face must needs be irresistible which was adorned with smiles, even when it could not see the coronation. I must own I have long been shocked at your sister on several accounts, but above all things at her prudery. I am resolved to break with her for ever, and therefore tell her I shall take the first opportunity of sending back all her letters."<sup>14</sup>

Teresa probably appealed from Philip drunk to Philip sober. At least they were friends for several years afterwards. In 1715 the brother of the young ladies (now, by the death of his father, proprietor of the patrimonial estate) married, and the ladies, with their mother, had to choose another residence. They lived chiefly in London—first in Bolton-street and afterwards in Welbeck-street, but passed

<sup>14</sup> Roscoe, v. viii. p. 390; collated with the original.

many of the summer months in the country, among their relatives and friends on the banks of the Thames. From this time Pope's correspondence with the sisters became frequent and confidential. "You will both injure me very much," he writes to them, "if you do not think me a truer friend than ever any romantic lover or any imitator of their style could be. The days of beauty are as the days of greatness, and as long as your eyes make their sunshine, all the world are your adorers. I am one of those unambitious people who will love you forty years hence, when your eyes begin to twinkle in a retirement, for your own sakes, and without the vanity which every one will now take to be thought your admirer and humble servant."<sup>15</sup> There are gross things in these epistles—the grossest always in the finest letters—but the following, with a slight omission, is liable to no such objection; and, as it still further explains the connexion between the poet and his fair friends, it is worthy of publication:

"DEAR LADIES,—I think myself obliged to desire you would not put off any diversion you may find in the prospect of seeing me on Saturday, which is very uncertain. I take this occasion to tell you once for all that I design no longer to be a constant companion when I have ceased to be an agreeable one. You only have had, as my friends, the privilege of knowing my unhappiness, and are therefore the only people whom my company must necessarily make melancholy. I will not bring myself to you at all hours, like a skeleton, to come across your diversions and dash your pleasures. Nothing can be more shocking than to be perpetually meeting the ghost of an old acquaintance, which is all you can ever see of me.

"You must not imagine this to proceed from any coldness, or the least decrease of friendship to you. If you had any love for me, I should be always glad to gratify you with an object that you thought agreeable. But as your regard is friendship and esteem, those are things that are as well—perhaps better—preserved absent than present. A man that loves you is a joy to your eyes at all times. A man that you esteem is a solemn kind of thing, like a priest, only wanted at a certain hour, to do his office. 'Tis like oil in a salad, necessary, but of no manner of taste.

"And you may depend upon it I will wait upon you on every occasion at the first summons as long as I live. Let me open my whole heart to you. I have sometimes found myself inclined to be in love

<sup>15</sup> Printed Correspondence, collated with the original.

with you, and as I have reason to know, from your temper and conduct, how miserably I should be used in that circumstance, it is worth my while to avoid it. It is enough to be disagreeable without adding fool to it by constant slavery. I have heard, indeed, of women that have had a kindness for men of my make. . . . I love you so well that I tell you the truth, and that has made me write this letter. I will see you less frequently this winter, as you'll less want company. When the gay part of the world is gone I'll be ready to stop the gap of a vacant hour whenever you please. Till then I'll converse with those who are more indifferent to me, as you will with those who are more entertaining. I wish you every pleasure God and man can pour upon ye, and I faithfully promise you all the good I can do you, which is the service of a friend, who will ever be, Ladies, entirely yours.  
(No signature.)

"To the Young Ladies, Bolton-street." <sup>16</sup>

The poet was evidently struggling with a deeper feeling of attachment than he was willing to acknowledge. In other short communications of the same kind he implores forgiveness for his "disagreeable carriage," and for being "so resentful;" and on one occasion, when Teresa had misunderstood him and had apologised for her error, he generously writes: "As for forgiveness, I am approaching, I hope, to that time and condition in which everybody ought to give it, and to ask it of all the world. I sincerely do so with regard to you; and beg pardon, also, for that very fault of which I taxed others, my vanity, which made me so resenting. *We are too apt to resent things too highly till we come to know, by some great misfortune or other, how much we are born to endure.*" <sup>17</sup> The delicacy with which he relieves the lady from embarrassment or uneasiness, by more than sharing the blame, and the truth of the concluding sentiment, must strike every reader. There is something strangely solemn, as well as humiliating, in a letter like the following, written by a great and popular poet:

"Thursday Morn.

"LADIES,—Pray think me sensible of your civility and good meaning in asking me to come to you.

<sup>16</sup> Mapledurham MSS.

<sup>17</sup> Roscoe, v. viii. p. 457, collated with the original.

"You will please to consider that my coming or not is a thing indifferent to both of you. But God knows it is far otherwise to me with respect to one of you.

"I scarce ever come but one of two things happens, which equally affects me to the soul: either I make her [Teresa?] uneasy, or I see her unkind.

"If she has any tenderness, I can only give her every day trouble and melancholy. If she has none, the daily sight of so undeserved a coldness must wound her to death.

"It is forcing one of us to do a very hard and very unjust thing to the other.

"My continuing to see you will, by turns, tease all of us. My staying away can at worst be of ill consequence only to myself.

"And, as one of us is to be sacrificed, I believe we are all agreed who shall be the person."<sup>18</sup>

(No signature.)

He tells Teresa that his friendship is "too warm and sincere to be trifled with," and he thus upbraids her:

"You told me, if such a thing was the secret of my heart, you should entirely forgive, and think well of me. I told it, and find the contrary. You pretended so much generosity as to offer your service in my behalf. The minute after, you did me as ill an office as you could, in telling the party concerned [Martha?] it was all but an amusement occasioned by my loss of another lady."<sup>19</sup>

<sup>18</sup> Bowles, viii. 441. Mr. Bowles remarks: "This letter is affecting. It breathes the language of a wounded spirit. The periods are divided by a solemnity of pause unusual to our author. It was followed, however, by a reconciliation with one at least of the sisters." We have no doubt with both. At least Pope is found writing in the old strain to Teresa in December, 1720. Mr. Bowles published a note written by Martha Blount which, he says, is "short but very much to the purpose;" a comment which Mr. Roscoe indignantly and justly disclaims, as containing an insinuation that will be rejected by every candid mind. The note is as follows, correctly copied from the original in the British Museum:

"SIR,—My sister and I shall be at home all day, if any company comes that you don't like, I'll go up into my room with you. I hope we shall see you.

"Yours,

"Sunday morning."

"M.

Addressed to "Mr. Pope, at Mr. Jervasses, Cleevland-court."

Pope evidently saw nothing in the note requiring concealment, for he has written some of the lines of his *Homer* on the back of the paper, and it was kept among his other manuscripts, passing into the hands of the transcriber.

<sup>19</sup> Roscoe, v. viii. p. 456



We add another note, addressed to Teresa, in Bolton-street :

“ Chiswick, 4 o'clock, Tuesday, Dec. 31 [1717].

“ DEAR MADAM,—’Tis really a great concern to me, that you mistook me so much this morning. I have sincerely an extreme esteem for you ; and as you know I am distracted in one respect, for God’s sake don’t judge and try me by the methods of unreasonable people. Upon the faith of a man who thinks himself not dishonest, I meant no disrespect to you. I have been ever since so troubled at it, that I could not help writing the minute I got home. Believe me, much more than I am my own,

“ Yours,

A. POPE.”<sup>20</sup>

Previous to this, March 10th, 1717, Pope executed a deed by which he settled upon Teresa an annuity of forty pounds a year for six years, on condition that she should not be married during that term. We were at first disposed to consider this an unnatural and selfish restriction, but it was probably only a delicate mode of assisting Teresa in her altered and limited fortunes. In an unpublished note, without date, he says to her, “ You prefer three hundred pounds to two true lovers,” but no explanation of the circumstances is given.

Other communications addressed by Pope to his fair friends will appear in the course of our narrative. In some of the letters there are profane allusions and an affectation on the part of the poet (which Byron also possessed) of wishing to appear desperately wild and wicked—a Don Juan in miniature. He begs Teresa not to pray for him ! Yet he writes to Martha, “ Mrs. Teresa has honestly assured me, that but for some whims of that kind which she can’t entirely conquer, she would go a-raking with me in man’s clothes.” All this must be taken as mere braggadocio. Sir Alexander Croke is at great pains to vindicate the purity of Pope’s connexion with his sisters. Martha Blount enjoyed, he says, not only the favour of her own family, but was honoured with the friendship and intimacy of persons of rank and respectability till her death ; and among these he mentions Pope’s friends, Lyttelton, Lord Cornbury, Judge Fortescue, the Duchess of Queensberry, Lady Cobham, Lady Gerard, the Countess of Suffolk, &c. “ Without stronger proof than

<sup>20</sup> Roscoe, v. viii. p. 444.

has yet been brought, can it be believed that a man of honour, and moral character, would so dishonourably have corrupted the daughters of a family with which he was living in such habits of friendship; or that young ladies of such respectable connexions, and so highly educated, would have so completely disgraced themselves, by becoming, as they have been lately called, the *chères amies* (so called by Bowles) of a poet? Especially when the gallant Lothario, the gay seducer, was a little miserable object, so weak that he could not hold himself upright without stays, so sickly that his whole life was a continued illness, and of such illness and of such frail materials that he could scarcely be kept alive without constant care and attention?" This is to represent Pope as he was in advanced life—not as he was up to his fortieth year. His connexion with the sisters, particularly Martha, was undoubtedly injurious to their reputation, but we have no doubt as to its innocence. The manners of the age allowed great latitude in expression, and the licence in which Pope occasionally indulged, would be the more readily tolerated, or at least forgiven, on account equally of his genius and his person. His favourite, Teresa, appears to have forfeited her poet's regard about the year 1722, or earlier, when her name disappears from the correspondence, and she was not remembered in his will. She was either too good or too gay. Pope, we have seen, spoke of her prudery, and Swift afterwards calls her "the sanctified sister."<sup>21</sup> She was evidently fond of a town life—a flattered beauty, much admired at drawing-rooms and on other public appearances, while her sister, less robust in health, and less expensive in her tastes, preferred the country. Pope objected to the mode of life in London. He was desirous that Martha should live apart and enjoy more quiet

<sup>21</sup> Lady Worsley, in a letter to Swift, had playfully alluded to his coquetting with flirting girls, adding, "I will not yield even to *dirty Patty*, whom I was the most jealous of when you were last here." In his reply, Nov. 4, 1732, Swift says: "As to Patty Blount, you wrong her very much. She was a neighbour's child, a good Catholic, an honest girl, and a tolerable courtier at Richmond. I deny she was dirty, but a little careless, and sometimes wore a ragged gown, when she and I took long walks. She saved her money in summer only to be able to keep a chair at London in winter. This is the worst you can say; and she might have a whole coat to her back if her good nature did not make her a fool to her mother and sanctified sister Teresa."—*Notes and Queries*, v. iv. p. 220.

than could be obtained in such a family, and this he deemed necessary both for her health and her happiness. The poet's impressions may have been wrong—mere clouds of suspicion and jealousy, or morbid sensitiveness; and it does not appear that the sisters were ever permanently separated, even after Pope had come to believe that some popular scandals concerning his connexion with Martha had originated with her own family. After the death of the poet, we find Martha seeking to introduce her sister into the society of the Duchess of Queensberry, and this may be held as virtually a refutation of Pope's suspicions. Martha continued his confidante to the last. He took much trouble in the management of her pecuniary affairs, introduced her into the houses of his noble and distinguished friends, was constant in his correspondence with her wherever he went, and finally left her the bulk of his fortune. She is unfavourably represented by Lady Hervey, the Allens, of Prior Park, and Warburton. But on the other hand she conciliated, as Sir Alexander Croke has observed, the regard of many persons in high life. Mrs. Howard solicited her friendship and correspondence, and she was respected by her own family, by her intimate friends and relatives, the Carylls, and by some Catholic clergymen, who knew and esteemed her till her death. The poet's confidence was never abated. The force of habit was added to the ties of affection; his infirmities rendered female attentions and kindness peculiarly soothing and gratifying; and he may have clung to her, as Byron in vivid and pathetic expressions remarks, "in the desolation of his latter days, not knowing whither to turn, as he drew towards his premature old age, childless and lonely—like the needle which, approaching within a certain distance of the pole, becomes helpless and useless, and, ceasing to tremble, rusts."<sup>22</sup>

In the same month that Pope had addressed Martha

<sup>22</sup> Letter to John Murray on the Rev. W. L. Bowles's *Strictures*, &c. Two letters from Mrs. Howard to Martha Blount will be found in the Appendix. In Rogers's "Table Talk," the following interesting trait is mentioned: "Lawless (shopman of Messrs. Cadell and Davies the booksellers) told me that he had been intimate with the waiting-maid of Pope's beloved Martha Blount. According to the maid's account, her mistress was one of the best-natured and kindest persons possible; she would take her out in the carriage to see sights," &c. &c.

Blount, presenting her with a copy of the highly-prized Miscellany—in May, 1712—we find, from the printed correspondence, that he was interested in the fortunes of another fair friend, a "Mrs. W.," supposed to be the object of that most pathetic and beautiful of all the creations of his genius, the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*. The Elegy, however, was not published until 1717. During the poet's life no clue was given to the mystery involved in the poem. Whether the incidents were real or fictitious, Pope appears to have been reluctant to satisfy inquirers. His friend, Caryll, in the published letters, twice asks the name of the lady, but no answer is given. Allusion was made to the story by Welsted and James Moore Smythe in the "One Epistle" (1730), but we learn nothing from the heroine being there designated "Cloris," whom Pope is charged with sending to the skies! Welsted afterwards gave a name, but his accusation against the poet on this occasion is rather one of scandal than of death. He writes of Pope:

"Immured whilst young in convents hadst thou been,  
Victoria still with rapture we had seen;  
But now our wishes by the Fates are cross'd,  
We've gain'd a Thersite and an Helen lost:  
The envious planet has deceiv'd our hope—  
We've lost a St. LEGER and gain'd a POPE."

And in the sublime fury or fustian with which Welsted assailed Pope, he represents this Victoria as drooping in the vales of Richmond.<sup>23</sup> "He had the impudence," says Pope,

- <sup>23</sup> "So long shall Thames through all his coasts proclaim,  
Victoria's grief and Pollio's injur'd fame.  
Ye vales of Richmond, fraught with wasting thyme!  
Ye beds of lilies, and ye groves of lime!  
Say where is she that made those lilies bright—  
The scribbler's shame who was the swains' delight?  
Behold the charmer, wasting to decay;  
Like Autumn faded in her virgin May!  
To pore o'er curs'd translation, rest she flies,  
And dims by midnight lamps her beamless eyes;  
With Iliads travestied, to age she stoops,  
In fustian withers and o'er crambo droops.  
No conquest now, Victoria, shalt thou boast,  
The second victim to Achilles' ghost!

"to tell in print that Mr. Pope had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of"—and, using the poetic licence as to time, Pope hurled at his assailant the memorable couplet,

" Full ten years slander'd did he once reply?  
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie."<sup>24</sup>

The ancient and honourable name of St. Leger was widely spread both in England and Ireland, but it would be assigning too much importance to Welsted's rant to seek in any of the pedigrees for the "Unfortunate Lady." Ayre professed to know the mysterious story. The lady, he said, had formed an attachment to a young gentleman of inferior rank, and refused a match proposed to her by her uncle; that her uncle then forced her abroad, where she languished for some time in strict seclusion; and that, at last, wearied out and despairing, she put an end to her own life, having bribed a woman servant to procure her a sword. Ayre's narrative of the event is evidently no more than an imaginary history formed out of the poem, though deviating from it in some particulars; and one of his contemporaries charged him with manufacturing the story. "With what pleasure," says this anonymous writer, "should we have read after his (Pope's) death, what it was impossible for us to know in his lifetime, the real history, with all its melancholy circumstances, of that unfortunate lady, whose death furnished occasion for perhaps the most finished poem he has left behind him. The little I learned of that story from the hints I have heard accidentally dropped in the few hours of conversation I have been so happy as to have with Mr. Pope, makes me speak with more certainty of the satisfaction it would have been to

Yet fair, though fallen! a star with feebler fire,  
The more we pity while we less admire:  
The spell of nonsense, guiltless injur'd dame,  
Thy charms that blasted, shall not blast thy fame;  
Thy fame, thy wrong, shall go to future times;  
While Pope damns Sheffield with his bellman's rhymes."

*Of Dulness and Scandal, 1732.*

<sup>24</sup> Epistle to Arbuthnot. The "lie" might be Welsted's attack on Pope in 1717, in his *Palæmon and Cælia*, which would make the "three thousand suns" a closer approximation to fact.

the world to have been made fully acquainted with it. And I can speak with certainty of at least one person to whom Mr. Pope had trusted it with all its affecting circumstances."<sup>25</sup> Six years afterwards (1751), in Warburton's edition of Pope's Works, the following note, purporting to be written by Pope himself, was appended to the Elegy: "*See the Duke of Buckingham's Verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's 'Letters to Several Ladies,' page 206. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of the poem.—P.*" If this note was written by Pope (of which we have strong doubts), it must have been written purely for mystification and deception. Turning to the "Letters to Several Ladies," page 206 in Warburton's edition (vol. vii.), we find one of Pope's Letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. "We never meet," writes the poet, "but we lament over you; we pay a kind of weekly rites to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetoric and offer such libations to your name as it would be profane to call toasting. The Duke of B——m is sometimes the high priest of your praises." Warburton did not know that this letter was addressed to Lady Mary, for Pope had suppressed the name. He saw that it was addressed to some lady whose absence was lamented, and the reference to the "Duke of B——m" misled him into the supposition (which, however, he has doubtfully expressed) that the same lady, celebrated for her charms and her misfortunes, had inspired both Buckingham and Pope. The Duke's verses were first published in Tonson's Miscellany for 1709, when he was in his sixtieth year and married to his third wife! They were, most likely, a much earlier production, and this renders it in the highest degree improbable that the same lady should also have been commemorated by Pope, who was thirty-seven years younger than his friend. If such had been the case, we might well give a literal and prosaic interpretation to the apostrophe, "Oh, *ever* beauteous, *ever* friendly!" The difficulties and contradictions involved in the common story, added to Pope's significant silence, led

<sup>25</sup> Remarks on Squire Ayre's Memoirs: London, M. Cooper, 1745. So little reliance is to be placed on the pamphleteers of that day, that the statements of this writer are perhaps as purely an invention as Ayre's narrative.

the late Mr. Rogers to believe that the Elegy was a mere fancy-piece, written by Pope to embody poetical conceptions, and to show how much better he could write than the Duke of Buckingham.

The mistaken or deceptive note by Warburton led the editors and biographers astray. Johnson followed the story of Ayre, which had been continued in Ruffhead's Life, but sought the lady's name and adventures with fruitless inquiry. Warton also made "many and wide inquiries," and was informed that the lady's name was Wainsbury; that she was as ill-shaped and deformed as Pope himself, and that her death was not by a sword, but—what would less bear to be told poetically—*she hanged herself*. Hawkins gives a similar account on the authority of a "lady of quality," but says the name was Withinbury, corruptly pronounced Winbury. Mr. Bowles revived the romance of the tale by stating, on the authority of Voltaire, communicated to Condorcet, that the lady's attachment was to a young French prince, Emanuel, Duke of Berry, whom, in her early youth, she had met at the Court of France. Mr. Roscoe followed the track pointed out by the reference to the printed letters, but added nothing to the previous information. Those letters, described by Pope in the table of contents as relating to an "Unfortunate Lady," introduce us to a Mrs. W., niece to a Lady A.; and they tell us that in 1712 the lady went on a visit to her aunt, after enduring a series of hardships and misfortunes, of the nature of which we are not informed. We learn also that Mrs. W. had a brother who exerted himself on her behalf. Thus, if the initial letters were held to be genuine, the search was restricted to certain Roman Catholic families of that day having a "Mrs. W." who had encountered misfortune, who had a brother, and also an aunt, the last answering to "Lady A." After the lapse of more than a century, the veil has been withdrawn from the mysterious niece and aunt, and the history of at least one "Unfortunate Lady" has been traced with clearness and certainty. We may not yet have got the heroine of the Elegy, but we have obtained an explanation of the allusions in the correspondence, and the knowledge of an interesting passage in Pope's life. The original letters addressed by the poet to his friend Mr. Caryll falling into the hands of

an acute and critical inquirer, the following particulars (all supported by proofs) have been elicited :

"The 'Mrs. W.' of Pope's letters was Mrs. Weston. She was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Joseph Gage (son of Sir Thomas, of Firle), who inherited Sherborne Castle in right of his mother, and ultimately the large property of the Penruddocks in right of his wife. She was sister to Thomas, who succeeded as eighth Baronet and was first Viscount, and to Joseph, mentioned by Pope in the Epistle to Bathurst :

" 'The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
To just three millions stinted modest Gage'—

an allusion to his enormous gains, subsequently lost by speculations in the Mississippi scheme; when, as reported, he offered to buy the crown of Poland and the island of Sardinia, and to attach the latter to the former as a kitchen-garden—a man whose whole life was a romance, and who ended his career as a grandee of Spain of the first class! Her father died in 1700, and left Sir W. Goring, of Burton in Sussex, executor and guardian of his children. Her aunt, Catharine Gage, became the second wife of Walter Lord Aston. Mrs. Elizabeth, the lady in question, married John Weston, of Sutton in the county of Surrey. They lived unhappily, were soon separated, had only one child (or only one who survived), a daughter, Melior, who died unmarried in June, 1782, aged seventy-nine."<sup>28</sup>

The case of Mrs. Weston was taken up warmly by the poet. At his request, Mr. Caryl interceded on her behalf with her guardian, Sir William Goring, and also wrote to her husband and aunt. When Mr. Weston, "the tyrant," determined to remove his daughter from her mother, Pope wrote to Caryl: "I wish to God it could be put off by Sir W. G.'s mediation, for I am heartily afraid 'twill prove of very ill consequence to her." Of this Sir William Goring he had a very unfavourable opinion. "God grant," he exclaims, "he may never be my friend, and guard all my friends from such a guardian!" This is in the spirit of the Elegy :

"But thou false guardian of a charge too good."

The quarrel was adjusted, and the lady again returned to her husband. Pope's exertions on her behalf, instead of being applauded, were then, as is not unusual in such cases, made

<sup>28</sup> Athenæum, July 15, 1854.



the ground of censure and scandal. His own relations, the Racketts, were opposed to him; the Englefields, of Whiteknights, Mrs. Nelson, and others, looked coldly upon him; and even Mrs. Weston was led to join in the prejudice against the too zealous poet. With affected philosophical indifference, he wrote to Caryll—into whose friendly ear all his petty griefs and chagrins seem to have been poured—"I shall fairly let them fall, and suffer them to be deceived for their credulity. When flattery and lying are joined and carried as far as they will go, I drop my arms of defence, which are of another kind, and of no force against such unlawful weapons. A plain man encounters them at a great disadvantage, as the poor naked Indians do our fire-arms. *Virtute meâ me involvo*, as Horace expresses it. I wrap myself up in the conscience of my integrity, and sleep upon it as soundly as I can."<sup>27</sup> This was in 1712. The lady survived till 1724 (she must then have been still young), and died not by the "visionary sword," or in a foreign land, but at her husband's residence of Sutton-place. The husband Pope always regarded with aversion, and shunned his society.<sup>28</sup>

<sup>27</sup> Athenæum, July 15, 1854.

<sup>28</sup> An indication of this is afforded in a letter addressed to Teresa and Martha Blount; and we extract part as serving also to illustrate the manner in which Pope altered and prepared his letters for publication. The name of Mr. Weston had been crossed over, but may still be read. In the printed correspondence we read:

"I was heartily tired, and posted to — Park: there we had an excellent discourse of quackery; Dr. S \* \* \* was mentioned with honour. Lady \* \* \* walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stayed, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive motions several times in her head. I arrived in the forest by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Moses B—, who dined in the midway thither. I passed the rest of the day in those woods where I have so often enjoyed a book and a friend; I made a hymn as I passed through, which ended with a sigh, that I will not tell you the meaning of."

In the original (dated September 13, 1717) the passage runs thus:

"I was heartily tired, and glad to be gone by eight o'clock next morning; hired two d—d horses; . . . galloped to Staines; kept Miss Griffin from church all the Sunday, and lay at my brother's, near Bagshot, that night. Colonel Butler (who is as well known by the name of Fair Butler as ever Fair Helen was) came to complain of me to my Lady Arran. That gentleman chanced to keep his word in calling at Hampton Court, but I was

Of the lady we do not hear again (unless it be to her that Pope alludes in a letter to Martha Blount, September 7, 1733, in which he mentions that he had dreamt all night of a lady who dwelt "a little more than, perhaps, was right" on his spirits, and who had been ill-used by her sister); but it is possible that her story, idealised by poetic fancy, and elevated by the addition of fictitious circumstances, formed the chief, if not the only actual model for his immortal *Elegy*. Buckingham's lines suggested the outline of the picture, Mrs.

too quick by an hour or two. I met him here, and there ensued an excellent discourse of quackery: Dr. Shadwell was mentioned with honour, and we had a word or two in private. . . . Lady Arran walked a whole hour abroad without dying after it, at least in the time I stayed, though she seemed to be fainting, and had convulsive motions in her head several times. This day my father took a great deal of care to send after me a letter which contained certain advices from my friend—[name effaced] where—[effaced] to be met with in a civil house at Oxford. I defy them and all their arts. I love no meat but ortelans, and no women but you—though, indeed, that's no proper comparison but for fat duchesses; for to love you is as if one should wish to eat angels or drink cherubim broth. I arrived at Mr. Doncastle's by Tuesday noon, having fled from the face (I wish I could say the horned face) of Mr. Weston, who dined that day at my brother's. I have seen my farmer and the gold ring, which I forgot, on his finger. I have sent to Sir W. Compton, and passed the rest of the day in those woods where I have so often enjoyed an author and a book; and begot such sons upon the Muses as I hope will live to see their father, what he never was yet, an old and a good man. I made a hymn as I passed through these groves; it ended with a deep sigh which I will not tell you the meaning of.

"All hail! once pleasing, once inspiring shade,  
Scene of my youthful loves, and happier hours!  
Where the kind Muses met me, as I stray'd,  
And gently press'd my hand, and said, Be ours.  
Take all thou e'er shalt have, a constant Muse:  
At court thou may'st be liked, but nothing gain;  
Stocks thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose;  
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain.

"On Thursday I went to Stonor, which I have long had a mind to see since the romantic description you gave me of it. The melancholy which my wood and this place have spread over me, will go near to cast a cloud upon the rest of my letter, if I don't make haste to conclude it here. I know you wish my happiness so much, that I would not have you think I have any other reason to be melancholy; and after all, he must be a beast that is so, with two such fine women for his friends. 'Tis enough to make any creature easy, even such an one as your humble servant."—(No signature.)

We wonder Pope had the heart to leave out the fine verses.

Weston's misfortunes and the poet's admiration of her gave it life and warmth, and imagination did the rest.

Mrs. Weston, of Sutton, then, was the "Unfortunate Lady" of the printed correspondence. Her history was purposely left in obscurity—shrouded by Pope in poetical mystery and indistinctness, whether or not intended by him to be associated with his *Elegy*. But in the correspondence we have also an "Unhappy Lady"—so styled by Pope in the table of contents—and of her we learn something from the same source, to which we are indebted for our knowledge of the former. The "Unhappy Lady" was a relation of the Carylls, a Mrs. Cope, whose husband, an officer in the army, had basely deserted his wife, and left her destitute. Pope first met the lady in 1712, and was charmed with her conversation. When her evil days came, he proved a warm and generous friend. He interested Caryll and others in her behalf, and when ultimately she settled in France, in poverty and distress, he made an allowance to her of 20*l.* a year. The lady died, after acute suffering, from cancer in the breast, in 1728, and the poet then stood engaged to the Abbé Southcote, his early friend, for a sum of 20*l.*, due for surgeons and necessities in the last days of Mrs. Cope's illness. "This sum," he says, "is all I think myself a loser by, because it does her no good."<sup>29</sup> Pope had been misinformed with respect to Mr. Caryll's conduct towards this lady, and wrote to him the letter which he entitled, "To Mr. C——, expostulatory on the hardships done an unhappy lady," &c. Mr. Caryll explained to the entire satisfaction of the poet: he had, in fact, like his friend, allowed the lady 20*l.* a year; and Pope expressed his joy that the "little shadow of misconstruction" between them had been removed. One circumstance only was wanting to complete and crown the honour due to him from this transaction. As he had resolved on publishing his remonstrance to Caryll, he should also have printed his subsequent letter, in which he acknowledged his error and acquitted his old friend of all blame. Justice to the memory of Mr. Caryll, then recently deceased, and, still more, regard for the feelings of his widow and children, demanded that such an explanation should be given; but it would almost

<sup>29</sup> *Athenæum*, July 22, 1854.

seem that no material act of Pope's life, and no publication from his pen, could be free from misconception or stratagem. To have published Mr. Caryll's explanation would have shown himself to be in error; to have withheld his own expostulatory letter would have deprived him of an opportunity of displaying his superior benevolence; and against both of these vanity protested. Such instances of active and disinterested sympathy as the cases of the ladies afford, are, however, highly honourable to Pope. Amidst all the levities of youth and the eager thirst for distinction, he cherished generous feelings, which were developed in acts of true kindness and substantial assistance.

## CHAPTER III.

[1713—1715.]

WINDSOR FOREST. ACQUAINTANCE WITH SWIFT, ARBUTHNOT, PARNELL,  
ETC. THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. COMMENCEMENT OF THE TRANSLATION  
OF HOMER. QUARREL WITH ADDISON.

THE measured harmony and correctness of Pope's numbers would seem to infer a kindred taste for music, and he flattered himself that he had a "good ear." It does not appear, however, that he had any knowledge of the principles or science of music; and if the statement be correct that he inquired of Arbuthnot whether the applause bestowed on Handel was really deserved, his taste must also have been defective. He had not, like Milton or Gray, a key to the higher powers and charms of musical combination and proportions. A delicate and acute perception of metrical harmony often exists where there is none for musical harmony. It is more allied to cultivated taste and intellect than to the ear; and the name of Pope must be added to the list of poets (including Scott and Byron) who derived none of their inspiration from this most elevating and unsensual of the fine arts. He had, however, from his earliest days, evinced a taste for drawing. His childish imitation of the printed characters in books may be considered an indication of this predilection; and he afterwards proceeded to sketches in India ink, some of which still remain. His father (as we are told by Davies in his *Life of Garrick*) intended that Pope should become an artist; the study of medicine was also proposed; but painting must have been more congenial; and no doubt the example of Samuel Cooper, who had risen by his art to be the favourite of princes, would be often talked of at Binfield. On the

walls of the house were some of Cooper's works; even the "grinding-stone and muller," bequeathed by the artist's widow, were suggestive. The experiment was now to be tried. About the beginning of 1713 apparently Pope placed himself under Charles Jervas, better known as the friend of Pope, Steele, and Swift, and as the translator of Don Quixote, than for talent or originality as a painter. Kneller, under whom Jervas had studied, stood higher as an artist; the superiority is undoubted; but Sir Godfrey's vanity and absurdity, and the extent of his engagements, forbade any very close association or companionship. Jervas was scarcely less vain; but he seems to have been friendly, good-hearted, and, in the main, judicious. He was also popular and fashionable—recommendations no less prized in the Forest than in the neighbourhood of St. James's. Jervas gave the poet "daily instructions and examples" for about a year and a half. The mornings, he said, were employed in painting; the evenings in conversation; and we may owe some of the artistic effects in the Epistle of Eloisa, and other poems, to these morning lessons in the management of light, and shade, and colour. It is pleasing to contemplate the picture drawn by Pope in his Epistle to Jervas, of their mutual labours and congenial studies—poetry, however, being decidedly the ambition of the one as art was of the other. Indeed, the year 1713 was one of the busiest of Pope's literary periods, and painting could only have had a subordinate share of his time and attention. We find him thus writing to Gay, August 23, 1713:

"I have been near a week in London, where I am like to remain till I become, by Mr. Jervas's help, *elegans formarum spectator*. I begin to discover beauties that were till now imperceptible to me. Every corner of an eye, or turn of a nose or ear, the smallest degree of light or shade on a cheek or in a dimple, have charms to distract me. I no longer look upon Lord Plausible as ridiculous for admiring a lady's fine tip of an ear and pretty elbow, as the 'Plain Dealer' has it; but I am in some danger even from the ugly and disagreeable, since they may have their retired beauties in one part or other about them. You may guess in how uneasy a state I am, when every day the performances of others appear more beautiful and excellent, and my own more despicable. I have thrown away three Dr. Swifts, each of which was once my vanity, two Lady Bridgewaters, a Duchess of Montague, half a dozen earls, and one Knight of the Garter."

These were copies; and he finished a portrait of Betterton, copied from Kneller, which was in the collection of his friend Murray, Lord Mansfield, and still exists. An original specimen of the poet's artistic powers—a pictorial satire—is preserved in Ketley parsonage, Wellington, Salop. This is a picture in water colours, about three feet by four feet in size, representing the Prodigal Son, with other allegorical designs and inscriptions, as a death's-head crowned with laurel, a philosopher blowing bubbles in the air, a fallen statue, ruined columns, &c. An engraving was made from this picture, though not containing all the figures, as a frontispiece to an edition of the *Essay on Man*, with Warburton's Commentary, published by the Knaptons in 1748. The original has long been in the family of its present owner, the Rev. Thompson Stoneham, who is fully sensible of the value of this curious and interesting relic. One defect Pope laboured under, which must have been fatal to success as a painter—he was near-sighted and had weak eyes. He therefore entered all the more earnestly into those studies to which nature and destiny impelled him.

"Windsor Forest" was published in March, 1712-3. The earlier portion of the poem was written several years before, and it was evidently suggested by Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, which was then the most popular descriptive poem in the language. Pope was allegorical as well as descriptive. He introduced Diana, Lodona, and Father Thames; but little interest attaches to these mythological creations, which appear faint after the rich and glowing allegories of Spenser, or those of Ben Jonson in his gorgeous *Masques*, or of Milton in his *Comus*. The descriptive passages also seem tame and meagre after the woodland and river scenes of Thomson, Cowper, and Shelley. In his poem of *Alastor*—written under the oak shades of Windsor Great Park—Shelley has painted forest scenery with a beauty and magnificence certainly not surpassed in the whole compass of our poetry. Pope's are literal and miniature descriptions—poor in comparison, but touched occasionally with simple grace, and even pathos. All have admired his pictures of the death of the pheasant, the netting of partridges in the new-shorn fields, and the fowler in winter among the lonely woodcocks and clamorous lapwings. The conclusion of the poem is historical, and of a

higher order of poetry than the first part. In this portion, too, the poet avowed his political partisanship by eulogising the peace shortly afterwards consummated by the treaty of Utrecht—a treaty that destroyed the effect of Marlborough's glorious campaigns, and granted to France more than she had demanded, and we had refused, three years before.

Steele had introduced Pope to his important and distinguished friend Addison, then unquestionably the most popular man in England. "If he had a mind to be chosen king," said Swift, "he would hardly be refused." Unfortunately, a shade of suspicion and dislike mingled with Pope's admiration of that great man. In commending the *Essay on*

*Criticism*, Addison, as we have seen, qualified his praise in allusion to the attacks on Dennis and Blackmore. Pope had communicated to Addison his happy conception of raising the Rape of the Lock into a mock epic by adding the machinery of the Rosicrucian system; but Addison advised him against any alteration, for that the poem in its original state was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. "Mr. Pope," we are told, "was shocked for his friend, and then first began to open his eyes to his character." This is related by Warburton; but Spence records no such impression



ADDISON.

on the part of Pope. If Addison gave the advice, it was doubtless given in all sincerity, for no one could have predicted that Pope's invention was to be crowned with such brilliant results. Addison was strongly averse to altering his own productions after they were published, and he was likely to counsel the young poet against making any such



sweeping alteration as that which he contemplated. If there was treachery in Addison's advice, Pope himself, as all his critics and biographers admit, was open to the same charge; for, on the tragedy of Cato being submitted to him in manuscript, he gave an opinion that it had better not be acted, not being theatrical enough, and that Addison would gain sufficient reputation by only printing it. Here the circumstances were exactly parallel; but Addison, we dare say, as little dreamed of charging Pope with treachery as of making Sir Roger de Coverley plot treason. Warburton, we are willing to believe, misrepresented the feeling of Pope on this occasion; and accordingly we find the latter anxious for the success of the tragedy, writing for it the prologue, which forms one of the loftiest and most finished of his smaller poems, and attending the theatre on the first representation of the drama. Of this scene he gives a lively account in a letter dated April 30, 1713:

"Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party-play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

" ' Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
And factions strive, who shall applaud him *most*.' "

"The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theatre were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. This was the case, too, of the prologue-writer, who was clapped into a staunch Whig, *sore against my will*, at almost every two lines. I believe you have heard, that after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, between one of the acts, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator. The Whigs are unwilling to be distanced this way, and therefore design a present to the same Cato very speedily; in the mean time, they are getting ready as good a sentence as the former on their side; so betwixt them, it is probable that Cato (as Dr. Garth expressed it) may have something to live upon after he dies."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pope's Letters to Sir W. Trumbull. It appears from the Caryll papers in the Athenæum, that the original or a copy of this letter was sent to Mr.

The first performance of Cato took place on the 14th of April. Addison's anxiety was at an end, and Pope's noble prologue, not less popular, was on the 18th printed in the *Guardian*—the successor of the *Spectator*—accompanied by a few words of happy and discriminating praise from Steele. In the same journal, however, had shortly before appeared, a series of papers from the pen of Tickell, reviewing the pastoral poets from Theocritus downwards, in which Philips was largely quoted and pronounced to be the legitimate successor of Spenser. This exaggerated praise, dictated by friendship, was galling to Pope, though he had himself, in a letter to Cromwell, in 1710, concurred in the opinion expressed in the *Tatler*, and now repeated in the *Guardian*, that there were no better eclogues in our language than those of Philips. What might seem generosity with him was implied censure and unfair criticism on the part of Tickell, and Pope ingeniously turned the whole into ridicule by sending to the *Guardian* an additional essay on the pastoral writers, in which he institutes a comparison between himself and Philips, awarding the palm to Philips, but quoting all his worst passages as his best, and placing by the side of them his own finest lines, which he says want rusticity, and deviate into downright poetry! The grave irony of this piece is conducted with the utmost skill and humour. Philips is eulogised for his "great judgment" in describing wolves in England; and for not confining himself, "as Mr. Pope hath done," to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, or one unbroken scene in each eclogue. By a poetical creation Philips is said to have raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener, and his roses, his endives, lilies, kingcups, and daffodils, blow all in the same season! His dialect is also said to prove him to be the eldest born of

Caryll, containing the words printed in italics. To his Catholic and Jacobite friend the poet's disavowal of Whiggism would be welcome, but it would not have suited the ex-secretary of William III. Pope, when he published the letter, may have put Trumbull's name to it, without ever having sent it to his old friend in the Forest, but it is as likely that he addressed copies to both Sir William and Mr. Caryll: the incident, he knew, would gratify both as an article of intelligence. Bolingbroke's allusion to the "perpetual dictator" was, of course, directed against Marlborough, who had endeavoured, it was said, to obtain a patent appointing him for life Captain-General of the army.

Spenser, and our only true Arcadian : in illustration of which Pope quotes from a pretended old pastoral ballad (in the style of Gay's *Shepherd's Week*, then unpublished) a description in the Somersetshire dialect, which he considers a *perfect pastoral*.

"At the conclusion of this piece," he says, "the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world.

" ' So Roger parted vor to vetch tha kee,  
And vor her bucket in went Cicely.' "

"I am loth," he adds, "to show my fondness for antiquity, so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that Philips hath hit into the same road with this old west-country bard of ours."

Steele, either through inadvertence, or not wishing to disoblige Pope, inserted this ironical paper, and Gay continued the ridicule by publishing his mock Pastorals, which are so excellent for low humour and nature, that they are still admired without reference to their satirical origin. Philips was naturally much incensed at Pope. He threatened personal violence, and, according to various contemporary accounts, procured a rod and stuck it up in Button's coffee-house, in the public room, vowing to exercise it upon Pope whenever he should meet him there.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Ayre's *Life of Pope*, Cibber's *Letter to Pope*, &c. Ayre was imposed upon by Pope's ironical comparison of himself with Philips. He says, "The performances are very different, but *Sir Richard Steele* has pretended to compare them." And after quoting the essay, he adds, with amusing simplicity, "It was no small matter to be brought into the lists at sixteen years of age with Mr. Philips, who was then (not without very good reason) much applauded by the town and by Mr. Steele, who had a great partiality and personal friendship for Mr. Philips." In Ayre's *Memoir* is a dissertation on pastoral poetry, in which he introduces long quotations from Tasso, Guarini, and Allan Ramsay. He says Pope admired the pastoral of the *Gentle Shepherd*, and pointed out to a gentleman two favourite passages in it, one on the married life beginning,

" But we'll grow auld together, and ne'er find  
The loss of youth when love grows on the mind."

And the other where the shepherd and his mistress exchange vows—

" Speak on ! speak ever thus, and still my grief."

Gay met Allan Ramsay when he attended the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry to Scotland, and he had probably made Pope acquainted with the *Gentle Shepherd*.

Another and an important difference with the Whig party soon occurred. Shortly after the publication of *Cato*, Dennis attacked it in a furious and elaborate critique, his friends having, he said, been urging him for some weeks to make remarks on the tragedy. The "Remarks" are characteristic of their author—coarse and dogmatic, but often shrewd and just. Pope now came forward to revenge himself on his former antagonist. He wrote a satire on Dennis, entitled *The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Frenzy of J. D.* Norris was an apothecary or quack in Hatton-garden, where he displayed his sign of the Golden Pestle and Mortar, and professed to have had thirty years' experience in the expeditious cure of lunatics. Swift, in his satire on Partridge, the almanack-maker, had taught Pope the advantage of seizing on a known name. This ridicule of Dennis is, however, a bitter and merciless narrative, with some passages of broad humour, but with more that is indefensibly coarse and cruel; and not one of the objections which Dennis urged against the play is controverted. The description of Dennis's apartment is the best passage in the satire, and is worthy of Scriblerus:

"I observed his room was hung with *old tapestry*, which had several holes in it, caused, as the old woman informed me, by his having cut out of it the heads of divers tyrants, the fierceness of whose visages had much provoked him. On all sides of his room were pinned a great many sheets of a tragedy called *Cato*, with notes on the margin with his own hand. The words *absurd, monstrous, execrable*, were everywhere written in such large characters that I could read them without my spectacles. By the fireside lay three farthings' worth of small coal in a *Spectator*, and behind the door huge heaps of papers of the same title, which his nurse informed me she had conveyed thither out of his sight, believing they were books of the black art, for her master never read in them but he was either quite moped, or in raving fits. There was nothing neat in the whole room, except some books on his shelves, very well bound and gilded, whose names I had never before heard of, nor I believe were anywhere else to be found; such as *Gibraltar*, a comedy; *Remarks on Prince Arthur*; *The Grounds of Criticism in Poetry*; *An Essay on Public Spirit*. The only one I had any knowledge of was a *Paradise Lost* interleaved. The whole floor was covered with manuscripts, as thick as a pastry-cook's shop on a Christmas-eve. On his table were some ends of verse and of candles; a gallipot of ink with a yellow pen in it, and a pot of half-dead ale covered with a *Longinus*."

Addison was not likely to approve of this mode of treating a critic, but he stepped out of his way to mark his disapprobation, by causing Steele to write a letter to Lintot, the publisher of Pope's narrative :

“ August 4, 1713.

“MR. LINTOT,—Mr. Addison desired me to tell you, he wholly disapproves the manner of treating Mr. Dennis in a little pamphlet by way of Dr. Norris's account. When he thinks fit to take notice of Mr. Dennis's objections to his writings he will do it in a way Mr. Dennis shall have no just reason to complain of; but when the papers above mentioned were offered to be communicated to him, he said he could not, either in honour or conscience, be privy to such a treatment, and was sorry to hear of it.—I am, sir, your very humble servant,—RICHARD STEELE.”

Steele was often careless and inexact in expression, but the obvious meaning of this note is, that Pope or some one else had offered to communicate the manuscript or “papers” of the satire to Addison before publication. Dennis's testimony on the point is contradictory. His first statement is to this effect: “In the height of his (Pope's) professions of friendship for Mr. Addison, he could not bear the success of Cato, but prevails upon B. L. [Bernard Lintot] to engage me to write and publish remarks upon that tragedy; which, after I had done, A. P—E, the better to conceal himself from Mr. Addison and his friends, writes and publishes a scandalous pamphlet, equally foolish and villanous, in which he pretends that I was in the hands of a quack who cures madmen. So weak is the capacity of this little gentleman, that he did not know he had done an odious thing, an action detested even by those whom he fondly designed to oblige by it. For Mr. Addison was so far from approving of it that he engaged Sir Richard Steele to write to me, and to assure me that he knew nothing of that pamphlet *till he saw it in print*, that he was very sorry to see it,” &c.<sup>3</sup> Dennis's second statement, made the following year, runs thus: “The manuscript of this pamphlet he (Pope) offered to show to Mr. Addison *before it was printed*, who had too much honour and too much good sense to approve of so black a proceeding: . . . he immediately engaged Sir Richard Steele to write the following letter to Lintot. [Here the letter is given as above.] This letter

<sup>3</sup> Preface to Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, 1728.

was sent by Sir Richard Steele to Mr. Lintot, and by the latter transmitted to me."<sup>4</sup> Our own belief is, that the manuscript of the pamphlet was offered to Addison, and that he knew it to be written by Pope; that he disapproved of the manner in which Pope had previously ridiculed his friend Philips, and still more strongly condemned his treatment of Dennis, and that in his over-anxious desire to disavow all connexion with such personal satire, he had dictated his letter to Steele immediately on the publication of the pamphlet. Though not printed till sixteen years after it was written, Steele's letter would in all probability be shown to Pope by Lintot, and must have irritated and offended him in no small degree. He had only four months before contributed his prologue to Addison's *Cato*, he had enriched the *Spectator* with his poem of the *Messiah*, had assisted Steele by writing several papers in the *Guardian*, and now had employed his pen in reply to Dennis's criticism—a reply which must be characterised as friendly, whatever was the value of the performance. Under these circumstances for Addison so officiously to disclaim all sympathy with the manner in which Pope treated Dennis, and to forget the obligation conferred upon him so recently by the younger poet, in writing for his play the finest prologue in the language, implies ingratitude, or, at least, cold superciliousness, on the part of him whom "all the world commended." It was at once insulting Pope and affording Dennis a triumph at the expense of a man of genius, who had come forward, if not in defence of Addison, at least in ridicule of Addison's unfair and malignant critic.

In the printed correspondence is a letter which, if genuine, puts Addison still more completely in the wrong. This letter is dated July 20, ten days before the date affixed by Pope to his attack on Dennis, and about a fortnight before Steele had by Addison's desire written to Lintot. In this communication, Pope expresses the utmost joy at Addison's return (where from is not stated), and remarks that when he offered his pen in reply to Dennis, it was only in the way of raillery and contempt, and that he felt more warmth in the case of Addison, than he did when Dennis attacked himself. This could not have been sincere, but such an offer made in such

<sup>4</sup> Dennis's Remarks on the Preliminaries to the *Dunciad*, 1729.

terms unquestionably renders Addison's subsequent conduct more harsh and indefensible. It is a significant fact, however, that this letter, printed as addressed to Addison, was originally not written to Addison at all. It was written and sent eight months before (Nov. 19, 1712), on a totally different occasion, and to a less distinguished acquaintance—apparently to Mr. Caryll. The poet might have kept a copy of his first letter, and used it in writing to Addison, but we fear the true inference is, that the published letter was concocted long afterwards, when Dennis had printed the note dictated by Addison to Steele, and when Pope felt that he required to justify the poetical satire by which he cast a shade on the memory of his illustrious contemporary.<sup>5</sup>

\* It is suspicious, too, that Pope altered the date of this letter. In the early editions of the correspondence it is dated July 30, the same date appended to Pope's pamphlet. He afterwards altered it to June 20, by which apparent time was afforded for Addison to receive Pope's alleged offer of his pen before the publication of the satire. The original and published letters are both printed at length in the *Athenæum* of July 8, 1854. We subjoin the commencement of each :

“ Binfield, Nov. 19, 1712.

“ DEAR SIR,—I am more joy'd at your return and nearer approach to us than I could be at that of the sun, so much as I wish him this melancholy season; and though he brings along with him all the pleasures and blessings of nature. But 'tis his fate, too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What puts me in mind of these night-birds was that jail-bird, the *Flying Post*, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun in the fable was upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned only by *shining on*, by being honest and doing good. I am so far from deeming it any misfortune to be impotently slandered, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great men, and all the good men that ever lived, have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured and to be obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that it was never in my thoughts to offer you my poor pen in any direct reply to such a scoundrel (who, like *Hudibras*, needs fear no blows but such as bruise), but only in some little raillery.”

The published letter is as follows :

To Mr. Addison.

“ July 20, 1713.

“ I am more joy'd at your return than I should be at that of the sun, so much as I wish for him this melancholy wet season; but 'tis his fate too, like yours, to be displeasing to owls and obscene animals, who cannot bear his lustre. What put me in mind of these night-birds was John Dennis, whom I think you are best revenged upon, as the sun was in the fable upon those bats and beastly birds above mentioned only by *shining on*. I am so

The publication of "Windsor Forest" seems to have led to Pope's acquaintance with Swift. A few weeks previous to its appearance, Swift said Parnell outdid all the poets in London "a bar's length," but the new work of the English poet he recommended to Stella as "a fine poem," and he soon became zealous in behalf of its author.

Swift had arrived in England in September, 1710, and he remained till June, 1713. The ostensible object of his journey was to obtain a remission of the first-fruits and twentieths payable by the Irish clergy to the Crown; but he was still more anxious to get some good benefice that would secure him the enjoyment of literary and refined society, which he so much coveted. He had the year before (1709) urgently entreated the Earl of Halifax for preferment, specifying particularly the reversion of Dr. South's prebend at Westminster. "Pray, my lord," he said, "desire Dr. South to die about the fall of the leaf." The leaves fell, but Dr. South remained, and in November, Swift again wrote to Halifax, soliciting his offices with the Lord President, that if the "gentle winter" did not carry off South, he might have the bishopric of Cork, which would soon be vacant, as the incumbent was then under the spotted fever. The spotted fever did its work as anticipated, but the bishopric was given, not to Swift, but to the Provost of Dublin College. From this moment may be dated Swift's hostility to Halifax and the Whigs. He threw himself into the arms of Harley and Bolingbroke, and became one of the

far from esteeming it any misfortune, that I congratulate you upon having your share in that which all the great and all the good men that ever lived have had their part of—envy and calumny. To be uncensured and obscure is the same thing. You may conclude from what I here say, that 'twas never in my thoughts to have offered you my pen in any direct reply to such a critic, but only in some little raillery, not in defence of you, but in contempt of him."

A note on the last sentence tells the reader: "This relates to the paper occasioned by Dennis's Remarks upon Cato, called Dr. Norris's Narrative of the Frenzy of John Dennis." Another part of the ingenious adaptation is noticeable. Pope informs his friend that Mr. *Thomas Southcote* is zealous on his behalf: when he printed the letter as addressed to Addison, the name was at first left blank; then filled up with "Mr. Gay." As to Addison's "return," it is almost certain that he was then either in London or at his seat at Bileton, the Parliamentary Session having closed on the 16th of July. Pope was in London on the 30th of July. (See *ante*, p. 71.)



sixteen *brothers* who dined weekly at each other's houses to keep alive the Tory spirit, which was then gaining the ascendancy. Swift was an invaluable ally, but his preferment was still deferred. The Tale of a Tub, which was the chief source of his fame, was an insuperable obstacle to his advancement; and after having cast off the Whigs and materially aided in reinstating the Tories in power—conferring also many acts of kindness and favour on literary men—Swift was forced to return to what he considered his banishment in Ireland, with only that title which he has made immortal, the Dean of St. Patrick's. In about three months he was recalled to England to arbitrate between Harley and Bolingbroke, then at open variance, and threatening to break up the recently formed Ministry. He met Pope; their correspondence commenced at the close of 1713, and was continued without interruption for twenty-six years. Pope was then twenty-five; Swift forty-six. One was barely struggling into the notice of the great; the other had by his talents, and his unscrupulous use of them in political warfare, placed himself in a position to dictate to the proudest peers, and almost solely to pull down one government and set up another. Pope, however, evinced his sagacity and penetration in his first letter to Swift. He saw how completely his new friend sunk the divine in the wit, how keenly he relished a stroke of satire at the superior clergy and great politicians, and how accessible he was to that deferential style of flattery which seemed equally to elevate his character, talents, and influence:

“ Binfield, Dec. 8, 1718.

“ SIR,—Not to trouble you at present with a recital of all my obligations to you, I shall only mention two things, which I take particularly kind of you: your desire that I should write to you; and your proposal of giving me twenty guineas to change my religion; which last you must give me leave to make the subject of this letter.

“ Sure no clergyman ever offered so much out of his own purse for the sake of any religion. It is almost as many pieces of gold as an Apostle could get of silver from the priests of old, on a much more valuable consideration. I believe it will be better worth my while to propose a change of my faith by subscription than a translation of Homer. And to convince you how well disposed I am to the reformation, I shall be content if you can prevail with my Lord Treasurer and the Ministry, to rise to the same sum each of them, on this

pious account, as my Lord Halifax has done on the profane one. I am afraid there is no being at once a poet and a good Christian; and I am very much straitened between the two, while the Whigs seem willing to contribute as much to continue me the one, as you would to make me the other. But if you can move every man in the government who has above ten thousand pounds a year, to subscribe as much as yourself, I shall become a convert, as most men do, when the Lord turns it to my interest. I know they have the truth of religion so much at heart, that they would certainly give more to have one good subject translated from Popery to the Church of England, than twenty heathenish authors out of any unknown tongue into ours. I therefore commission you, Mr. Dean, with full authority, to transact this affair in my name, and to propose as follows: First, that as to the head of our Church, the Pope, I may engage to renounce his power, whensoever I shall receive any particular indulgences from the head of your Church, the Queen.

"As to the communion in one kind, I shall also promise to change it for communion in both, as soon as the ministry will allow me. For invocations to saints, mine shall be turned to dedications to sinners, when I shall find the great ones of this world as willing to do me any good, as I believe those of the other are. You see I shall not be obstinate in the main points. But there is one article I must reserve, and which you seemed not unwilling to allow me, prayer for the dead. There are people to whose souls I wish as well as to my own; and I must crave leave humbly to lay before them, that though the subscriptions above mentioned will suffice for myself, there are necessary perquisites and additions, which I must demand on the score of this charitable article. It is also to be considered, that the greater part of those whose souls I am most concerned for, were unfortunately heretics, schismatics, poets, painters, or persons of such lives and manners, as few or no churches are willing to save. The expense will therefore be the greater to make an effectual provision for the said souls.

"Old Dryden, though a Roman Catholic, was a poet; and it is revealed in the visions of some ancient saints, that no poet was ever saved under some hundred of masses. I cannot set his delivery from purgatory at less than fifty pounds sterling. Walsh was not only a Socinian, but (what you will own is harder to be saved) a Whig. He cannot modestly be rated at less than a hundred. L'Estrange, being a Tory, we compute him but at twenty pounds; which I hope no friend of the party can deny to give, to keep him from damning in the next life, considering they never gave him sixpence to keep him from starving in this. All this together amounts to one hundred and seventy pounds.

"In the next place, I must desire you to represent, that there are several of my friends yet living, whom I design, God willing, to outlive,

in consideration of legacies; out of which it is a doctrine in the reformed church, that not a farthing shall be allowed to save their souls who gave them. There is one \* \* \* who will die within these few months, with \* \* \* one Mr. Jervas, who hath grievously offended in making the likeness of almost all things in heaven above and earth below; and one Mr. Gay, an unhappy youth, who writes pastorals during the time of divine service; whose case is the more deplorable, as he hath miserably lavished away all that silver he should have reserved for his soul's health, in buttons and loops for his coat.

"I cannot pretend to have these people honestly saved under some hundred pounds, whether you consider the difficulty of such a work, or the extreme love and tenderness I bear them, which will infallibly make me push this charity as far as I am able. There is but one more whose salvation I insist upon, and then I have done. But indeed it may prove of so much greater change than all the rest, that I will only lay the case before you and the ministry, and leave to their prudence and generosity what sum they shall think fit to bestow upon it.

"The person I mean is Dr. Swift, a dignified clergyman, but one who, by his own confession, has composed more libels than sermons. If it be true, what I have heard often affirmed by innocent people, that too much wit is dangerous to salvation, this unfortunate gentleman must certainly be damned to all eternity. But I hope his long experience in the world, and frequent conversation with great men, will cause him (as it has some others) to have less and less wit every day. Be it as it will, I should not think my own soul deserved to be saved, if I did not endeavour to save his; for I have all the obligations in nature to him. He has brought me into better company than I cared for, made me merrier when I was sick than I had a mind to be, and put me upon making poems, on purpose that he might alter them, &c.

"I once thought I could never have discharged my debt to his kindness; but have lately been informed, to my unspeakable comfort, that I have more than paid it all. For Mons. de Montaigne has assured me, 'that the person who receives a benefit, obliges the giver:' for since the chief endeavour of one friend is to do good to the other, he who administers both the matter and occasion, is the man who is liberal. At this rate it is impossible Dr. Swift should be ever out of my debt, as matters stand already. And for the future, he may expect daily more obligations from his most faithful, affectionate, humble servant,

"A. POPE.

"I have finished the Rape of the Lock; but I believe I may stay here till Christmas without hindrance of business."

The obligations so warmly acknowledged were introductions

to the Earl of Oxford, Bolingbroke, Harcourt, and the other leading Tories; and Swift's success in procuring subscriptions for the translation of the Iliad, for which proposals had been issued in October. It must soon have become evident to Pope that painting was not to be his profession. It was necessary, however, to do something; for all his poetry, hitherto, had not brought him a hundred pounds. Translation was the poet's resource; he circulated his subscription papers for an English Homer, and plunged into the siege of Troy. The work was to be a costly one—six volumes, at a guinea each; but his friends were numerous and zealous, and even then Pope's name stood high. The chiefs of both parties hastened to his support. Addison, he said, was the first whose advice determined him to undertake the task, saying that he knew none of that age who was equal to it but Pope himself.<sup>6</sup> A Whig bishop, Dr. Kennet, gives an amusing account of Swift's importunities with his friends, and of his somewhat arrogant demeanour when he was high in Court favour. The picture is evidently drawn from the life, though by no very friendly hand. Under the date of November, 1713, Kennet writes in his diary:

“Dr. Swift came into the coffee-house, and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the ante-chamber to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a Master of Requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for a clergyman in that neighbourhood who had been lately in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake with my Lord Treasurer that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l.* per annum as minister of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from the Lord Treasurer. He talked to the son of Dr. Davenant, to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book and wrote down several things as memoranda for him to do. He turned to the fire and took out his gold watch, and, telling him the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. ‘How can I help it,’ said the Doctor, ‘if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?’ Then he instructed a young nobleman that the best poet in England

<sup>6</sup> Printed Correspondence, Oct. 26, 1713.

was Mr. Pope, a Papist, who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which he must have them all subscribe; 'for,' says he, 'the author shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him.' Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him. *Both went off just before prayers."*

Swift introduced Pope to Arbuthnot, saying that the Doctor was a man who could do everything but walk! He was himself a great pedestrian, whereas Arbuthnot was indolent and shuffling in his gait. The two wits were about the same age, Arbuthnot having been born in April, and Swift in November, 1667. The son of a nonjuring Scottish clergyman, John Arbuthnot carried with him to England high Tory principles and ample learning, both classical and mathematical. He had studied medicine, and, by a lucky accident, his skill recommended him to Court favour. Prince George was suddenly taken ill at Epsom; Arbuthnot happened to be there, and being called in, effected a cure. This led to his being appointed one of the physicians in ordinary to the Queen. Arbuthnot's friendship with Swift, Prior, Pope, and Gay, is the distinguishing feature of his life and history. To it we owe the fruits of his peculiar wit and humour, and our knowledge of his fine manly character—so humane, so just and truthful, so sweet-tempered and unassuming, yet so impatient of vice and folly, and so sternly independent. Swift said of him, "He has more wit than we all have, and more humanity than wit." If the world contained twelve Arbuthnots, Swift said he would burn his Travels. In some instances, however, Arbuthnot's wit was too recondite and scholastic to produce equal effect with the Dean's. The follies which he satirised, like the humours of Ben Jonson, were so far removed from ordinary life, that they appeared to be only the creations of a fertile and ingenious brain. There was little that was palpable or real in their oddities and absurdities. In political allegory he was happy—his history of John Bull and parts of Scriblerus are still unsurpassed.

The Memoirs of Scriblerus, written in conjunction with Pope and Parnell, formed part of a large design—a design to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of some capacity, who had dipped into every art and

science, but injudiciously in all. Pope informed Spence that this scheme was projected by a club of some of the greatest wits of the age, as Lord Oxford, the Bishop of Rochester (Atterbury), Congreve, Arbuthnot, Swift, and others. Gay often held the pen, and Addison liked the scheme. Swift took from a part of the *Scriblerus* Memoirs the first hint of Gulliver, as there were pigmies in Schreiber's Travels, and also the projects of Laputa. The design of the club was carried on much further than appears in print. It was stopped, by the dispersion of its members, about the year 1715; but we question if it could ever have produced anything else so unique and original as Gulliver. Pope was indebted to Arbuthnot for many of his quaint illustrations and ludicrous images. The Doctor had both more learning and more wit than the poet, and was careless of his writings and his reputation as an author. In literature as in medicine, he realised Swift's saying, "He knew his art, but not his trade."

Another of the *Scriblerus* wits was Parnell, whom Swift had carried over to the Tory camp. His scholarship and genius promised much; he was born to an estate, and had good church preferment; he was gentle and generous in his disposition and temper, and much beloved by his brothers of the Club. The money received for his few publications he gave to Gay. Though his position as a poet was never high, it has been well maintained. The refined simplicity and pensive tenderness of his verse are still appreciated. Early disappointment or grief for the loss of his young wife preyed upon Parnell's mind; he sunk into habits of intemperance, and died in his thirty-ninth year, while his associates were still rising in fame. His death was a loss to literature, and peculiarly a loss to Pope, who trusted much to Parnell's classic knowledge and to his active friendship.

† The Rape of the Lock, in its amended form, was finished, as we have seen, in December, 1713, and it was published early in the following year, accompanied with engravings after Du Guernier, by Du Bosc, which, in the present state of art, would be held as no recommendation to the poem. The additions made to the work by Pope constitute the most striking and felicitous of all his labours. True heroic creations must, of course, stand higher in the scale of poetry than mock-heroic, and Pope's celestial agents are in-

ferior to the conceptions of Shakspeare or Spenser. It is sufficient that a French romance furnished the hint of his machinery.<sup>7</sup> Yet what a world of beauty, fancy, wit, and—fine satire has his invention created! The poet himself considered this enlargement of the poem, making the machinery and the part previously written *hit so well together*, the greatest proof of judgment he had ever displayed. The exercise of judgment, however, was but a small part of the triumph he achieved. The invention and employment of the machinery were his highest effort in the regions of poetical imagination, and the skill and delicacy with which he made his ærial divinities work together with his belles and beaux—at once illustrating and satirising the frivolities of high life—were the result of a matchless combination of genius and tact. His powers of description are no less finely brought out in the fairy scenes of this miniature epic, whether the subject be the beauty of Belinda or the articles of her toilette—the gliding of the painted barge on the Thames amidst melting music and trembling sunbeams—or the figures on a pack of cards and the details of a game at ombre. The last he copied from Vida's "Game at Chess;" and this is not the only honour which has been paid to the Latin original by English genius and in English heroic verse. Goldsmith, as appears from Mr. Forster's interesting biography, translated Vida's poem. The numerous parodies scattered through the Rape of the Lock also aid the light

<sup>7</sup> Le Comte de Gabalis, by the Abbé Villars. Warton quotes from "an entertaining writer," an account of this imaginative but unfortunate ecclesiastic. "The Abbé Villars, who came from Thoulouse to Paris, to make his fortune by preaching, is the author of this diverting work. The five dialogues of which it consists are the result of those gay conversations in which the Abbé was engaged with a small circle of men of fine wit and humour like himself. When this book first appeared, it was universally read as innocent and amusing. But, at length, its consequences were perceived, and reckoned dangerous, at a time when this sort of curiosities began to gain credit. Our devout preacher was denied the chair, and his book forbidden to be read. It was not clear whether the author intended to be ironical, or spoke all seriously. The second volume, which he promised, would have decided this question; but the unfortunate Abbé was soon afterwards assassinated by ruffians on the road to Lyons. The laughers gave out that the gnomes and sylphs, disguised like ruffians, had shot him, as a punishment for revealing the secrets of the calaba; a crime not to be pardoned by those jealous spirits, as Villars himself has declared in his book."

pleasantry or the mock majesty and ludicrous effect of the different scenes. If a poetical reader were disposed, amidst the beauty and fascination of Pope's epic, to interpose a shade of censure, it would be in noticing the employment assigned to Ariel in the action of the piece. Undoubtedly this potent spirit should, as was remarked by Dennis, have had a more important office to discharge—he should have had the tendance of the immortal lock. The name itself conjures up poetical images and associations. We think of Shakspeare's Ariel treading the ooze of the salt deep, riding on the curled clouds, sucking honey with the bee from the bell of the cowslip, and living merrily "under the blossom that hangs on the bough." We turn to Pope, and we find the peculiar duty of his Ariel is to protect Belinda's lap-dog! He is the guard of Shock!—"only the keeper of a vile Iceland cur," says the unpoetical John Dennis! No doubt this is mock-heroic, but the true poetical comes out against it in bold relief and overpowers the satirical imitation.

The subject of the Rape of the Lock is slight and trivial, like that of Boileau's mock-heroic, the *Lutrin*, which commemorates a quarrel between two zealous churchmen about placing a reading-desk. Pope's Baron, Lord Petre—a youth of twenty—had, in familiar gallantry, cut off a lock of the hair of Arabella Fermor, daughter of Mr. Fermor of Tusmore, one of the beauties of the day, whose charms were also sung by Parnell. The lady resented the liberty, and a quarrel arose between the families. To compose this unseemly and ridiculous difference, Mr. Caryll proposed that Pope should write a poem on the subject. He complied, and sent his production to the lady, who was, he says, pleased with it, and gave about copies. The family, however, seems to have been doubtful of the poetical celebration, and it does not appear that Arabella or her husband ever corresponded with Pope. The fair heroine was, in 1714, married to Francis Perkins, Esq., of Upton Court, Berkshire, "where," says Miss Mitford, "she reared four goodly sons, became a widow, and was finally buried in the little village church. There her monument may still be seen amongst many others of her husband's family."<sup>8</sup> The last of Arabella's sons died with-

<sup>8</sup> Recollections of a Literary Life, v. viii. p. 96. Miss Mitford gives an



out issue in 1769, and the estate passed into another family. The Fermors also are extinct. The last of the name devised Tusmore with other estates in trust for Maria, wife of Captain John Turner Ramsay, but the portrait of Arabella is still preserved at Tusmore, and on the frame is inscribed a line from the poem which has given an undying celebrity to her name.

We may here notice that in order to draw attention to his poem, and also to ridicule those critics who "have light where better eyes are blind," Pope wrote a "Key to the Lock, or a Treatise proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem entitled 'The Rape of the Lock,' to government and religion." This ironical treatise was said to be by "Esdras Barnevelt, Apoth." It was not published till 1715. The humour of the piece is somewhat laboured though ingenious. The Lock is considered the Barrier Treaty, and this *postulatum* granted, the latent meanings are unfolded. Belinda is Queen Anne; the baron who cuts off the lock, or barrier treaty, the Earl of Oxford; Clarissa, Lady Masham; Thalestris, the Duchess of Marlborough; and Sir Plume, Prince Eugene. The identification of Belinda with Queen Anne is shown by the line,

"On her white breast a sparkling cross she bore,"

which alludes, as the learned Esdras opines, to the ancient name of Albion, from her white cliffs, and to the cross, which is the ensign of England!

interesting account of Ufton Court, the seat of the Perkinses. The house is an old Elizabethan mansion, with tall, narrow windows and door of heaviest oak, studded with prodigious nails. "The two lower floors offer nothing to view beyond the black and white marble pavement, the decorated ceilings, and the carved oaken panels proper to a large manorial residence of the times of the Tudors. But on ascending the broad staircase to the third story, we find at every step traces of the shifts to which the unhappy intolerance of the times subjected those who adhered firmly to the proscribed faith, as during two centuries, and until the race was extinct, was the proud distinction of the family of Perkins. The walls are evidently pierced throughout by a concealed passage, or very probably passages, leading, it is presumed, to a shaft in the cellar, still visible, from whence another passage led under the terrace in the garden, and through that to the woods, where, doubtless, places of refuge or means of escape were held ready for the fugitives."

In 1714, Pope's "Wife of Bath," with two translations from the *Odyssey* (the arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca and the Garden of Alcinous), were published in a volume of *Poetical Miscellanies*, edited by Steele. To this miscellany, Hughes, the author of the *Siege of Damascus*, and a considerable contributor to the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, sent several pieces, but finding, before publication, that Pope's *Wife of Bath* and some other pieces, which were inconsistent with his ideas of decency and decorum, had been admitted, he immediately withdrew most of his own, and allowed only two small poems, and those without his name, to appear. Pope could then have afforded to throw his early imitation into the fire, as it was exceptionable on the score of its indecency, and his reputation as a poet was sufficiently established.

The nation was at this time agitated with political strife, and the Tory Government, which Swift had laboured so assiduously to establish, was tottering to its fall. It was doomed by the unpopularity of its measures—as the arbitrary proceedings against the press, and the Schism Act, directed against the Dissenters—and it was torn with intestine divisions. Oxford was feeble and procrastinating. His colleague said of him that he was a man whom Nature had meant to make a spy, or at most a captain of miners, and whom fortune, in one of her whimsical moods, had made a general. He was, however, the honester man of the two. Bolingbroke's character was a strange compound of ambition, genius, and profligacy. Marlborough's sordid avarice in connexion with his intellect and the grandeur of his designs is not more extraordinary than Bolingbroke's eloquence, philosophical studies, and professions of friendship, when contrasted with his habitual insincerity, his double treachery, and love of pleasure. Swift tried in vain to reconcile the jarring ministers, but finding the task hopeless, and the Government sinking daily in public favour, he retreated to a village in Berkshire—Upper Letcombe—where he lived with a clergyman, to whom, he says, he gave a guinea a week for his board, dining between twelve and one, supping on bread and butter and a glass of ale, and going to bed at ten! Pope, Arbuthnot, and some of his other friends found out the Dean's retreat, and occasionally wrote to him. Pope and Parnell paid him a visit. In his retirement, Swift wrote

his political tract, "Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs," and was still meditating political activity; but a great change was at hand. The Queen died August 1, 1714. The Whigs had prepared Prince George of Hanover for the expected event, and George took possession of the throne of England without a shadow of opposition. Only one man, Atterbury, offered to proclaim the Pretender. He proposed to go to the Exchange in his lawn sleeves, to make the proclamation, but none of his Jacobite friends would second him. Bolingbroke was bewildered. "What a world is this," he said, "and how fortune does banter us!" The now triumphant Hanoverians displaced the former ministry; Bolingbroke and the Duke of Ormond fled to France, and Oxford, Wyndham, and Prior were committed to the Tower. Swift left his Berkshire retreat and returned to Ireland. "He keeps up his noble spirit," said Arbuthnot, "and though like a man knocked down, you may behold him still with a stern countenance, and aiming a blow at his adversaries." The Gladiator Pugnans! He was now to signalise himself among curates and vicars, and to correct all corruptions relating to the weight of bread and butter through the dominions of St. Patrick's—and he was also to write *Gulliver's Travels*.

The new Whig ministers put forth proposals to Pope. The Earl of Halifax seems to have offered substantial patronage, but it was declined. "I distrust neither your will nor your memory when it is to do good," replied the poet; "and if ever I become troublesome or solicitous, it must not be out of expectation, but out of gratitude. Your Lordship may either cause me to live agreeably in the town or contentedly in the country, which is really all the difference between an easy fortune and a small one. It is indeed a high strain of generosity in you to think of making me easy all my life only because I have been so happy as to divert you some few hours; but if I may have leave to add, it is because you think me no enemy to my native country, there will be a better reason." He was not too much dipped in Toryism. Halifax, however, died in less than six months after Pope's mild rejection of the offer. Craggs next proposed a pension of 300*l.* out of the secret service money, which was under his charge, but this also was declined. In

consequence, however, of the poet's belief in the heartiness and sincerity of Craggs's friendship—a confidence apparently well merited—he said that if he should want money he could go to him for 100*l.* or even 500*l.*, if his wants ran so high. It does not appear that any application of the kind was ever made. Such an obligation would, to a certain extent, have bound him to a party with which he had no real sympathy, and he was resolved to stand aloof from all strong party ties and favours. Tickell, Ambrose Philips, and Budgell might bask in the ministerial sunshine, but it was better to be with Swift and Bolingbroke in the shade.

In the beginning of 1715 was published *The Temple of Fame, a Vision*, after Chaucer, which had been written so early at 1711. If not calculated to extend, it did not lessen the poet's reputation.

Pope by this time was deep in Homer. That the poet of artificial life and manners, the polished and glittering versifier, should at first have felt strange among the scenes and characters of the simple old heroic Grecian, might have been predicted. But he had another cause for anxiety—he was no master of Greek. He had such “terrible moments” at the beginning of his task, that he wished a hundred times that somebody would hang him! It sat so heavily on his mind that he used often to dream of it, as if he were engaged in a long journey, puzzled which way to take, and full of fears that he should never get to the end of it. These dreams haunted him for years, but the work went on. He fell into the method of translating thirty or forty verses before he got out of bed, and continued it during the rest of the morning; and in a short time the task became easy, and he did the rest with pleasure. When his knowledge of the language failed he had literal translations at hand, and he had the occasional assistance of Parnell. “If more help was wanting,” says Johnson, “he had the poetical translation of Eobanus Hessius, an unwearied writer of Latin verses; he had the French Homers of La Valterie and Dacier, and the English of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. With Chapman, whose work, though now totally neglected, seems to have been popular almost to the end of the last century, he had very frequent consultations, and perhaps never translated any passage till he had read his version, which, indeed, he has been sometimes

suspected of using instead of the original." Pope himself stated that his usual method in translating both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* was to take advantage of the first heat, and then to correct each book, first by the original text, then by other translations, and lastly to give it a reading for the versification only. These repeated corrections obliterated nearly every trace of the *first heat*. The original copy of the translation descended to Bolingbroke, and from him to Mallet, by whose widow it was in 1766 presented to the British Museum. From these stray leaves (now bound together) another copy had been made for the printer by the poet's friend and neighbour, Mr. Doncastle, of Binfield. The first copy is interesting, as showing the author's repeated corrections, and also as being written on the backs of letters addressed to the poet, or to "Mr. A. Pope, senior," and franked by Addison, Steele, and others. Occasionally the poet used his ordinary house-bills for the purposes of his translation, and also fragments of paper on which he had drawn architectural sketches and plans, when he dreamt of embellishing his *Tusculum* on the Thames with porticos and pilasters. Pope's economy of paper has been happily alluded to by Swift in his advice to the Grub-street writers :

"Get all your verses printed fair,  
Then let them well be dried;  
And Curll must have a special care  
To leave the margin wide.  
Send these to paper-sparing Pope;  
And when he sets to write,  
No letter with an envelope  
Could give him more delight."

Another instance occurs in Pope's correspondence with the Miss Blounts :

"DEAR LADIES,—You have here all the fruit Mr. Doncastle's garden affords; that I could find in any degree of ripeness. They were on the trees at eleven o'clock this morning, and I hope will be with you before night. Pray return, sealed up, by the bearer, every single bit of paper that wraps them up; for they are the only copies of this part of Homer. If the fruit is not so good as I wish, let the gallantry of this wrapping paper make up for it.—I am, yours."\* (No signature.)

\* Roscoe, v. viii. p. 403, collated with the original. Pope's paper-sparing

As his work proceeded, the translator saw the advantage of enlarging the design of his notes, and of attending to the geography of ancient Greece. For this purpose he proceeded, in the autumn of 1714, to Oxford, where every facility was afforded him for consulting books and maps. He makes humorous allusion in his correspondence with Edward Blount to the orders which he issued to his engraver, removing mountains, altering the course of rivers, placing a city on one coast, and razing another; yet, after all, as appears from Wood's Essay on Homer, his map presented some egregious errors; as that of discharging the Scamander into the *Ægean* Sea, instead of the Hellespont.

He thus glances at the politics of the day: "I could not but take a trip to London on the death of the Queen, moved by the common curiosity of mankind, who leave their own business to be looking after other men's. I thank God that as for myself I am below all the accidents of State changes by my circumstances, and above them by my philosophy. Common charity of man to man, and universal good will to all, are the points I have most at heart; and I am sure those are not to be broken for the sake of any governors or government. I am willing to hope the best, and what I more wish than my own or any particular man's advancement is, that this turn may put an end entirely to the divisions of Whig and Tory, that the parties may love each other as well as I love them both, or at least hurt each other as little as I would either; and that our own people [the Roman Catholics] may live as quietly as we shall certainly let theirs; that is to say, that want of power itself in us may not be a surer prevention of harm, than want of will in them." The Jacobite insurrection in the following year affords a curious commentary on these expressions.

The first volume of Homer was issued to subscribers in June, 1715. It contained the first four books of the *Iliad*, with Preface, Essay, and Observations. Bernard Lintot was the publisher, and his agreement with Pope is a remarkable

habit even led him to be *shabby*. He writes to Fortescue, Master of the Rolls: "Pray send me some paper; it is all I can get by you men in place."

instance of enterprise and liberality. He stipulated to give 200*l.* a volume, and all the copies for subscribers and for presents to the author's friends. Dr. Johnson (who had probably obtained his information from Lintot's son) states that the number of subscribers was five hundred and seventy-five; but, as some had subscribed for more than one copy, the copies for which subscriptions were given were six hundred and fifty-four, and six hundred and sixty were printed. For these copies Pope had nothing to pay, and he received for the *Iliad*, when completed in six volumes, including the publisher's 200*l.* a volume, the sum of 5320*l.* 4*s.* Some deduction must be made for literary assistance. Broome and Jortin, and a third party, not named, were engaged in consulting Eustathius, and supplying information for the notes. Parnell contributed the life of Homer, which Pope said cost him more pains in correcting than the writing of it would have done. But as a set-off to this deduction, we may place the larger sums given by the Royal Family (200*l.* by his Majesty and 100*l.* by the Prince) and by the poet's noble friends, for their subscriptions; and altogether Pope received between 5000*l.* and 6000*l.* for his translation of the *Iliad*. No such encouragement to literature had ever before been manifested. Dryden made only about 1200*l.* or 1300*l.* by his *Virgil*; and his admirable *Fables* were furnished at the rate of ten thousand verses for two hundred and fifty guineas. In fifteen years the number of readers in England had greatly advanced; and though Lintot was likely to be defrauded by a Dutch piracy of the *Iliad*, he boldly issued a cheap duodecimo edition, of which no fewer than seven thousand five hundred were printed.

Contemporaneous with the first volume of Pope's *Homer*, in the same week, appeared Tickell's translation of the First Book of the *Iliad*. On the 10th of June, Lintot writes that he had delivered upwards of four hundred of the former to subscribers, and in the same letter he informs Pope that he has sent Tickell's book to divert an hour. "It is already condemned here," adds the 'lofty Lintot,' "and the malice and juggle at *Button's* is the conversation of those who have spare moments from politics." Pope himself said, that the nation was not more divided about Whig and Tory than "the

idle fellows of the feather" were about the two translations. We may conceive the eagerness with which the rival volumes were opened, and the brief majestic exordium scanned in the English versions. Thus Pope—

" Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumber'd, heavenly goddess sing!  
That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain;  
Whose limbs unburied on the naked shore,  
Devouring dogs and hungry vultures tore;  
Since great Achilles and Atrides strove,  
Such was the sovereign doom, and such the will of Jove!  
Declare, O Muse! in what ill-fated hour  
Sprung the fierce strife, from what offended power.  
Latona's son a dire contagion spread,  
And heap'd the camp with mountains of the dead;  
The king of men his reverend priest defied,  
And for the king's offence the people died."

And Tickell—

" Achilles' fatal wrath, whence discord rose  
That brought the sons of Greece unnumber'd woes,  
O goddess sing! Full many a hero's ghost  
Was driven untimely to th' infernal coast,  
While in promiscuous heaps their bodies lay,  
A feast for dogs and every bird of prey.  
So did the sire of gods and men fulfil  
His steadfast purpose and almighty will,  
What time the haughty chiefs their jars begun,  
Atrides, king of men, and Peleus' godlike son.  
What god in strife the princes did engage?  
Apollo burning with vindictive rage  
Against the scornful king, whose impious pride  
His priest dishonour'd and his power defied;  
Hence swift contagion by the god's commands  
Swept through the camp and thinn'd the Grecian bands."

Pope, as might have been expected, is more polished, compact, and musical, but Tickell's numbers have something of Dryden's flow and sweep of versification. The *conclusion* of the first book is also favourable for comparison; and here Pope shows to great advantage by the side of his rival:

" He said, and to her hands the goblet heaved,  
Which, with a smile, the white-arm'd queen received;



Then, to the rest he fill'd ; and in his turn,  
 Each to his lips applied the nectar'd urn.  
 Vulcan with awkward grace his office plies,  
 And unextinguish'd laughter shakes the skies.

Thus the blest gods the genial day prolong,  
 In feasts ambrosial, and celestial song.  
 Apollo tuned the lyre : the Muses round  
 With voice alternate aid the silver sound.  
 Meantime the radiant sun to mortal sight  
 Descending swift, roll'd down the rapid light :  
 Then to their starry domes the gods depart,  
 The shining monuments of Vulcan's art :  
 Jove on his couch reclined his awful head,  
 And Juno slumber'd on the golden bed."

Tickell's version is as follows :

" She smiled, and smiling her white arm display'd  
 To reach the bowl her awkward son convey'd ;  
 From right to left the generous bowl he crown'd,  
 And dealt the rosy nectar fairly round.  
 The gods laugh'd out unwearied as they spied  
 The busy skinker hop from side to side.  
 Thus feasting to the full they pass'd away  
 In blissful banquets all the livelong day ;  
 Nor wanted melody : with heavenly art  
 The Muses sung ; each Muse performed her part,  
 Alternate warbling ; while the golden lyre  
 Touch'd by Apollo, led the vocal choir.  
 The sun at length declined, when every guest  
 Sought his bright palace and withdrew to rest.  
 Each had his palace on th' Olympian hill,  
 A masterpiece of Vulcan's matchless skill ;  
 Even he, the god who heaven's great sceptre sways,  
 And frowns amid the lightning's dreadful blaze,  
 His bed of state ascending lay composed ;  
 His eyes a sweet refreshing slumber closed ;  
 And at his side, all glorious to behold,  
 Was Juno, lodged in her alcove of gold." <sup>10</sup>

<sup>10</sup> The reader will perhaps agree with us in thinking that this passage is rendered with more grace and beauty in Cowper's blank verse than in the couplets of either Pope or Tickell :

" So he ; then Juno smiled, goddess white arm'd,  
 And smiling still, from his unwonted hand  
 Received the goblet. He from right to left  
 Rich nectar from the beaker drawn, alert  
 Distributed to all the powers divine.  
 Heaven rang with laughter inextinguishable,

Pope's friends were enthusiastic in their congratulations. On the 8th of July, Gay writes that he had just set down Sir Samuel Garth at the Opera, and that Sir Samuel had stated that everybody was pleased with Pope's translation, but a few at Button's; and that Sir Richard Steele told him, that Mr. Addison said Tickell's translation was the best that ever was in any language. "I am informed," adds Gay, "that at Button's your character is made very free with as to

Peal after peal, such pleasures all conceived  
At sight of Vulcan in his new employ.  
So spent they in festivity the day,  
And all were cheered; nor was Apollo's harp  
Silent, nor did the Muses spare to add  
Responsive melody of vocal sweets.  
But when the sun's bright orb had now declined,  
Each to his mansion, wheresoever built  
By the lame matchless architect, withdrew.  
Jove also, kindler of the fires of heaven,  
His couch ascending as at other times  
When gentle sleep approach'd him, slept serene;  
With golden-sceptred Juno by his side."

Macpherson's attempt to translate Homer into the Ossianic style and diction is now only remembered in consequence of the ridicule attached to it by Johnson and Goldsmith; yet it is a remarkable fact that Robertson the historian, in a letter to Macpherson, which we have seen, terms it the best of all the English versions of Homer, and the one which would be read by posterity! Lord Byron asks, "Who can ever read Cowper, and who will ever lay down Pope, except for the original? As a child I first read Pope's Homer, with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford; and children are not the meanest judges of their own language." And the Earl of Carlisle, in his Lecture on Pope, remarks: "It is no mean praise that it is the channel which has conveyed the knowledge of Homer to the general English public. Though it is less far to the purpose how I felt about this as a child, than how Lord Byron felt, I too remember the days (I fear, indeed, that the anecdote will savour of egotism, but I must not mind the imputation of egotism if it illustrates my author) when I used to learn Pope's Iliad by heart behind a screen, while I was supposed to be engaged in lessons of more direct usefulness. I do not mention this as a profitable example, but in order to show the degree in which this translation was calculated to gain mastery over the youthful mind." Hundreds of parallel cases might be adduced; yet Cowper's translation of the Odyssey—especially in the quiet domestic scenes—is more interesting than that of Pope. The pomp of verse—the animation of rhyme—seems necessary to sustain the great length of the Iliad—and Pope's verse is matchless—but this is not required for the Odyssey.

morals, &c.; and Mr. Addison says that your translation and Tickell's are both well done, but that the latter has more of Homer." Arbuthnot, Parnell, Swift, and Berkeley poured in their tributes of approbation to Pope. The town joined in the applause, and as Johnson observes, "while Pope was meditating defence or revenge, his adversary sunk before him without a blow." Tickell had deprecated all intention of rivalry by prefixing to his volume a short address to the reader, in which he stated that when he began the translation of the first book, he had some thought of translating the whole Iliad, "but had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work had fallen into a much abler hand." His only view, he said, in publishing that small specimen was, to bespeak the favour of the public to a translation of the Odyssey. Tickell, as Pope afterwards acknowledged, was "a fair and worthy man." It is to be regretted, however, that he ventured his translation at the precise time when Pope's was ready for delivery, as the simultaneous appearance of the two works inevitably led to the conclusion that rivalry was designed, and that Pope's hopes of a competence for life were placed in jeopardy. One word from Addison would have made Tickell withhold his translation, but that word was not spoken. He had not, indeed, urged a subscription for his friend's work, which, if opened in time, might have proved seriously injurious to Pope; but the publication of Tickell's volume, with the praises of Addison, echoed by all the Whigs at Button's, betrayed indifference to Pope's interests and feelings, and might justly inspire a poet so sensitive with suspicion and resentment. Addison had thrice before, as Pope conceived, done him disservice. He had censured the "strokes of ill-nature" in his *Essay on Criticism*; he had indirectly preferred Philips's *Pastorals*, and he had employed Steele to write a gratuitous and insulting letter, condemning the satire on Dennis. To these were now added his supposed connivance with Tickell in undermining that source from which all his hopes of fortune and independence were to be derived—that bold yet toilsome and anxious undertaking, which was to crown him with unfading laurels, or blight his rising and envied reputation.

Within one month after the publication of his first volume Pope's resentment burst forth against Addison. On the 15th

of July, according to the printed correspondence, he wrote to Craggs inveighing against the "little senate of Cato," and stating that Tickell, the "humblest slave" that Addison had, translated Homer to gratify the inordinate desires of *one man* only, that man "a great Turk in poetry, who can never bear a brother on the throne," and who had a set of mutes, nodders, winkers, and whisperers, whose business it was to strangle all other offsprings of wit in their birth! The sentiments and imagery in this letter were embodied in that famous satire, the character of Atticus, or Addison, immortal as the English language, which appears to have been first printed in 1723, then included by Pope in the *Miscellanies* of 1727, and finally, after undergoing revision, engrafted into the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, published in 1735. We give it in its first printed form :

" If Dennis writes and rails in furious pet,  
 I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt.  
 If meagre Gildon draws his meaner quill,  
 I wish the man a dinner and sit still.  
 But should there *One* whose better stars conspire  
 To form a bard and raise a genius higher,  
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,  
 And born to live, converse, and write with ease ;  
 Should such a one, resolv'd to reign alone,  
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne.  
 View him with jealous yet with scornful eyes,  
 Hate him for arts that caus'd himself to rise,  
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,  
 And without sneering teach the rest to sneer.  
 Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,  
 A timorous foe and a suspicious friend,  
 Fearing ev'n fools by flatterers besieg'd,  
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;  
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,  
 Just hit the fault and hesitate dislike,  
 — Who when <sup>11</sup>two wits on rival themes contest,  
 Approves of both but likes the worse the best :  
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,  
 And sits attentive to his own applause ;  
 While wits and templars every sentence raise :  
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise :  
 Who would not laugh, if such a man there be ?  
 Who would not weep if Addison were he ?"<sup>12</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Pope and Tickell.

<sup>12</sup> *Cythereia*, or *New Poems upon Love, Intrigue, &c.* : London, printed for

Atterbury had seen these lines about a twelvemonth before their publication. On the 26th of February, 1721-2, the bishop writes to Pope, requesting a complete copy of the verses on Mr. Addison. "No small piece of your writing," he says, "has ever been sought after so much. It has pleased every man, without exception, to whom it has been read. Since you now, therefore, know where your real strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." An advice not very consonant with Atterbury's character as a divine! But the bishop was a controversialist himself, and could make large allowance when a Whig and Low Churchman was attacked.

Of the quarrel between Pope and Addison, our information is derived solely from the former. Until the appearance of the poetical satire, the public could not have imagined that a single shade of distrust or jealousy had come between the two most popular authors of their age, whose latest mention of each other, in the lifetime of Addison, had been in the language of friendship and panegyric. For an explanation of this painful fact in literary history, we naturally turn to the correspondence and conversation of Pope, the former published by himself, and the latter by his faithful friend, Spence. Warburton took part in the discussion, but personally he knew nothing of the matter: when Addison died, Warburton had not emerged from the attorney's office in Newark.

The unfortunate missive to Lintot seems to have made no visible breach in the intimacy between Addison and Pope. The former entered warmly into the scheme for publishing

E. Curll and T. Payne, 1723. In an advertisement prefixed to the volume, it is stated that none of the pieces were ever before published. In this collection the lines of Pope are entitled "Satire upon Mr. Addison, by Mr. Pope," and immediately following is an "Answer to Mr. Pope, by Mr. Markland, of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Presented to the Countess of Warwick." The answer is wholly destitute either of biographical interest or literary merit. Curll reprinted the satire in an edition of the Court Poems, 1725, and at the end of Pope's Letters to Cromwell, 1727. Warton and Nichols supposed that "Mr. Markland" was Jeremiah Markland, the eminent critic and scholar, whose productions were neither poetical nor amatory, but in the same year (1723) the same publisher, Payne, advertises "An Ode on the Birth of the Young Princess, by John Markland of St. Peter's College, Cambridge."

the Iliad by subscription, and in writing to this effect, November 2nd, 1713, he added a word of advice: "You gave me leave once to take the liberty of a friend, in advising you not to content yourself with one half of the nation for your admirers, when you might command them all. If I might take the freedom to repeat it, I would on this occasion. I think you are very happy that you are out of the fray, and I hope all your undertakings will turn to the better account for it. *You see how I presume on your friendship in taking all this freedom with you; but I already fancy that we have lived many years together in an unreserved conversation, and that we may do many more, is the sincere wish of;*" &c. The latter part, here printed in italics, is scarcely consistent with Addison's usual reserved manner, but he was sometimes in his letters lavish of the complimentary coin then current in society. He was at this time residing at Bilston. The next letter in Pope's collection appears to be an answer to one from Addison not published, and is without date. It begins:

"Your last is the more obliging, as it hints at some little niceties in my conduct, which your candour and affection prompts you to recommend to me. . . . As I hope and would flatter myself, that you know me and my thoughts so entirely as never to be mistaken in either, so it is a pleasure to me that you guessed so right in regard to the author of the Guardian you mentioned. But I am sorry to find it has taken air that I have some hand in those papers, because I write so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. An honest Jacobite spoke to me the sense or nonsense of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me that I writ with Steele, though upon never so indifferent subjects. This I know you will laugh at as well as I do, yet I doubt not but many little calumniators and persons of sour dispositions will take occasion hence to bespatter me. I confess I scorn narrow souls of all parties; and if I renounce my reason in religious matters, I'll hardly do it in any other. . . . The true reason that Mr. Steele laid down the paper was a quarrel between him and Jacob Tonson. He stood engaged to his bookseller in articles of penalty for all the Guardians; and by desisting two days and altering the title of the paper to that of the Englishman, was quit of the obligation; these papers being printed by Buckley."

This last statement (omitted by Pope in all but the early

editions) enables us to ascertain something like the date of his communication to Addison. The *Guardian* was discontinued on the 1st of October, and the letter must have been written in that or the following month. Now, as we have another letter from Addison, bearing the date of October 26, it seems improbable that he should have so soon written again to Pope from Bilston, and that he should only then have adverted to the *Guardian* and to Pope's papers. It may fairly be presumed that on all matters relating to Steele and his publications, his friend Addison could not but be well informed. But whether genuine or manufactured, this letter bears no trace of suspicion or unkind feeling. The next, dated December 14, is in an extravagant strain of fancy and of compliment :

"I am conscious that I write with more unreservedness than ever man wrote, or, perhaps, talked to another. I trust your good nature with the whole range of my follies, and really love you so well, that I would rather you should pardon me than esteem me, since one is an act of goodness and benevolence, the other a kind of constrained deference.

"Every hour of my life my mind is strangely divided ; this minute, perhaps, I am above the stars, with a thousand systems round about me, looking forward into a vast abyss, and losing my whole comprehension in the boundless space of creation, in dialogues with Whiston and the astronomers ; the next moment I am below all trifles, grovelling with T. in the very centre of nonsense. Now I am recreated with the brisk sallies and turns of wit which Mr. Steele, in his liveliest and freest humours, darts about him ; and now levelling my application to the insignificant observations and quirks of grammar of C. and D. Good God, what an incongruous animal is man ! How unsettled in his best part—his soul ; and how changeable and variable in his frame of body," &c.

It is scarce possible to believe that Pope, then busy with his *Homer* at Binfield, could have written in such a style, or so addressed the grave and dignified Addison. He may have designed the letter as an imitation of the *Spectator*, as he informed Spence ; but was it sent ? The next of these communications to Addison, following each other so quickly, is dated about a month afterwards, January 30, 1713-4, and it is no less friendly and confidential in tone : "While I am engaged in the fight [in his translation], I find you are con-

cerned how I shall be paid;" a proof that Addison had expressed anxiety as to the success of his subscription. But now comes a change in the style of intercourse and address between the two friends. A blank of half a year intervenes, and Addison then forms the subject of a letter, written by Jervas to Pope. The Queen had died, the Whigs were again in power, and Addison was secretary to the Lords Justices, who discharged the duties of the Crown until the arrival of George I. from Hanover. In office he was desirous of being serviceable to Pope. He met Jervas on the 20th of August, 1714, and they had a conversation relative to the poet, then at Oxford. Addison was afraid that Swift might have carried Pope too far among "the enemy" during the political struggle; but now he considered that all was safe, and he promised to use his interest at Court in his favour. Pope received the information coldly. In replying to Jervas,<sup>13</sup> he spoke of his regard for Addison's character, but said he expected nothing but civility from him, how much soever he wished for his friendship. Philips he charged with "scandalous meanness" in exciting suspicions in the mind of Addison against him; and with respect to Swift, the engagements he had with him were only such as were due to him for the actual services rendered by the Dean in connexion with the subscription for Homer. To Addison himself Pope wrote on the 10th of October. He expresses a hope that "some late malevolences had lost their effect," and states that he was only to get from the Whigs as much as he got from the Tories—that was *civility*, "being neither so proud as to be insensible of any good office, nor so humble as not to dare heartily to despise any man who does me an injustice." He could never believe, he said, that the author of Cato could speak one thing and think another; and, as a proof that he accounted him sincere, he begged that he would look over the first two

<sup>13</sup> August 27, 1714. But here occurs one of those discrepancies, or blunders as to dates, which perplex all inquiries relative to Pope's correspondence. He writes to Jervas: "I am just arrived *from Oxford*." To Edward Blount, on the same day, he writes: "The necessity of consulting a number of books has carried me *to Oxford*; but I fear, through my Lord Harcourt's and Dr. Clarke's means, I shall be more conversant with the pleasures and company of the place, than with the books and manuscripts of it."



books of his translation of Homer, which were then in Lord Halifax's hands; and also that he would point out the "strokes of ill-nature" in the *Essay on Criticism*, to which Addison had alluded in his critique in the *Spectator*. The *Essay* was going to be reprinted, and Pope said the passages objected to would, when pointed out to him, be treated without mercy. To this letter no answer appears in the printed correspondence; a verbal communication on the subject was made by Addison. This Pope reported to Spence:

"There had been a coldness between Mr. Addison and me for some time, and we had not been in company together for a good while anywhere but at Button's coffee-house, where I used to see him almost every day. On his meeting me there one day in particular, he took me aside, and said he should be glad to dine with me at such a tavern, if I would stay till those people (Budgell and Philips) were gone. We went accordingly, and after dinner Mr. Addison said that he had wanted for some time to talk with me; that his friend Tickell had formerly, whilst at Oxford, translated the first book of the *Iliad*; that he now designed to print it, and had desired him to look it over; he must, therefore, beg that I would not desire him to look over my first book, because, if he did, it would have the air of double dealing. I assured him that I did not at all take it ill of Mr. Tickell that he was going to publish his translation; that he certainly had as much right to translate any author as myself; and that publishing both was entering on a fair stage. I then added, that I would not desire him to look over my first book of the *Iliad*, because he had looked over Mr. Tickell's, but could wish to have the benefit of his observations on my second, which I had then finished, and which Mr. Tickell had not touched upon. Accordingly, I sent him the second book the next morning, and in a few days he returned it with high commendation."

And in the following year (April 7, 1715) Gay writes to Congreve that Pope had gone to Jervas's, where Addison was sitting for his portrait; and Pope states that he at the same period addressed to Addison his epistle on the *Dialogues on Medals*, in which he compliments his great contemporary in his usual unrivalled strain of elegant panegyric. Whatever was the origin or the precise extent of the "coldness," it was not suffered to appear in print.

The conduct of Addison, as regards the rival translations, was candid and open. But though he declined to read the

manuscript of Pope's first book, he seems to have had an opportunity of hearing it read. Lord Halifax desired to have the pleasure of hearing the first two or three books read at his house. Pope complied; and Addison, Congreve, and Garth were present. The noble lord hinted objections to certain passages, and Pope was perplexed how to act upon such loose and general observations. Garth laughed at his embarrassment. "Leave them just as they are," he said; "call on Lord Halifax two or three months hence, thank him for his amendments, and then read the passages, as if you had altered them." Pope made the experiment with complete success. "Ay, now, Mr. Pope, they are perfectly right! nothing can be better." Halifax must, indeed, have been only a "pretender to taste," as Pope said, if this anecdote be true; but it seems like an after-dinner story, which Spence may have misunderstood.<sup>14</sup>

In the satire on Addison, which we have quoted, are two lines afterwards omitted:

"Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,  
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best."

In the *Miscellanies* this couplet was retained, and we must therefore suppose that, up to 1727, Pope believed, whatever casual suspicions he might throw out to the contrary, that Tickell was really the author of the translation that bore his name. How he came afterwards to adopt the opinion that the translation was Addison's, is imperfectly explained in the poet's conversations with Spence. Dr. Young had expressed his surprise that Tickell could have made a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* at Oxford (where, according to Pope, Addison said it was executed) without his being aware of the fact, as they used to communicate to each other whatever

<sup>14</sup> Spence, p. 134. In the original letter to Halifax, thanking him for his patronage, Pope said: "I beg you will not forget Homer if you can spare an hour to attend to his cause. *I leave him with you in that hope.*" Pope omitted this passage in publishing the letter. It is dated December 3, 1714. (Original in British Museum, and Cunningham's edition of Johnson's *Lives*.) In the preface to the *Iliad*, Pope said: "The Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me; of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example." The words of such complimentary addresses to the great must not be weighed too nicely.

verses they wrote, even to the least trifles, and Tickell could not have been busied in so long a work there, without his knowing something of the matter. Steele also, after he quarrelled with Tickell, expressed his belief that Addison was the translator; and this surprise of Young, and the statement by Steele, made it highly probable to Pope that there was some *underhand dealing*. Spence adds, that "when the subject was introduced in conversation between Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope by a third person, Tickell did not deny it, which, considering his honour, and zeal for his departed friend, was the same as owning it." Spence was incapable of wilful misrepresentation, but he must be wrong in his conclusion. Tickell, knowing Pope's feelings on the subject, and the excessive irritability of his temper on all questions affecting his literary character, may have evaded the question or remained silent; but it is impossible that he could ever have assented to a statement so personally degrading and so dishonourable, both to himself and to Addison. The papers of the Tickell family, still existing, prove that the version of the first Iliad was Tickell's own, and was so considered by his friends at the time; and that he had entered into an agreement with a bookseller for the translation of the whole poem, in anticipation of which he had prepared remarks on the poetry of Homer, to be prefixed as a preface to the work.<sup>15</sup> The splendid success of Pope deterred him from prosecuting either the Iliad or the Odyssey.

Spence records the following statement made by Pope regarding the misunderstanding with Addison:

"Philips seems to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversations: Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley, in which he had abused both me and my relations very grossly. Lord Warwick himself told me one day, that it was in vain for me to endeavour to be well with Mr. Addison; that his jealous temper would never admit of a settled friendship between us; and to convince me of what he had said, assured me that Addison had encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published. The next day, while I was heated with what I had heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know that I

<sup>15</sup> Memoirs of Addison, by Lucy Aikin.

was not unacquainted with this behaviour of his, that if I was to speak severely of him in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner. I then subjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after; and never did me any injustice that I know of from that time to his death, which was about three years after."<sup>16</sup>

A different account of the origin of the satire is given by Ayre, in his Memoir of Pope. Ayre relates, with circumstantial detail, the particulars of a conference which he says took place some years after 1714, between Addison and Pope, at the instance of Sir Richard Steele, at which Gay also was present. As all the biographers of the poet place confidence in this description, we shall quote it:

"Sir Richard Steele begged him (Addison) to perform his promise in making up the breach with Mr. Pope, and Mr. Pope desired the same, as well as to be made sensible how he had offended; said *the translation of Homer, if that was the great crime, was at the request and almost command of Sir Richard Steele*; and entreated Mr. Addison to speak candidly and friendly, though it might be with ever so much

<sup>16</sup> Spence, p. 149. Wycherley died in December, 1715, and Gildon's life of him would be published immediately afterwards, while the death of the comic dramatist was recent. In support of the charge against Gildon, Pope altered the epithet "meaner quill" to "*venal quill*," but this alteration was not made till many years after Addison's death, and Gildon also was dead before it appeared. Pope cites the authority of Lord Burlington, and Spence that of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Dr. Trapp, in proof of his assertion that the satire was written in Addison's lifetime. Lady Mary, however, in one of her letters to the Countess of Bute (July 20, 1755) mentions her disgust at seeing Addison "lampooned *after his death*, by the same man who paid servile court to him while he lived." Pope's positive assertion and his appeal to Lord Burlington ought to outweigh this testimony. It is nevertheless singular that we should not hear of the verses written in 1716 before 1722—that neither Pope nor Addison should have shown them—and that they should have remained so long in the poet's hands without undergoing the revision afterwards bestowed upon them. As first published, they have the appearance, not of lines written against Addison in the heat of resentment, after a recent injury, but of what they were entitled in the *Miscellanies*, a fragment of a satire. Of all that Pope says he wrote and addressed to Addison, only one letter (which Pope did not publish, *ante*, p. 56) seems to have been found among Addison's papers as preserved by Tickell.

severity, rather than by keeping up any forms of complaisance to correct any of his faults. This Mr. Pope spoke in such a manner as plainly showed he thought Mr. Addison the aggressor, and expected him to condescend and own himself the cause of the breach between them. But he was deceived; for Mr. Addison, without appearing to be in anger, though quite overcome with it, began a formal speech, said that he had always wished him well, and often had endeavoured to be his friend, and as such advised him, if his nature was capable of it, to divest himself of part of his vanity, which was too great for his merit; said that he had not arrived yet to that pitch of excellence he might imagine, or think his most partial readers imagined; said when he and Sir Richard Steele corrected his verses they had a different air; he reminded Mr. Pope of the amendments of a line in the poem called *Messiah*, by Sir Richard Steele. [See note to the *Messiah*.] He proceeded to lay before him all the mistakes and inaccuracies hinted at by the crowd of scribblers and writers, some good, some bad, who had attacked Mr. Pope, and added many things which he himself objected to; speaking of Mr. Pope's *Homer*, he said to be sure he was not to blame to get so large a sum of money, but it was an ill-executed thing, and not equal to Tickell's, who had all the spirit of *Homer*. This afterwards appeared to be wrote by Mr. Addison, though Tickell's name was made use of. Mr. Addison concluded, still in a low hollow voice of feigned temper, that he was not solicitous about his own fame as a poet, but of truth; that he had quitted the Muses to enter into the business of the public; and all that he spoke was through friendship and a desire that Mr. Pope, as he would do if he was much humbler, might look better to the world. Mr. Gay spoke a few words in answer before Mr. Pope, but his expectations from the Court made him very cautious. It was not so with our poet: he told Mr. Addison he appealed from his judgment, did not esteem him able to correct him, and that he had long known him too well to expect any friendship; upbraided him with being a pensioner from his youth, sacrificing the very learning that was purchased with the public money to a mean thirst of power; that he was sent abroad to encourage literature, and had always endeavoured to cuff down new-fledged merit. At last the contest grew so warm, that they parted without any ceremony, and Mr. Pope immediately wrote those verses which are not thought by all to be a very false character of Mr. Addison."

We have no hesitation in setting this down as an "Imaginary Dialogue," though one not quite in the style of Mr. Walter Savage Landor. Ayre's work contains several of a kindred description, in which the biographer compounds scenes and characters out of fragments of Pope's poetry and

correspondence,<sup>17</sup> sometimes hitting upon a sort of blundering likeness, but generally running into the most puerile extravagance and absurdity. Every circumstance in the narrative we have quoted is at variance either with fact or with probability. The whole is, in the first place, contrary to Pope's own statement of the circumstances; secondly, it is untrue that Pope undertook his translation at the request or command of Sir Richard Steele, and he never could have made such a declaration; thirdly, the style and language of Addison's "formal speech" is ridiculously opposed to his well-known character and habits; and lastly, at the time of the

<sup>17</sup> Some of these are very ludicrous and absurd. In one letter, for example, Pope rallies his fair correspondent, Teresa Blount, on her delight in war, the insurrection of 1715 having then excited all classes. He tells her, in raillery, that she may soon see gallant armies, encampments, standards waving over her brother's corn-fields, and the windings of the Thames about Mapledurham stained with the blood of men. Ayre takes this literally, and believing it to be addressed to *Martha*, not Teresa Blount (of whose existence he was apparently not aware), he says, "Mrs. Blount had always a very gallant spirit; she would often wish to see such sights as armies, encampments, and standards waving over her brother's grounds and fields, and would talk of battles and bloodshed as familiar as if she was noways afraid of them, which some other ladies used to call barbarity, and wonder how she could talk or even think of such cruel things without tears and aching heart. 'Oh,' she would make answer, 'it would be a glorious sight; so many fine officers, fine gentlemen, fine soldiers, fine colours, fine horses, 'twould be a prodigious pleasure to see!'" Pope also eulogises the conduct of the Earl of Oxford, saying he might seem above man, if he had not just now voided a stone to prove him subject to human infirmities. "The utmost weight of affliction from ministerial power and popular hatred were almost worth bearing for the glory of such a dauntless conduct as he has shown under it." Ayre again transfers this from the poet to Martha Blount. "She was particularly concerned at the fall of the late Earl of Oxford, for whom she had the greatest respect and veneration imaginable, and suffered very much with him, when he had the great weight of affliction to bear, both from princely power and popular hatred; nothing comforted her but the dauntless conduct he showed under it, though he then laboured with the racking pains of the stone, one of which, a *very considerable one*, he at that time voided." In the same manner Ayre prattles about Pope's "Unfortunate Lady," as if he knew the whole of the mysterious story, and adds to it his usual garnishing of small facts invented for the occasion. Several other cases might be cited, in which Pope's letters and notes to his poems have undergone the same curious transformation. The fable of Addison's conference with Pope is chiefly manufactured out of the letters of Pope and Jervas, August, 1714.

supposed interview, Steele and Addison were estranged from each other, and had ceased to meet as friends. "I ask no favours of Mr. Secretary Addison," writes Steele proudly to his wife in 1717; and certainly he would not officiously have intruded on him to request him to meet Pope, in order that he might be "cuffed down" in the mock-heroic manner described by Ayre. Dismissing the biographical figment (which is only worthy of notice because Johnson has grafted it into his masterly memoir of the poet, and Mr. Roscoe has attached importance to it), there still remains the statement of Spence.

"Philips seems to have been encouraged to abuse me in coffee-houses and conversation," says Pope. By whom was he encouraged? Not by Addison, for Pope had previously said that Philips set Addison against him, and it was not likely that the patron and the *protégé* had changed places in the conspiracy. In truth, Philips had a very good case of his own. Pope had heaped the most provoking ridicule on his Pastorals, and had incited Gay to do the same, besides evincing towards him the most marked contempt. But it is added: "Gildon wrote a thing about Wycherley [in the notes to the *Dunciad* termed a *Life of Wycherley*] in which he abused both me and my relations very grossly," and Lord Warwick "assured me that Addison encouraged Gildon to publish those scandals, and had given him ten guineas after they were published." No copy of this pamphlet, nor any reference to it in any of the publications of the day, can be found.<sup>18</sup> It is highly improbable that Addison knew Gildon, who was a wretched hack-scribbler; but that he should not only know him, but should bribe him to publish scandals against Pope and his relations, and, after having perpetrated this crime, should entrust the secret to a dissolute, unprin-

<sup>18</sup> It is certain, however, that Gildon published some work or observations on Wycherley before August 11, 1721. In a letter of that date to Dennis he says, "I am sorry I have not pleased you in what I have said of Mr. Wycherley, because I am sensible that by not pleasing you, I am so far in the wrong."—*Dennis's Remarks on the Dunciad*, 1729. In 1718 Curll published a short memoir of Wycherley, by Major Pack, to which Dennis made an interesting supplement in a letter to Pack, dated Whitehall, September 1, 1720; but in neither of these is there any allusion to Pope.

cipated youth of eighteen—all this is so foreign to Addison's character, and evinces such extreme malice and folly, that the tale is utterly incredible. The resentment of Pope, brooded over for years, had conjured up phantoms as visionary as those in his own Cave of Spleen; or, what is as probable, the young Earl of Warwick, hating Addison for his approaching marriage with his mother, the Countess, and eager, in his senseless rage, to blacken the character of one who threw a lustre on his family, had condescended to the office of a spy, and become the retailer of false and malignant fables. In all our literature, as Pope himself afterwards wrote, "no whiter page than Addison remains;" and the object of his writings was to "set the passions on the side of truth." We must not, therefore, suffer his moral purity to be stained by an imputation so foul and improbable. If in the course of his criticism, while intent on serving his friends, Philips and Tickell, he evinced coldness and neglect with regard to the superior claims of Pope, he took an early opportunity of making reparation. Pope's satire on Addison must, according to the statement in Spence, have been written and sent to him early in 1716, and Addison's only reply was contained in a paper in the Freeholder of May 7, praising the translation of Homer: "When I consider myself as a British freeholder," he said, "I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translation of old Latin and Greek authors, and by that means let us into the knowledge of what passed in the famous Governments of Greece and Rome. We have already most of their historians in our own tongue, and what is still more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their poets in each nation. The illiterate among our countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect epic performance; and those parts of Homer which have already been published by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem." Addison had thus the *last word* in the contest, and it must be admitted that his last word was characteristic of the man. The unintentional injury was atoned



for, and the unmerited reproaches of the satirist, though perhaps felt keenly, were unanswered, and we may be sure forgiven, amidst higher cares and public duties.



**BUSHY PARK.**

## CHAPTER IV.

[1716—1718.]

REMOVAL FROM BINFIELD TO CHISWICK. QUARREL WITH CURLL AND CIBBER. DEATH OF POPE'S FATHER, AND CORRESPONDENCE WITH ATTERBURY. CHANGE OF RESIDENCE TO TWICKENHAM.

THE Homer subscription had brought the poet honour, wealth, and troops of friends. The year 1714 may be considered as marking the commencement of the gayest period of Pope's life. It was the beginning of a decade of prosperous years, in which, through all circumstances, his spirit was sanguine, exultant, and defiant. He had not yet assumed the philosopher's robe, or hardened down into severe satire and ethics. His wit was sportive; and his enemies—for he always supposed himself to be surrounded by a cloud of enemies—he could afford to smile at. His pen was the sword with which he had cut his way through the world, and it was bright and trenchant, ready for any service. At first his good fortune seems to have transported him into excesses foreign to his real character. He set up for a bon-vivant and rake—frequented the October Club and gaming-houses, boasted of sitting till two in the morning over burgundy and champagne, and grew ashamed of business. Poor authors, of course, were his special aversion. He sketched plans and architectural designs with Lord Burlington; lounged in the library of Lord Oxford; breakfasted with Craggs; drove about Bushy Park with Lord Halifax; talked of the Spanish war with the chivalrous Mordaunt, Lord Peterborough, the English Amadis; or, in the evening, joined in the learned raillery of Arbuthnot. With young Lord Warwick and

other beaux esprits he had delicious lobster-nights and tavern gaieties. How different from life in Windsor Forest! At the country seats of Lords Harcourt, Bathurst, and Cobham, he was a frequent visitor—criticising groves, walks, glades, gardens, and porticos; and he may claim the merit of having done more than any other poet to render English scenes classic ground—a distinction in which he was followed by Gray and Walpole, the latter acting as historian of patrician improvement and rural beauty. In the society of ladies



LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

of rank and fashion the diminutive figure of the poet might be seen in his suit of black velvet, with tie-wig and small sword, discoursing on topics of wit and gallantry, his fine eye and handsome, intellectual face soon making the defects of his person forgotten; for in company entirely to his mind, Pope possessed the art and gaiety that could "laugh down many a summer sun." The accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had recently quitted her retirement at Wharncliffe, and shone "a bright

particular star" in the brilliant circles of the capital. Pope was often by her side, whispering flatteries that were afterwards to be changed to curses. The Duchesses of Queensberry, Hamilton, and Kingston smiled graciously on the laurelled poet, and carried him to their concerts and





POPE AND MARY LEFELL.

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pleasure-parties on the Thames.<sup>1</sup> The Maids of Honour in the court of the Princess Caroline—the beautiful Mary Bellenden, Mary Lepell, Miss Griffin, and Miss Howe, with the favourite bedchamber woman, Mrs. Howard, admitted him to their confidence—"took him into their protection, contrary to the laws against harbouring Papists"—and instructed him in the *tracasseries* of the Court, or joined him in ridiculing pompous Ministers of State and sage Doctors of Divinity. They had also their own grievances to pour into the poet's ear; for the life of a Maid of Honour was little better at Hampton Court or Richmond Lodge, under the philosophical Caroline, than Fanny Burney found it at Kew or Windsor under Queen Charlotte and George III. "To eat Westphalia ham in a morning, ride over hedges and ditches (hunting in Windsor Forest), come home in the heat of the day with a fever and a red mark on the forehead from a beaver hat (*sic*); simmer an hour and catch cold in the Princess's apartment; thence to dinner *with what appetite they may*; and after that, till midnight, walk, work, or think, which they please." Such is Pope's catalogue of evils (none of them very formidable), "and I can easily believe," he says, rising with his subject, "that no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court." He then adds, with a touch of pride, to make Teresa Blount jealous, "Mrs. Lepell walked with me three or four hours by moon-

<sup>1</sup> From one of these lively duchesses he received the following invitation, the original of which is in the British Museum. It is addressed to "Alex. Pope, Esq., at Mr. Jervas's House in Cleveland Court."

"Sir,—My lady duchess being drunk at this present, so not able to write herself, has commanded me to acquaint you, that there is to be music on the water on Thursday next; therefore desires you to be that evening at her house in Bond-street, by six o'clock at farthest; and her grace will call of you there to take you to her barge, which she ordered to be ready at that time at Whitehall, with provisions, and shall land you on the wished-for shore. I am, sir, your most humble servant,

"G. MADDISON.

"East Acton, Tuesday night."

(In another hand.) "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. So POPE is the word; a disappointment is not to be endured."

Acton, near London, was the residence of the Pierrepont family, and Pope's acquaintance must have been Isabella Bentinck—a celebrated beauty—then recently married to the first Duke of Kingston, father of Lady Mary W. Montagu.

light, and we met no creature of any quality but the King, who gave audience to the Vice-Chamberlain all alone under the garden wall." The poor king!

For true unostentatious satisfaction and delight, Pope had the cordial society of his painter-friend Jervas (whose house was his town residence), the witty Arbuthnot, the gentle and learned Parnell, Rowe—who laughed everywhere but in his tragedies—the simple, admiring John Gay, the hospitable General Withers, Colonel Disney, a clever man of the world, who had seen service and reaped his *opima spolia*, and two excellent Devonshire worthies, learned in the law, Fortescue and Bickford. Fortescue had been the playfellow and associate of Gay at the grammar-school of Barnstaple, and it was no doubt to Gay that Pope owed his acquaintance with the future Master of the Rolls, his unfee'd counsel and steady friend. There was also Mr. Eckershall, Clerk of the Kitchen to Queen Anne—"honest Jemmy Eckershall," with whom Swift occasionally dined in town, and who had a handsome country house to lodge a friend, at Drayton, in Middlesex.<sup>2</sup> Country excursions on horseback were occasionally adventured upon by this light-hearted brotherhood, and Jervas's notes—short notes, full of sense, business, and kindness—let us see how they managed the details. Arbuthnot, as the oldest and gravest of the party, laid down rules, and was inflexible in cutting off all superfluities and impediments. "The Doctor proposes," says Jervas, "that himself or his man ride my spare horse, and that I leave all equipage to be sent by the carrier, with your portmanteau. The Doctor says he will allow none of his friends so much as a night-gown or slippers for the road, so a shirt and cravat in your pocket is all you must think of in his new scheme. His servant may be bribed to make room for that. *You shall have a shorter and less bridle sent down on Saturday*, and the other shall be returned in due time. The tailor shall be chastised if it is really negligence on his part, *but if it is only vapours*, you must beg pardon. Your old sword went with

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Eckershall seems to have held other appointments about the Court than the savoury one mentioned by Swift. He was at one time Gentleman Usher, and the Queen stood sponsor at the baptism of his son. Pope presented him with a copy of his Homer (still in the family), enriching it with a page of the translation written out in Pope's neat hand.

the carrier, and was tied to the other things with a cord, and my folks say very fast. You must make the carrier responsible; mine will swear to the delivery."<sup>3</sup> A particular man, the poet, and somewhat troublesome!

The theatre was a fashionable town resort. Pope probably retained something of that love of the stage which he had manifested at Deane's school—a fascination not easily relinquished—and his friends, Congreve and Steele, were deeply interested in it. Betterton he was early acquainted with, and he lived to grace the triumph of Garrick. Such actors as Booth, Wilks, and Mrs. Oldfield must always have been witnessed with delight, while Addison's tragedy and Gay's comedies brought the poet into the society of the green-room. Gay mentions among his friends Mrs. Santlow, the celebrated dancer, and two other actresses, "the frolic Bicknell and her sister young," or Mrs. Younger. These sisters claimed to be near relatives of Keith, Earl Marshal of Scotland. Their father, they said, served in Flanders as one of King William's troopers—perhaps rode by the side of Steele, whence Steele's interest in Mrs. Bicknell, whom he praises in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*. The "sister young" was on the stage from a child, and she retained charms enough when near forty to get a husband out of the ranks of the nobility, a brother of the Earl of Winchelsea. Pope's mention of these ladies is rather in the way of "light-o'-loves," not dignified enough for grave verse or printed correspondence.

Visits to Bath were then a favourite summer recreation, and the Abbey bells often rang in Pope and his friends. Bath had become popular after the visit of Queen Anne to the city, and Goldsmith has described to us the amusements of the day. "The hours for bathing," he says, "are commonly between six and nine in the morning. The lady is brought in a chair, dressed in her bathing clothes, to the bath, and being in the water, the woman who attends presents her with a little floating dish like a basin; into which the lady puts a handkerchief, a snuff-box, and a nosegay. She then traverses the bath; if a novice with a guide, if otherwise by herself; and having amused herself thus while she thinks proper, calls for her chair, and returns to her lodgings. The

<sup>3</sup> Roscoe, viii. 529 and 533.



amusement of bathing is succeeded by a general assembly of the people at the pump-room, some for pleasure, and some to drink the hot waters. Three glasses at three different times is the usual portion, and the intervals between every glass are enlivened by the small band of music, as well as by the conversation of the gay, the witty, or the forward. From the pump-room the ladies from time to time withdraw to a female coffee-house, and from thence return to their lodgings to breakfast. The gentlemen withdraw to their coffee-houses, to read the papers or converse on the news of the day." And with equal minuteness Goldsmith goes over the whole day, till the round is closed by evening prayers in the pump-room, and by nightly balls, plays, or visits. When Frederick Prince of Wales visited Bath in 1738, Beau Nash commemorated the event by erecting an obelisk, and he wrote to Pope requesting an inscription. Pope replied that he had received so few favours from the great, that he was utterly unacquainted with what kind of thanks they liked best. "Whether," he said, "the Prince most loves poetry or prose I protest I do not know; but this I dare venture to affirm, that you can give him as much satisfaction in either as I can." Nash persevered in his request, and Pope sent a brief prose inscription: "In memory of honours bestowed, and in gratitude for benefits conferred on this city by his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales, and his royal consort, in the year 1738, this obelisk is erected by Richard Nash, Esq." Goldsmith's comment on this affair is the most amusing part of the business: "I dare venture to say there was scarce a common councilman in the corporation of Bath but could have done this as well. Nothing can be more frigid, *though the subject was worthy of the utmost exertions of genius.*"<sup>4</sup>

Pope relished the amusements of the place, thus regulated and presided over by the redoubted Beau Nash, and spent the day pleasantly among the pump assemblies, the walks, the chocolate-houses, raffling-shops, plays, and medleys. He even thought the appearance of the ladies in the bath, encased in buckram, and moving about in common with the men, between swimming and walking, a spectacle worthy of

<sup>4</sup> Life of Beau Nash in Prior's and Cunningham's editions of Goldsmith's works.

female applause and imitation! The barbarity of the practice shocked Dr. Johnson, and it affords a curious illustration of the taste and manners of the period. Occasionally a meteor like Lord Peterborough appeared at "the Bath," as the city was termed, and astonished visitors by wearing boots (which were then used only in travelling), and by his disregard of Beau Nash and personal dignity. "It is a comical sight to see him," says Lady Hervey, "with his blue ribbon and star, and a cabbage under each arm, or a chicken in his hand, which, after he himself has purchased at market, he carries home for his dinner." After this we need not wonder to find Peterborough, with the spade or pruning-knife, assisting Pope in his garden at Twickenham. But the poet himself would be guilty of no such solecism at Bath. He wished to be esteemed a man of vivacity and spirit, or as he has said,

"The gayest valetudinaire,  
Most thinking rake alive!"

And whether in town or country his company was courted. Without fortune, without the advantages of high birth or connexions, without personal graces or fashionable accomplishments, he had by his genius and management raised himself to social eminence and unrivalled literary celebrity. Dryden, better descended, and with good family alliances, failed to accomplish as much. There was no inferiority of talent or of moral worth—and of these, in his latter days, the world made cheerful recognition—but the elder bard, diffident and retiring—"not a genteel man," as Pope said—could not command the arts which permanently please and attract in high society. He could flatter the great, but wanted skill to court them.

Shortly after the delivery of the first volume of his *Homer*, Pope made a journey to Oxford on horseback, having borrowed his steed from the Earl of Burlington. When in Windsor Forest, on his way, he was overtaken by Bernard Lintot, who had heard that the poet designed to go to Oxford, "the seat of the Muses," and who, as his bookseller, would by all means accompany him. Pope, on arriving at Oxford, wrote to Lord Burlington an account of his journey and adventures on the road, in which Lintot figures largely,

describing both himself and the "eminent hands" who worked for him, as translators and critics. The letter is one of Pope's most humorous prose sketches, evidently intended for publication. Smollett, in his *Humphry Clinker*, describes a meeting of Grub-street authors in his house at Chelsea, which bears some resemblance to Pope's lively caricature, and shows that fifty years had wrought little alteration in this class.

"I asked him where he got his horse? He answered, he got it of his publisher: 'For that rogue my printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —, and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So in short I borrowed this horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me. He was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechise: if you have any more bags, he shall carry them.'

"I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts, and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

"Mr. Lintot began in this manner: 'Now, damn them! what if they should put it into the newspaper, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were big enough to go on with the business, by G-d I would keep as good company as old Jacob.' Hereupon I inquired of his son. 'The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late ministry came out of it, so did many of this ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune.' 'Do not you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?' 'To what purpose? (said he). The universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business.'

"As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, which I expressed some solicitude. 'Nothing,' says he: 'I can bear

it well enough ; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods.' When we were alighted, 'See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket ! what if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again ? Lord ! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours !' 'Perhaps I may,' said I, 'if we ride on ; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trot very much awakens my spirits : then jog on apace, and I will think as hard as I can.'

"Silence ensued for a full hour : after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out, 'Well, sir, how far have you gone ?' I answered, 'Seven miles.' 'Z—ds, sir,' said Lintot, 'I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I will say that for Oldsworth (though I lost by his Timothys),<sup>5</sup> he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak ; and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet-ditch and St. Giles's pond, shall make you half a Job.'

"'Pray, Mr. Lintot (said I), now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them ?' 'Sir (replied he), those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world ; in a hungry fit they will swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter, and cry, "Ah, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end." By the Lord, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way : I agree with them for ten shillings *per* sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please ; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author ; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators.' 'But how are you secure those correctors may not impose upon you ?' 'Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotsman), that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English ; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not. I'll tell you what happened to me last month : I bargained with S—— for a new version of Lucretius to publish against Tonson's, agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin ; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what

<sup>5</sup> This alludes to "A Dialogue between Timothy and Philatheus, &c.," written against the rights of the Church.—*Curll's Key*. The "S——," afterwards mentioned, was George Sewel, a miscellaneous writer and translator, who died in 1726.

d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original.'

" 'Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics?' 'Sir (said he), nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction. This has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top critics of the town. As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pished at every line of it. "One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy task, that every stripling, every versifier"—He was going on when my wife called to dinner; "Sir," said I, "will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?" "Mr. Lintot," said he, "I am sorry you should be at the expense of this great book, I am really concerned on your account"—"Sir, I am much obliged to you. If you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding"—"Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning"—"Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in." My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

" 'Now, sir (concluded Mr. Lintot), in return to the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar or not?' I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. 'That may be (replied Mr. Lintot), but if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial.'"

"These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carlton at Middleton."

To the young ladies at Mapledurham he transmitted an account of his visit to Oxford, which we insert as written, not as printed by Pope:

"LADIES,—I came from Stonor (its master not being at home) to Oxford the same night. Nothing could have more of that melancholy

\* Lansdowne was committed to the Tower in September, 1715, and released in February, 1716-7.

† Letters of Mr. A. Pope: London, 1737.

which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above: the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these; and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the night bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and told me (some in a deeper, some in a softer voice) that it was eleven o'clock. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since, among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the University. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a bookworm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, wrapt in meditations, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the University, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was awake or alive in me it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstractedness. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

"Indeed, I was so treated that I could not but ask myself in my mind, what college I was founder of, or what library I had built? Methinks I do very ill to return to the world again, to leave the only place where I make a good figure, and from seeing myself seated with dignity on the most conspicuous shelves of a library, go to contemplate this wretched person in the abject condition of lying at a lady's feet in Bolton-street.

"I will not deny but that, like Alexander, in the midst of my glory I am wounded, and find myself a mere man. To tell you from whence the dart comes is to no purpose, since neither of you will take the tender care to draw it out of my heart, and suck the poison with your lips.

"Here, at my Lord Harcourt's, I see a creature nearer an angel than a woman (though a woman be very near as good as an angel). I think you have formerly heard me mention Mrs. Jennings as a credit to the maker of angels; she is a relation of his Lordship's, and he gravely proposed her to me for a wife. Being tender of her interests, and knowing (what is a shame to Providence) that she is less indebted to fortune than I, I told him, it was what he never could have thought of, if it had not been his misfortune of being blind, and that I never could till I was so; but that, as matters now were, I did not care to

force so fine a woman to give the finishing stroke to all my deformities, by the last mark of a beast, horns.

"Now I am talking of beauty, I shall see my Lady Jane Hyde to-morrow at Cornbury.\* I shall pass a day and night at Blenheim Park, and will then hasten home, taking Reading in my way. I have everywhere made inquiry if it be possible to get any annuities on sound security. It would really be an inexpressible joy to me if I could serve you, and I will always do my utmost to give myself pleasure.

"I beg you both to think as well of me—that is, to think me as much yours as any one else. What degree of friendship and tenderness I feel for you I must be content with, being sure of myself; but I shall be glad if you believe it in any degree. Allow me as much as you can, and think as well of me as you are able of one whose imperfections are so manifest, and who thinks so little of himself as to think ten times more of either of you."

(No signature.)

He visited Blenheim, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Marlborough, but he does injustice to the architecture of Vanbrugh, who in all his works attended, as Sir Joshua Reynolds observes, to "painter-like effects." The house is a stupendous pile, perhaps too low for its massive proportions; but the general appearance is striking and princely, and, viewed in connexion with the gardens, the water, the pleasure-grounds, and the park—a gorgeous verdant amphitheatre of twelve miles—Blenheim is a trophy well worthy of being presented by England to her then greatest military hero:

"I will not describe Blenheim in particular, not to forestal your expectations before you see it; only take a short account, which, I will hazard my little credit, is no unjust one. I never saw so great a thing with so much littleness in it. I think the architect built it entirely in complaisance to the taste of its owners; for it is the most inhospitable thing imaginable, and the most selfish: it has, like their own hearts, no room for strangers, and no reception for any person of superior quality to themselves. There are but just two apartments, for the master and mistress, below, and but two apartments above (very much inferior to them), in the whole house. When you look upon the outside, you'd think it large enough for a prince; when you see the inside, it is too little for a subject, and has not conveniency to

\* Daughter of Henry fourth Earl of Clarendon, and afterwards Countess of Essex. Gay, in his Prologue to the *Shepherd's Week*, mentions, "Blooming Hyde, with eyes so rare."

lodge a common family. It is a house of entries and passages, among which there are three vistas through the whole, very uselessly handsome. There is what might have been a fine gallery, but spoiled by two arches towards the end of it, which take away the sight of several of the windows. There are two ordinary staircases instead of one great one. The best things within the house are the hall—which is, indeed, noble and well-proportioned—and the cellars and offices underground, which are the most commodious, and the best contrived of the whole. At the top of the building are several cupolas and little turrets, that have but an ill effect, and make the building look at once finical and heavy. What seems of the best taste is that front towards the gardens, which is not yet loaded with these turrets. The two sides of the building are entirely spoiled by two monstrous bow-windows, which stand just in the middle, instead of doors: and, as if it were fatal that some trifling littleness should everywhere destroy the grandeur, there are in the chief front two semicircles of a lower structure than the rest, that cut off the angles, and look as if they were purposely designed to hide a loftier and nobler piece of building, the top of which appears above them. In a word, the whole is a most expensive absurdity; and the Duke of Shrewsbury gave a true character of it, when he said it was a great quarry of stones above ground.

“We paid a visit to the spring where Rosamond bathed herself; on a hill, where remains only a piece of a wall of the old palace of Henry II. We toasted her shade in the cold water, not without a thought or two, scarce so cold as the liquor we drank it in.”\*

The Stuart insurrection of 1715-6 had little effect in disturbing Pope in his town haunts or Forest retreat. The Tories of Oxford drank King James's health, and talked bravely over their flowing cups; there was also a Jacobite riot in the city, and some meeting-houses were pulled down; but the appearance of a squadron of horse and the seizure of a few suspected persons instantly reduced *Alma Mater* to silence and obedience. None of the Catholic families in the county were implicated. Pope's friends were all safe; and as for himself, he was by no means disposed to become a martyr, either for the Church or the Chevalier. There was one friend, however, who seems to have sympathised deeply with the insurgents, and to have keenly lamented the misery occasioned by the rash enterprise. This was Mr. Edward Blount, a Devonshire gentleman,

\* Curll's edit. of *Correspondence*, and other editions of 1735.



related to the Blounts of Oxfordshire. "What a dismal scene has there been opened in the north!" exclaims Mr. Blount. "What ruin have those unfortunate rash gentlemen drawn upon themselves and their miserable followers—and perchance upon many others, too, who upon no account would be their followers." In this number Mr. Blount himself is supposed to have been included. A conspiracy had been formed in the west of England, and the Duke of Ormond was expected to land in Devonshire. Numerous arrests took place, and though Mr. Blount was probably wholly innocent, as a Catholic gentleman of wealth and influence he was suspected, and he resolved to quit the country. "Our homes," he wrote to Pope, "must either be left or be made too narrow for us to turn in." He exhorted the poet to leave laziness and the elms in St. James's Park, and, joining safety with friendship, go with him where war would not reach them, nor paltry constables summon them to vestries.

At this time Pope was much in London. Jervas had gone on a visit to Ireland, his native country, and the bachelor establishment in Cleveland-court was at the entire command of the poet. "As to your inquiry about your house," he writes to Jervas, "when I came within the walls, they put me in mind of those of Carthage, where you find, like the wandering Trojan, *animum picturâ pascit inani*; for the spacious mansion, like a Turkish caravansera, entertains the vagabonds with bare lodgings. I rule the family very ill, keep bad hours, and lend out your pictures about the town. See what it is to keep a poet in your house! Frank, indeed, does all he can in such circumstances; for, considering he has a wild beast in it, he constantly keeps the door chained. Every time it opens the links rattle, the rusty hinges roar. The house seems so sensible that you are all its support, it is ready to drop in your absence; but I still trust myself under its roof, as depending that Providence will preserve so many Raphaels, Titians, and Guidos as are lodged in your cabinet. Surely the sins of one poet can hardly be so heavy as to bring an old house over the heads of so many painters. In a word, your house is falling; but what of that? I am only a lodger." Such *badinage* would amuse Pope while writing it, and still more Jervas and Swift while reading and discussing it over

their wine, in the spacious and gaunt deanery of St. Patrick's. Thus amused, and busy with Homer and pleasure, Pope was not disposed to avail himself of Blount's offer to accompany him abroad. He made a removal, however, nearer London, and exchanged Binfield for Chiswick.

"My father and mother," writes the poet, "having disposed of their small estate at Binfield, I was concerned to find out some asylum for their old age; and these cares of settling and furnishing a house have employed me till yesterday (April 19, 1716), when we fixed at Chiswick, under the wing of my Lord Burlington."<sup>10</sup> The residence at Chiswick was one of a row of lofty houses, then recently erected, and called "Mawson's New Buildings." They still remain, with pollard elms in front, and are situated close to the river, but at the common landing-place, surrounded by meaner houses and a closely-inhabited neighbourhood. In Pope's time the situation may have been more secluded and agreeable. Before removing, he went to bid his friends in the Forest farewell, "parting," he says, "from honest Mr. Doncastle with tenderness, and from old Sir William Trumbull as from a venerable prophet, foretelling, with lifted hands, the miseries to come, from which he is fast going to be removed himself." And Sir William died shortly afterwards. He again writes to his friend Blount on the subject of his removal:

"Though the change of my scene of life from Windsor Forest to the water-side at Chiswick be one of the grand eras of my days, and may be called a notable period in so inconsiderable a history, yet you can scarce image any hero passing from one stage of life to another with so much tranquillity, so easy a transition, and so laudable a behaviour. I am become so truly a citizen of the world (according to Plato's expression), that I look with equal indifference on what I have left and on what I have gained. The times and amusements past are not more like a dream to me than those which are present. I lie in a refreshing kind of inaction; and have one comfort at least from obscurity—that the darkness helps me to sleep the better. I now and then reflect upon the enjoyment of my friends, whom, I fancy, I remember much as separate spirits do us, at tender intervals—neither interrupting their own employments, nor altogether careless of ours; but in general constantly wishing us well, and hoping to have us one day in their company."<sup>11</sup>

<sup>10</sup> *Athenæum*, July 15, 1854.

<sup>11</sup> Roscoe, viii. 365, corrected from the *Athenæum* papers on Pope.

The poet was willing to forget his residence at Chiswick, as forming an undignified episode between Binfield and Twickenham. He omitted all reference to it in his printed letters, and seems never to have mentioned it to Spence or Warburton. Dennis does not fail to acquaint him that he may have learned the language of the watermen or scullers from having lived at Chiswick as well as Twickenham;<sup>12</sup> but other writers were ignorant of the fact. In the Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu are two letters which countenance the common error that Pope removed directly from Binfield to Twickenham. The first is dated "Twick'nam, Aug. 18, 1716" (but does not imply residence there); the second is dated Sept. 1, 1717, and in this Lady Mary is made to say: "By making the Iliad pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to *Twickenham*." This we believe to be a forgery. It is one of those first printed in the additional volume of Lady Mary's Letters, published by Becket in 1767, which Dallaway rejected as spurious, and is most likely the composition of John Cleland, who was an adept in literary fraud, and disreputably connected with the original publication of Lady Mary's correspondence. The style of this letter, and the allusions it contains to the seraglio and to Pope's dissatisfaction with Addison, clearly indicate its spurious origin. Some other letters in the same volume, though adopted as genuine by Lord Wharncliffe, we have little doubt were fabrications by Cleland. One, addressed to a Countess of —, dated from Florence, and describing the Venus and the Antinous, was assuredly never written by Lady Mary. Two others ("To the Abbot of —" and "To the Count —") are evidently from the same mint, which, as Cleland had resided in Turkey, and travelled widely, and was besides a man of talent and imagination, was capable of producing a base coinage little inferior to the genuine metal. John Cleland, perhaps, thought that he was only repaying Pope for the fabricated use of the name of his father, William Cleland!

Chiswick, though until recently overlooked or neglected in the poet's biography, was the scene of some of his most anxious and brilliant intellectual labours. Here he wrought

<sup>12</sup> Remarks on the Dunciad.

at Homer ; carried on one of the most interesting portions of his correspondence ; wrote in part, if not wholly, the Epistle of Eloisa, and perhaps the Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady ; commenced his war with Curll and Cibber—more protracted than the siege of Troy—and superintended the first collected edition of his works. The following note to Martha Blount, without date or signature, seems to belong to this period :

“MADAM,—I am here studying ten hours a day, but thinking of you in spite of all the learned. The Epistle of Eloise grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love. I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it. I am to pass three or four days in high luxury with some company at my Lord Burlington’s. We are to walk, ride, ramble, dine, drink, and lie together. His gardens are delightful, his music ravishing ; yet I shall now and then cast a thought on Charles-street. May you have all possible success both in your devotions this week, and your masquerade the next. Whether you repent or sin, may you do all you wish ; and when you think of me, either laugh at me or pray for me, which you please.”<sup>13</sup>

In the spring of 1716, Pope had his first and only meeting with Curll. Edmund Curll was the most unscrupulous publisher of those unscrupulous times. He had commenced business before 1708, and soon became notorious for offences in print against decency and propriety—for publishing private letters, libels, and lampoons ; and from his practice of issuing miserable catchpenny *lives* of every eminent person immediately after his decease, Arbuthnot wittily styled him, “one of the new terrors of death.” The appearance of Curll must have been as *outré* as some of his performances. A contemporary, John Bunce, describes him as tall, thin, ungainly, and white-faced ; “his eyes were a light grey, large, projecting, goggle, and purblind ; he was splay-footed and baker-knee’d ;” though this last peculiarity is not very intelligible. To such a ludicrous outward man Curll added the utmost effrontery and conceit, and a certain amount of absurd cleverness, which displayed itself in rhyming couplets and grandiloquent advertisements. He considered himself quite a match for Pope in prose, though he admitted that his adversary had a knack in

<sup>13</sup> Roscoe, viii. 423, collated with the original.

versifying. Mr. Pope, he said, was no more a gentleman, nor more eminent as a poet, than Mr. Curll was as a bookseller; and with respect to acquaintance with the great, "where Pope has one lord," said Curll, "I have twenty." Such a man was not to be reached by the shafts of wit or satire. In the course of his publishing career he had been fined, imprisoned, pilloried, pumped upon, and tossed in a blanket; but he was still "dauntless Curll," as Pope styled him, and his motto to the last was the Scottish legend, *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

In February or March appeared "The Court Poems;" or, three of the Town Eclogues, by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, said to be "published faithfully, as they were found in a pocket-book taken up in Westminster Hall, the last day of Lord Winton's trial." Curll was not the sole publisher. They proceeded from a certain J. Roberts, in Warwick-street, who states, in an advertisement prefixed to the pamphlet, that, upon reading the poems over, at St. James's Coffee-house, they were attributed by the general voice to be the production of a lady of quality; but at Button's, the poetical jury pronounced Mr. Gay to be the man, while a "gentleman of distinguished merit, living at Chelsea, said they could come from no other hand than the judicious translator of Homer." On the appearance of this *brochure*, Pope had an interview with Curll. He sent for him to the Swan Tavern in Fleet-street, in company with Lintot, to inquire after the publication of the Court Poems. Curll said they were published by Oldmixon (afterwards satirised in the *Dunciad*), to whom they were given by one Jacobs, a dissenting teacher; and that he (Curll) and another bookseller named Pemberton had shares in the work with Oldmixon.<sup>14</sup> Then comes the

<sup>14</sup> Oldmixon denied this, and made Curll a witness to his denial:

"Whereas Mr. Lintot or Mr. Pope has published a false and ridiculous libel, reflecting on several gentlemen, particularly on myself; and it is said therein that I was the publisher of certain verses, called Court Poems, and that I wrote the preface; I hereby declare that I never saw a great part of those verses, nor ever saw or heard of the title or preface to them till after the poems were published.

"J. OLDMIXON.

"Witness, E. CURLL."

*Flying Post*, April 3, 1716.

The libel alluded to by Oldmixon was no doubt Pope's pamphlet, pub-

ridiculous part of the story, implying a charge against Pope which Dennis characterised as "so black, so double, and so perfidious, that perhaps a villain who is *capable of breaking open a house* is not capable of that!" This is the poisoning case. "My brother Lintot," said Curll, "drank his half-pint of old hock, Mr. Pope his half-pint of sack, *and I the same quantity of an emetic potion*, but no threatenings passed. Mr. Pope said, 'Satire should not be printed,' though he has now changed his mind. I said, 'They should not be *wrote*, for if they were they would be printed.' He replied, 'Mr. Gay's interest at Court would be greatly hurt by publishing these pieces.' This is all that passed in our triumvirate. We then parted. Pope and my brother Lintot went together to his shop, *and I went home and vomited heartily*." Curll afterwards improved upon this statement, and said that Pope *deserved the stab* for the emetic effects of the poisoned half-pint of canary.

The poet accounts for his visit by stating (in the notes to the Dunciad) that Curll meant to publish the Court Poems as the work of the true writer, "a Lady of Quality," but being first threatened, and afterwards punished for it by Mr. Pope, he generously transferred it from *her* to *him*, and ever since printed it in his name. What was the *punishment*?—not, surely, the emetic.

Curll's ludicrous tale of horror was eagerly seized upon by the wits, and Pope wrote "A full and true Account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by poison, on the body of Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller, with a faithful copy of his last will and testament." This was afterwards followed by "A further Account of the most deplorable Condition of Mr. Edmund Curll, bookseller," and "A strange, but true, Relation, how Mr. Edmund Curll, of Fleet-street, stationer, out of an extraordinary desire of lucre, went into Change-alley, and was converted from the Christian religion, by certain eminent Jews," &c. These works are intolerably coarse. The warfare never ceased. Curll published every scrap which he could rake out of the sinks of literature against

lished anonymously, on the Poisoning of Curll, in which Lintot is made to declare that Oldmixon gave the Court Poems to the press, and wrote the preface.

Pope and his friends, and Pope assigned to Curll a conspicuous and degrading position in the *Miscellanies* and *Dunciad*. The bookseller was flattered by the notoriety thus given to his name. Pope and Swift against Curll formed an unequal match, but it was enough, as was afterwards remarked, to gladden the heart of the bookseller, that he was satirised by the same pens which had been employed against the Duke of Marlborough and Mr. Addison.

What Lady Mary thought of the piracy is not stated. She did not leave England until the month of August—four or five months after the publication of the *Court Poems*—and she could not have remained ignorant of what had occasioned so much speculation and controversy. Yet it is curious to find Pope writing to her at Constantinople respecting these pieces. “Your *Eclogues*,” he says, “lie enclosed in a monument of Turkey, written in my fairest hand; the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the *Sibyls*; like them locked up and concealed from all profane eyes, none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself; and I should think it as great wickedness to divulge them as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors.” This declaration may have referred to the three *Eclogues*, then unpublished; but in the matter of the first publication, we suspect Pope or Gay was the delinquent. The *Eclogues* have no claim to be included among the works of Pope.

Dennis was also one of the assailants in this controversial year of 1716. He published *A Character of Mr. Pope*, dated May 7, in reply to a libel which he attributed to the poet. He had not been able, he said, before that day, to borrow Pope’s *Homer*, but he designed to read it next day! In the mean time he attacked an *Imitation of Horace*, which he characterised as more execrable than all Pope’s other works. We have no account of any *Imitation of Horace* by Pope at this early period. He denies Dennis’s accusation (in the notes to the *Dunciad*), and either ignorant, or pretending to be ignorant, of what Dennis meant, taunted him with not mentioning the title of the work. Dennis said the libel was ridiculously called an *Imitation of Horace*, and the author of it was in every respect the reverse of Horace, “in honour, in discernment, in genius,” &c. Swift was in the

habit of throwing off short imitations of the Roman poet, which were published anonymously. Two of these ridiculed Steele and Dennis, namely, "John Dennis the Sheltering Poet's invitation to R. Steele, the excluded Party Writer," &c., and the "First Ode of the Second Book of Horace." These satires, however, were published in 1714, and Dennis speaks of the imputed libel of 1716 as having been sent to him only a few days before by two of his friends. It is improbable that copies of the Imitation of Horace published in 1714 should have been transmitted to him for the first time in 1716; the most reasonable conclusion is, that this satire was an attack upon Dennis in continuation of those of Swift, and was never printed. It was then common to hand about manuscript libels and lampoons, and the two friends of Dennis, if such existed, were probably traitors in the camp of Pope, of the class who

"—————Slander help about,  
Who write a libel, or who copy out."

This supposition would explain why no copy of any imitation of Horace by Pope in 1716, or any advertisement of such a work, has been met with, and also Pope's triumphant denial made afterwards in the Dunciad.

About this time appeared the verses on Moore, "author of the celebrated Worm Powder." They enjoyed great popularity, and were advertised by several booksellers—"The Worms, a Satyr, by Mr. Pope, price Twopence"—while the *Weekly Journal* of May 5th, 1716, transferred them entire to its columns. One indecent verse in the poem (afterwards struck out) afforded fresh occasion for railing and accusation against its author; and these were further increased by a still more objectionable piece ascribed to him, a parody on the First Psalm, which was also extensively advertised.<sup>15</sup> Sir Richard Blackmore, in one of his Essays, stigmatised this burlesque as the production of a "godless author," but did not name Pope. The poet made no distinct denial of the charge, but, as Curll states, put an advertisement into the

<sup>15</sup> A Roman Catholic Version of the First Psalm, for the use of a Young Lady. By Mr. Pope. Price 2d. Printed for R. Burleigh in Amen Corner. —*Daily Courant* and *Flying Post*, June 30, 1716.



*Postman*, offering a reward of three guineas to whoever should discover the person that sent the poem to the press. The original copy, Curll adds, remained with the publisher, Burleigh, and was in Pope's handwriting. There is not a copy of this number of the *Postman*, or *Postboy*, in the British Museum, and Curll's assertion is no warrant; but it is, perhaps, to the same affair that Pope alludes in a letter to Martha Blount, dated August 7th, 1716: "If you have seen a late advertisement, you will know that I have not told a lie (which we both abominate), but equivocated pretty genteelly. You may be confident it was not done without leave from my spiritual director."<sup>16</sup> This would scarcely have satisfied Martha's father confessor. Many years afterwards, Welsted and James Moore Smythe revived against Pope the charge of having written this burlesque of the First Psalm. To all the other accusations which they then made against him in their "One Epistle" he replied in the *Grub-street Journal*, but on this subject he was silent.

In July, 1716, Pope's Epistle to Jervas was published by Lintot. It was more than an equivalent for all the lessons that the painter had given the poet! In the autumn the latter set off on one of his country visits, giving the "dear ladies" at Mapledurham a note of his thoughts and observations. "I am with Lord Bathurst at my bower, in whose groves we had yesterday (October 7) a dry walk of three hours. It is the place that of all others I fancy, and I am not yet out of humour with it, though I have had it some months. It does not cease to be agreeable to me so late in the season; the very dying of the leaves adds a variety of colours that is not unpleasant. I look upon it as upon a beauty I once loved, whom I should preserve a respect for in her decay; and as we should look upon a friend, with remembrance how he pleased us once, though now declined from his former gay and flourishing condition."<sup>17</sup> A touch of pathos as well as poetry.

Among the light tasks which filled up the intervals between the publication of the successive volumes of the *Iliad* may be mentioned the assistance given to Gay in some dra-

<sup>16</sup> Roscoe, viii. 430, collated with the original.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.* viii. 432, collated with the original.

matic pieces. Gay had, in 1715, produced what he termed a "tragi-comi-pastoral farce," entitled *What d'ye Call It?* This was looked upon as a satire on the tragic poets, being a travesty of the style of the lofty buskin, and is mostly in rhyming couplets. We can trace Pope in none of the scenes, but he may have helped Gay in that beautiful ballad which begins,

" 'Twas when the seas were roaring,  
With hollow blasts of wind,  
A damsel lay deploing,  
All on a rock reclined"

Cowper, the poet, had heard that Swift, Arbuthnot, Pope, and Gay were all concerned in the composition of this ballad; but the author of *Black-eyed Susan* could scarcely have required such assistance, and Swift was then in Ireland. We fancy, however, that Pope's hand may be seen in *A Complete Key to the last new Farce, the What d'ye Call It?* though he ascribes it, in the notes to the Dunciad, as written "by Griffin, a player, supervised by Mr. Th——" (Theobald). Pope may have used these names, as he did that of Norris, the apothecary; and unquestionably the design of this Key was to excite curiosity about Gay's farce, and recommend it to the notice of the public. All the allusions are traced, and the passages travestied are quoted. It is no objection to this theory that Gay says, in a letter to Congreve, that the writer of the Key calls him (Gay) a blockhead, and Mr. Pope a knave—such occasional attacks were necessary to the mystification and the success of the project.

In January, 1716-7, Gay's comedy of *Three Hours after Marriage* was brought on the stage. Both Pope and Arbuthnot had joined in the composition of this play, which was a most unsuccessful one. The whole action of the piece turns upon a low intrigue, and the incidents are forced and unnatural. Fossile, the husband, was designed to ridicule Dr. Woodward, and we may suppose was sketched by Arbuthnot. Sir Tremendous, "the greatest critic of the age," was Dennis, drawn by Pope. Phœbe Clinket was said to represent the Countess of Winchelsea, but is more likely to have been Mrs. Centlivre; and Gay's early patroness,

the Duchess of Monmouth, was believed to be satirised under the name of the Countess of Hippokekoana. The audience had with difficulty borne with some scenes of this heavy pleasantry and indecency; but when, in the course of the intrigue, two of the characters were introduced, one as a mummy and the other as a crocodile (an allusion to Dr. Woodward's passion for natural history and antiquities), the house rose and hissed the performance. It had, however, a run of seven nights, and Gay printed it, exactly, he said, as it was acted. At the same time, in the preface to the play, he acknowledged that he had received assistance from two friends—a circumstance they would very gladly have buried in oblivion. So much personal satire, with contemptuous allusions to authors and critics, was sure to give offence, and the piece called forth several attacks and replies. One of these was a farce, in rhyme, called *The Confederates*, by Mr. Joseph Gay, or, as Pope said, by Captain Breval, a dramatic and miscellaneous writer. This is a very poor production, its chief recommendation being a caricature frontispiece, representing Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, the last in the Highland dress, under which is the following inscription:

“These are the wags who boldly did adventure,  
To club a farce by tripartite indenture!  
But let 'em share their dividend of praise,  
And wear their own fool's-cap instead of bays.”

Another of these pieces was entitled, *A complete Key to the new Farce, called Three Hours after Marriage, with an Account of the Authors, by E. Parker, Philomath*. This is a real, not a pretended satire on the play. The trio of wits are called “stage buffoons,” and the writer says Pope and Arbuthnot constantly attended the rehearsals of the play. Gay, he thinks, justly deserved a cudgel for abusing a lady who took him in when he was destitute; and he tells us that Gay was amanuensis to Aaron Hill, next in the service of the Duchess of M., and afterwards Pope took him “to learn the art of rhyming, and Gay is now named the Jabberer.” Such was the style of criticism in this polite age; and the wits, it must be admitted, were as coarse as the dunces. Leonard Welsted, a poet of some talent, though

florid and bombastic, attacked Gay's comedy in his *Palæmon to Cælia*, a poetical epistle, in which he also glanced at the poisoning of Curll, with which he connected Arbuthnot—"the *quack* prescribed the purge the *poet* gave"—and Welsted, with others, was reserved for vengeance in the *Dunciad*.

But the most important result of this unfortunate play was the fact that it led to the quarrel and enmity between Pope and Colley Cibber, only extinguished by Pope's death, and which fills so large a space in his satires. Cibber, in accounting for the poet's persevering hostility, states, that when the play of the *Rehearsal* was revived, by command of the Prince of Wales, the part of Bayes fell to his share. "To this character there had always been allowed such ludicrous liberties of observation upon anything new or remarkable in the state of the stage as Mr. Bayes might think proper to make." Accordingly when the two kings of Brentford descend from the clouds to the throne, Colley, instead of delivering what his part directed him to say, made use of these words: "Now, sir, this revolution I had some thought of introducing by a quite different contrivance; but my design taking air, some of your sharp wits, I found, had made use of it before me; otherwise I intended to have stolen one of them in, in the shape of a mummy, and t'other in that of a crocodile." The audience greeted the satirical sally with a roar of applause; but Pope, who was present, was enraged at the actor's impudence.

"In the swelling of his heart (says Cibber), after the play was over he came behind the scenes, with his lips pale, and his voice trembling, to call me to account for the insult; and accordingly fell upon me with all the foul language that a wit out of his senses could be capable of. 'How durst I have the impudence to treat any gentleman in that manner?' &c. Now let the reader judge by this concern who was the true *mother* of the child! When he was almost choked with the foam of his passion, I was enough recovered from my amazement to make him (as near as I can remember) this reply: 'Mr. Pope, you are *so particular a man*, that I must be ashamed to return your language as I ought to do; but since you have attacked me in so monstrous a manner, this you may depend upon, that as long as the play continues to be acted, I will never fail to repeat the same words over and over again.' Now, as he accordingly found I kept my word for several days following, I am afraid he has since thought that his pen was a sharper weapon than his tongue to trust his revenge with; and

however just cause this may be for his so doing, it is, at least, the only cause my conscience can charge me with."<sup>18</sup>

There was soon another cause for the poet's enmity. Cibber's play of the *Nonjuror*, produced in the winter of 1717, was expressly designed to satirise the Roman Catholics and Non-jurors who had been concerned in the insurrection of 1715. He turned the *Tartuffe* of Molière into a modern nonjuror. "Upon the hypocrisy of the French character," he says, "I engrafted a stronger wickedness, that of an English Popish priest, lurking under the doctrine of our own church, to raise his fortune upon the ruin of a worthy gentleman whom his dissembled sanctity had seduced into the treasonable cause of a Roman Catholic outlaw." The play was highly successful; it had a great run, Lintot gave a hundred guineas for the copyright, and it procured Cibber a donation of 200*l.* from the King, besides paving the way for his appointment as Poet Laureate.

While Cibber's comedy was filling the theatre and engrossing attention, a satire on it appeared in the now familiar form of *A Complete Key*, explaining the characters in the play, with observations on it by "Mr. Joseph Gay." This "odd piece of wit," as Cibber terms it, resembling Pope's *Key to the Rape of the Lock*, he believed to be from the same pen, and there can be no doubt that Pope was the author. It is one of the best of his under-ground works, and opens with some clever remarks on a subject which Pope well understood—the use of wit and satire:

"The late Earl of Shaftesbury, in his *Essay upon Enthusiasm*, has a very whimsical thought concerning the methods made use of to oppose Christianity in its infancy, and thinks he could have corrected the politics of the Pagan priesthood, and defeated the purposes of the Gospel, by a more sure and certain engine than any made use of by the ancients. Whips and racks, fines and imprisonment, nay, even fire and martyrdom were, in his opinion, poor instruments for destroying that growing sect: wit and satire, farce and ridicule, play-house and puppet-show had done the business, and answered the end of the persecutors. Thus, instead of flaying St. Bartholomew alive, had they but tossed him in a blanket before a mob audience in a theatre, that saint, according to him, might have wanted a place in

<sup>18</sup> Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, edit. of 1777, p. 10.

the Christian calendar. I take the liberty to observe, before I come to Mr. Cibber, that the Earl's project was used with much more wit and invention than any moderns, though never so arrogant in their pretensions, can presume to be masters of. There was a Lucian and a Julian in those days, wits of another stamp and superior parts to the Durveys and Cibbers, the religious comic writers of our times. The reason why I take notice of this observation is, that our friend Colley seems to act upon the foregoing principle, and thinks burlesque and drollery proper weapons to encounter those formidable enemies the Nonjurors."

Cibber's adaptation of Molière's characters—not announced during the representation of the play—is pointed out: "Here is Molière's true sterling clipt by the hands of the ingenious Cibber; a few letters erased, but yet the original stamp so plain 'tis easy to see to whom the impression belongs." Another characteristic sentence is this:

"I am here tempted to draw a parallel between the two incomparable poets (Shakspeare and Cibber), but Shakspeare is dead, and can receive no benefit from it, and Mr. Cibber's living modesty will not allow me to shock him with his own praise. But I had forgot that he had borrowed all this play, and, therefore, recommend that task to himself, since, as Sir Samuel Tuke said, upon his translation of the *Adventures of Five Hours*, a modest man may commend what is not his own."

This observation of Sir Samuel's, Pope afterwards turned into an epigram against James Moore Smythe. After a good deal of criticism and *badinage*, the satirist gives a list of the persons meant by the characters in the play—names indicated by initials<sup>19</sup>—and concludes with a Postscript manifesting

<sup>19</sup> As—"Sir John Woodvil is generally attributed to Mr. H—y, of C—be. The colonel is Mr. H., a certain Whig relation of his. Mr. Heartly, a certain writing knight [Blackmore]. Dr. Wolf, either Paul who was hanged, Wilton who lost his living, or Howell in Newgate. Charles is supposed to be a young nobleman, son to the Duke of A—l. Lady Woodvil, Lady Betty C—. Maria is said to be Miss H—w [Sophia Howe], on whom a late famous ballad was made by an eminent hand, called *Flirtation*. The good old Countess of Night and Day, the Lady B—l," &c. &c. Cibber says, "the given name" of the author of this satire was Barneveldt; but his memory had misled him. "Joseph Gay" was the assumed name. Colley relates that he had not long before been a subscriber to Pope's *Homer*; "and now," he adds, addressing Pope, "to make up our poetical accounts, as you

wounded and indignant feeling. "Mr. Cibber is desired in the next edition of his play to leave out the following sentence: "It is a hard thing to be forced to petition for that which might have been one's BIRTHRIGHT."

Pope at length emerged from these "sable streams" by publishing a collected edition of his poems, with the addition of his two most exquisite and passionate productions—the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, and the *Epistle to Eloisa*. The volume is a very handsome one, embellished with a large portrait of the author, engraved by Vertue from a painting by Jervas, and which had previously been issued in a separate form;<sup>20</sup> also with a number of vignettes and allegorical designs by Gribelin. The publisher, Lintot, displays on the title-page his rubric style of red and black lines alluded to in the *Dunciad*. The effect of this publication in increasing the popularity of the poet, and establishing his fame, was great. Thus collected, the public saw the numerous original contributions made to our literature by a poet still under his thirtieth year; while the two new poems, the *Elegy* and *Epistle*, for their combination of picturesqueness, melody, and pathos, transcend all he had previously written.

This collection was the last of the poet's publications which his father was destined to see. The old man had reached the age of seventy-five; but healthy, by temperance and exercise,

" His life, though long, to sickness pass'd unknown,  
His death was instant, and without a groan."

*Epistle to Arbuthnot.*

He died at Chiswick, on the 23rd of October, 1717, and was buried there on the 26th.<sup>21</sup> "He had lived to experience,"

called it, you sent me a note with four guineas enclosed for four tickets for the author's day of *such a play as the Nonjuror*."

<sup>20</sup> On Tuesday next will be published a print of Mr. Alexander Pope, done from the original painting of Mr. Jervas by Mr. Vertue. Printed for Bernard Lintot, between the Temple Gates, where his translation of Homer, and all his other pieces, may be had.—*Daily Courant*, Aug. 20, 1715.

<sup>21</sup> On Wednesday, Oct. 23rd, died Mr. Pope at Chiswick, father of Mr. Pope, the famous poet. He passed twenty-nine years in privacy.—*Weekly Journal*.

Mr. Bowles has observed, "the greatest happiness an aged parent can receive, in witnessing the fame and prosperity of son, whose natural infirmities had led him to forebode a far different fate. He died with the feelings so beautifully and athetically described by Dr. Morell:

"Tears, such as tender fathers shed,  
Warm from my aged eyes descend,  
For joy to think when I am dead  
My son shall have MANKIND HIS FRIEND!"<sup>22</sup>

Pope addressed to Martha Blount a brief note, written on small scrap of paper, announcing the event in words which seem to breathe the quintessence of grief and love. "My poor father died last night. Believe, since I don't forget you this moment, I never shall. A. POPE."<sup>23</sup>

My poor Father dyed  
last night.  
Believe, since I don't  
forget you this moment,  
I never shall.  
A Pope

## FAC-SIMILE OF POPE'S HANDWRITING.

This domestic calamity brought into prominence one of Pope's friends and correspondents, Bishop Atterbury. They

<sup>22</sup> Bowles's Pope, vol. i. p. lviii.

<sup>23</sup> Mr. Bowles first published this interesting note (the original of which is now lost), and had a fac-simile of it engraved for his work, of which a copy is given above.



mixed in the same society. Atterbury had been in opposition to the Government since the death of Queen Anne, and he had refused to sign a declaration agreed to by all the other prelates, condemning the rebellion of 1715, and exhorting the people to loyalty. He was thus a conspicuous member of the Opposition, and his talents, energy, and ambition made him both feared and respected. He enjoyed considerable reputation as a critic and controversialist, which, joined to his classical and poetical tastes, cemented the friendship between him and Pope. The latter had submitted to him the manuscript of his Preface to the collected edition of his poetical works; and on the death of the elder Pope, the Bishop thus condoled with his friend:



ATTERBURY.

“When you have paid the debt of tenderness you owe to the memory of a father, I doubt not but you will turn your thoughts towards improving that accident to your own ease and happiness. You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best. Give me leave, if I am not a little too early in my applications of this kind, to congratulate you upon it; and to assure you, that there is no man living who wishes you better, or would be more pleased to contribute anywise to your satisfaction or service.”

Pope understood the Bishop's delicate allusion to his religious opinions, and replied in a calm and well-considered letter:

“Nov. 20, 1717. .

“MY LORD,—I am truly obliged by your kind condolence on my

father's death, and the desire you express that I should improve this incident to my advantage. I know your Lordship's friendship to me is so extensive, that you include in that wish both my spiritual and my temporal advantage; and it is what I owe to that friendship, to open my mind unreservedly to you on this head. It is true, I have lost a parent for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie: I thank God, another still remains (and long may it remain) of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*—and excuse me if I say with Euryalus,

———*nequeam lacrymas perferre parentis.*

[My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.—*Dryden.*]

A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one: at least I am more certain that it is a duty of nature to preserve a good parent's life and happiness, than I am of any speculative point whatever.

———*Ignaram hujus quodcunque pericli  
Hanc ego, nunc, linquam?*

[Ignorant of this,  
Whatever danger, neither parting kiss,  
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave.—*Dryden.*]

For she, my Lord, would think this separation more grievous than any other; and I, for my part, know as little as poor Euryalus did of the success of such an adventure (for an adventure it is, and no small one, in spite of the most positive divinity). Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows. This I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good? To such an one, the part of *joining* with any one body of Christians might perhaps be easy: but I think it would not be so to *renounce* the other.

“Your Lordship has formerly advised me to read the best controversies between the churches. Shall I tell you a secret? I did so at fourteen years old (for I loved reading, and my father had no other books): there was a collection of all that had been written on both sides in the reign of King James II. I warmed my head with them; and the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am afraid most seekers are in the same case; and when they stop, they are not so properly converted, as outwitted. You see how little glory you would gain by my conversion. And after all, I verily believe your Lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another, and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day; and had

nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbour.

"As to the *temporal* side of the question, I can have no dispute with you. It is certain, all the beneficial circumstances of life, and all the shining ones, lie on the part you would invite me to. But if I could bring myself to fancy, what I think you do but fancy, that I have any talents for active life, I want health for it; and besides it is a real truth, I have less inclination (if possible) than ability. Contemplative life is not only my scene, but it is my habit too. I began my life where most people end theirs, with a disrelish of all that the world calls ambition. I do not know why it is called so; for to me it always seemed to be rather *stooping* than *climbing*. I will tell you my politic and religious sentiments in a few words. In my politics, I think no further than how to prefer the peace of my life, in any government under which I live; nor in my religion, than to preserve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I communicate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of God, as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered: and where they err, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend or reform them; which, whenever he does, it must be by greater instruments than I am. I am not a Papist, for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power, and detest their arrogated authority over Princes and States. I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. If I was born under an absolute Prince, I would be a quiet subject; but I thank God I was not. I have a due sense of the excellence of the British constitution. In a word, the things I have always wished to see are, not a Roman Catholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a true Catholic; and not a King of Whigs, or a King of Tories, but a King of England. Which God of his mercy grant his present Majesty may be, and all future Majesties! You see, my Lord, I end like a preacher. This is *sermo ad clerum*, not *ad populum*. Believe me, with infinite obligation and sincere thanks, ever your," &c."

This is somewhat too lax in principle to have satisfied a zealous churchman like Atterbury; but its decided tone prevented any formal renewal of the subject; and the political liberality evinced by Pope, with his loyal wishes for the reigning sovereign, must have been felt as a check or tacit reproof by the plotting bishop, who was then in actual correspondence with the exiled family.

To his friend Edward Blount Pope wrote:

<sup>24</sup> Letters of Mr. Alexander Pope, 1787.

"Nov. 27, 1717.

"The question you proposed to me is what at present I am the most unfit man in the world to answer by my loss of one of the best of fathers.

"He had lived in such a course of temperance as was enough to make the longest life agreeable to him, and in such a course of piety as sufficed to make the most sudden death so also. Sudden, indeed, it was; however, I heartily beg of God to give me such a one, provided I can lead such a life. I leave him to the mercy of God, and to the piety of a religion that extends beyond the grave: *Si qua est ea cura, &c.*

"He has left me to the ticklish management of so narrow a fortune, that any one false step would be fatal. My mother is in that dispirited state of resignation, which is the effect of long life, and the loss of what is dear to us. We are really each of us in want of a friend of such an humane turn as yourself, to make almost anything desirable to us. I feel your absence more than ever, at the same time I can less express my regards to you than ever; and shall make this, which is the most sincere letter I ever writ to you, the shortest and faintest, perhaps, of any you have received. 'Tis enough if you reflect, that barely to remember any person when one's mind is taken up with a sensible sorrow is a great degree of friendship. I can say no more but that I love you, and all that are yours; and that I wish it may be very long before any of yours shall feel for you what I now feel for my father. Adieu!"<sup>25</sup>

It is to this period that we may perhaps refer the following fragment of a letter addressed to Mr. John Caryll, junior, at Ladyholt, in Sussex, a copy of which we obtained from the late Mr. Rogers:

"What new scenes of life I may enter into are uncertain; but wherever I may be, or however engaged, I hope Mr. Caryll and yourself will ever be so just as to believe my whole heart at your service. That must still be left at my own disposal, and while it is so must be entirely yours. Be pleased, dear sir, to continue the favour you have always shown to me, and use your interest with your good father, that he may do the same; the best testimony of which will be the satisfaction you will both sometimes give me of hearing from you, that you have not forgot that there is such an one in the world as, sir, your most faithful and affectionate, humble servant,

"A. POPE."

<sup>25</sup> Letters of Mr. Alexander Pope, 1737.

The Carylls were *home friends*, associated with all Pope's domestic feelings and affections. Of the narrow fortune left the poet by his father there are no certain accounts. Martha Blount said it was about three or four thousand pounds. But he had been secured in an annuity, and had investments on life-rents and lands. Immediately after his father's death he is found ready to advance one, two, or three thousand pounds for another life annuity.<sup>26</sup> The poet's ideas had expanded with his circumstances. What would have seemed opulence in the early days of Binfield, when he sighed for money to purchase books, appeared a narrow fortune when the Homer subscription and the patrimonial stores had enriched his coffers. But the inheritance, had it been ten times more in amount, was well earned, and would have been well spent. Taste and hospitality, and years of still further filial duty, were to characterise the poet's limited household.

The death of his father, however, suggested another change of residence; and after about two busy years spent at Chiswick, Pope removed further up the Thames to Twickenham, to that celebrated spot where he was to spend the remainder of his life, and to embellish which was his favourite occupation and supreme delight. He took a long lease of a house and five acres of land at Twickenham, and immediately set about the work of improvement. After a twelvemonth's residence he wrote to his friend Jervas, then in Ireland:

"The history of my transplantation and settlement would require a volume, were I to enumerate the many projects, difficulties, vicissitudes, and various fates attending that important part of my life; much more should I describe the many draughts, elevations, profiles, perspectives, &c., of every palace and garden proposed, intended, and happily raised by the strength of that faculty wherein all great geniuses excel—imagination. At last the gods and fate have fixed me on the borders of the Thames, in the districts of Richmond and Twickenham. It is here I have passed an entire year of my life, without any fixed abode in London, or more than casting a transitory glance—for a day or two at most in a month—on the pomps of the town. It is here I hope to receive you, sir, returned from eternising the Ireland of this age. For you my structures rise; for you my colonnades extend their wings; for you my groves aspire and roses bloom."

<sup>26</sup> Athenæum, July 8, 1854.

This letter is dated December 12, 1718, but the date must be erroneous. Mention is made in the letter of the death of Garth, and Pope assumes that Jervas must have heard many tales on the subject; but Garth did not die until a month after this time, January 18, 1718-9.

Twickenham, or "Twitenham," as he preferred to write it, was, in its general character and situation, precisely such a spot as Pope loved and desired. It was suburban and quiet, easy of access, and near to London, from which he never could be long absent. It was in a richly cultivated neighbourhood, presenting the finest parks and the greenest verdure, with shady walks on all sides, and his favourite river flowing past his house and garden, a "broad mirror," that imaged his sloping lawn, or green plat, with its one willow-tree planted by his own hand, his flowers and grotto.



POPE'S VILLA.

The house was but an ordinary habitation, and received little embellishment, though the poet delighted to spread architectural designs over backs of letters and stray scraps of rejected poetry and paper.<sup>27</sup> He eschewed the temptation

<sup>27</sup> The old prints represent the villa as having several mean, low houses

into which a greater genius fell, of building a romance in stone and lime. "A new building," he said, "is like a new church; when once it is set up you must maintain it in all the forms, and with all the inconveniences; then cease the pleasant luminous days of inspiration, and there is an end of miracles at once!" The limited extent of his grounds, and their level uniformity, equally protected him from Shenstone's error of wasting his fortune on hill and dale, lawn and thicket. He had no blue hills, or gleaming lakes, or tumbling waterfalls. His little domain was easily cultivated, yet it became, under his hands, like Shenstone's Leasowes, "the envy of the great, and the admiration of the skilful." The Twickenham mansion is described as consisting of a small "body," with a small hall, paved with stone, and two small parlours on each side; the upper story being disposed on the same plan. The wings at the sides, which figure in most of the engravings, and which contained handsome rooms, with bay-windows, were added after Pope's death, by his successor in the villa, Sir William Stanhope, brother of the Earl of Chesterfield.<sup>28</sup> It was in planting and laying out his grounds,

in its neighbourhood, close to the river; and an epigram on the poet's commentator, Warburton, says:

"Close to the grotto of the Twickenham bard—  
Too close—adjoins a tanner's yard.  
So verse and prose are to each other tied,  
So Warburton and Pope allied."

<sup>28</sup> Sir William likewise added four acres to the pleasure-grounds. Nine acres were then, according to Mr. Bowles (1806), kept "levelled with the scythe," and having "eternal serpentine walks, interspersed with, here and there, an urn and some fine cedars." From Sir William Stanhope the villa descended to his son-in-law, Wellesbore Ellis, Lord Mendip, who died in 1802. It was entailed by Sir William Stanhope on whoever should be Earl of Chesterfield. The earl who obtained it had little poetry or wanted money, and he sold it by auction. In 1807 it came by purchase into the possession of the Baroness Howe—a lady who married Mr. Phipps, the oculist, afterwards Sir Wathen Waller—and the Pope mansion was razed to the ground, Lady Howe constructing another house about a hundred yards from the site of Pope's residence. This Vandalism gave rise to some bitter epigrams which might have soothed the insulted shade of Pope. Mr. Rogers, the poet, we believe, had an intention of purchasing the villa, but was deterred by a report that, from its classic associations, it was sure to fetch a very large sum. In reality, the villa did not produce one-half of what was expected. Who but must regret that the poetical mansion, which, in the

and in the construction and decoration of his grotto and miniature embellishments, that the poet exercised his ingenuity, and carried out his principles of landscape gardening. This had long been a favourite study with him. In 1713 he wrote an essay on the subject for the *Guardian*, in which he happily ridiculed the modern practice of substituting fantastical operations of art for the simplicity and variety of nature. "A citizen," he said, "is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains the thought of erecting them into giants,

hands of Mr. Rogers, would have continued a temple of the Muses, and thrown open its door to every pilgrim of taste and refinement, was doomed to early and complete destruction? One instance of veneration for the poet's memory in connexion with this villa is mentioned by Mr. Bowles. Sir William Stanhope sent cuttings of his willow (which fell to the ground about 1801) into various parts of Europe, and in particular to the Empress of Russia, in 1789. The Twickenham willow was said to be the original of all the weeping willows in our gardens, having been brought from the Euphrates by Mr. Vernon, a Turkey merchant. In the *Hortus Kewensis*, however, the weeping willow is stated to have been cultivated at Hampton Court in 1692. (See Loudon's *Arboretum*.) Pope's grotto still exists, though divested of the glittering spars and mirrors with which he had decorated it. The spring for which the poet desired a guardian nymph in sculpture had for years disappeared, when about 1842 it was discovered and made to flow into a stone cistern. Two lofty cedars raise their proud tops in the Northern garden, doubtless remains of his wilderness. (*Gent. Mag.* 1842.) Mr. William Howitt also mentions the existence of many of these trees which Pope planted for posterity—Spanish chestnuts, elms, and cedars, which still ornament the grounds, though the walks and shrubberies have been broken up. Indeed, the alterations made by Sir William Stanhope, before the work of ruthless spoliation commenced, destroyed in a great measure the interest and *character* of Pope's villa. So early as 1760 we find Horace Walpole lamenting what he calls "the private woe" in his neighbourhood. "Sir William Stanhope," he says, "bought Pope's house and garden. The former was so small and bad, one could not avoid pardoning his hollowing out that fragment of the rock Parnassus into habitable chambers—but would you believe it, he has cut down the sacred groves themselves! In short, it was a little bit of ground of five acres, enclosed with three lanes; and seeing nothing. Pope had twisted and twirled, and rhymed and harmonised this, till it appeared two or three sweet little lawns opening and opening beyond one another, and the whole surrounded with thick, impenetrable woods. Sir William, by advice of his son-in-law, Mr. Ellis, has hacked and hewed these groves, wriggled a winding gravel walk through them with an edging of shrubs, in what they call the modern taste, and, in short, has desired the three lanes to walk in again—and now is forced to shut them out again by a wall, for there was not a Muse could walk there but she was spied by every country fellow that went by with a pipe in his mouth."—Walpole to Sir Horace Mann, June 29, 1760.



like those of Guildhall. I know an eminent cook who beautified his country-seat with a coronation dinner in greens, where you see the champion flourishing on horseback at one end of the table, and the queen in perpetual youth at the other." In the manner of Addison, he gave a humorous catalogue of these monstrosities—such as Adam and Eve in yew, Noah's Ark in holly, St. George in box, the Black Prince in cypress, &c. Even where such ridiculous violations of taste and propriety were not attempted, the stiff and formal style of the French, Dutch, and Italian gardeners was generally adopted; and Pope was among the first to perceive and point out its defects. The rules of ornamental gardening he has expressed in one of his terse couplets:

"He gains all ends, who pleasingly confounds,  
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds."

Clumps of trees he compared to groups in pictures. Distance was given by darkening them, and by narrowing the plantation towards the end, as is done in painting; and this study of picturesqueness gradually gained ground. Bridgman had commenced his improvements in Stowe Gardens, and Kent succeeded Bridgman, with his effects of perspective, light, and shade. "Groups of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champaign; and, where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it for a further advance of the spectator." This description, by Walpole, of the principles on which Kent worked—though he often failed in realising them—harmonised exactly with the views of Pope. The scene of the poet's operations was indeed small, not much larger than his favourite model, the garden of Alcinous, which comprised four acres; but Pope and Kent were at least a match for Homer in ornamental gardening, and the Twickenham five acres ultimately boasted, amidst their winding walks and recesses, a shell temple, a large mount (the work of Kent), a vineyard, two small mounts, a bowling-green, a wilderness, a grove, an orangery, a garden-house, and kitchen-garden. Amidst these the poet loved to plant and replant, pull down and build up, assisted some-

times by his distinguished visitors, including the gallant Peterborough.

“And he whose lightning pierced th’ Iberian lines,  
Now forms my quincunx and now ranks my vines ;  
Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,  
Almost as quickly as he conquer’d Spain.”

*Imit. of Hor. Sat. i.*

The grotto was in some measure a work of necessity. His grounds were divided by the public highway leading from Hampton Court to London ; and to obviate the necessity and unpleasantness of crossing the road to reach the larger portion of his ornamental grounds, the poet constructed what honest John Searle, his gardener, in his plan, calls “The Under-ground Passage,” but which his poetical master dignified with the name of “The Grotto.” The best description of this highly-prized work of art (on which Martha Blount says he expended above 1000*l.* ; while Searle, as reported by Curll, says the poet spent on his gardens and other improvements about 5000*l.*) is contained in one of Pope’s letters to Edward Blount. The daughters of his friend had been visiting in Twickenham, and were often in the poet’s garden, teaching him how he could best run up and down his mount and thread his walks :

“Twick’nam, June 2, 1725.

“Let the young ladies be assured I make nothing new in my gardens without wishing to see the print of their fairy steps in every part of them. I have put the last hand to my works of this kind, in happily finishing the subterraneous way and grotto. I there found a spring of the clearest water, which falls in a perpetual rill, that echoes thro’ the cavern day and night. From the river Thames, you see thro’ my arch up a walk of the wilderness, to a kind of open temple, wholly compos’d of shells in the rustic manner ; and from that distance under the temple you look down thro’ a sloping arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river passing suddenly and vanishing, as thro’ a perspective glass. When you shut the doors of this grotto, it becomes on the instant, from a luminous room, a camera obscura ; on the walls of which all objects of the river, hills, woods, and boats, are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations ; and when you have a mind to light it up, it affords you a very different scene. It is finished with shells interspersed with pieces of looking-glass in angular forms ; and in the ceiling is a star of the same material, at which, when a lamp (of an orbicular figure of thin alabaster) is hung

in the middle, a thousand pointed rays glitter, and are reflected over the place.

"There are connected to this grotto, by a narrower passage, two porches: one towards the river, of smooth stones full of light, and open; the other toward the garden, shadowed with trees, rough with shells, flints, and iron ore. The bottom is paved with simple pebble, as is also the adjoining walk up the wilderness to the temple, in the natural taste, agreeing not ill with the little dripping murmur, and the aquatic idea of the whole place. It wants nothing to complete it but a good statue, with an inscription, like that beautiful antique one which you know I am so fond of.

"Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis,  
Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ.  
Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum  
Rumpere; sive bibas, sive lavere, tace.

"Nymph of the grot, these sacred springs I keep,  
And to the murmur of these waters sleep;  
Ah, spare my slumbers, gently tread the cave!  
And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

"You'll think I have been very poetical in this description, but it is pretty near the truth. I wish you were here to bear testimony how little it owes to art, either the place itself, or the image I give of it.<sup>20</sup>

There appears an excess of decoration here—shells, spars, pieces of looking-glass, star ceiling, camera obscura, &c.—which must have made the grotto appear out of keeping with the chaster style of the garden and ornamental grounds. The general effect, however, may have been pleasing, and some degree of embellishment was necessary to relieve the gloom and blankness of a subterranean passage. The kindness of friends may also have added more than the poet desired, but could not well reject. One of his most liberal contributors was the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, of Raby Castle, who sent clumps of amethyst and pieces of spar. Dr. Borlase, the Cornish antiquary, contributed largely of his native diamonds, ores, and various-coloured mundic; Lyttelton procured red spar from lead mines; Spence gave pieces of lava brought from Mount Vesuvius, and a fragment of marble from the grotto of Egeria; Gilbert

<sup>20</sup> Letters of Mr. Alexander Pope, 1737.

West sent petrifications; and from various other parties were collected fossils from the petrifying spring at Knaresborough, verd antique from Egypt, marble from Plymouth, Kerry stones and Bristol stones, gold ore from the Peruvian mines, silver ore from Old Spain, Brazil pebbles, coral and petrified moss from the West Indies, humming-birds and their nests, crystals from the Hartz mines, &c. Among the latest contributions were incrustations from Mr. Allen, Bath, and a mass of curious stones to form an imitation of a ruin at the entrance to the grotto, and some stones from the Giant's Causeway (as yet Staffa and its basaltic columns were unexplored by the scientific), which were presented by Sir Hans Sloane. At the entrance to the grotto was inscribed on a stone the line from Horace:

*Secretum iter et fallentis semita vias.*

[Or down through life unknown to stray,  
Where lonely leads the silent way.—*Francis.*]

To the close of his life the poet continued to make additions to the grotto and grounds; and the following hitherto unpublished correspondence with Dr. Oliver, Bath, is in the possession of the publisher, Mr. Henry G. Bohn:

“ Oct. 8th, 1740.

“ SIR,—I am ashamed not to have written to you so long, ashamed not to have written to your friends, Mr. Borlase and Mr. Cooper, more than once, to each, when their favours to me have been repeated in the most valuable and most durable presents of gems and marble. But I have been studying by what means to give them some tokens of my reconnaissance; and you, Sir, in helping me to do this, will oblige me yet more, than in your assistance to procure the materials themselves of all my present pride and my pleasure. The work is executed in a manner that I think would please them; and I only wish I may ever have an opportunity of asking their approbation upon a sight of it. Something I would send them, if you could tell me what; something that might please them but the twentieth part as much as they have pleased me. In the mean time, pray write and tell them that I am placing two marble inscriptions, one over the grotto, which is spar and mineral, and one over the porch, which is marble, giving their names to each of those parts to which they have respectively been contributors. And I design you a *Bath* (which is the honour of

a physician) to go by yours with a perennial *Spring*, by Mr. Allen's. I have entirely finished all except the outward façade, which my Lord Burlington opiniates should be of the same materials—Plymouth marbles and spars. But here my stores fail: I have not a stone, nor a diamond or mineral left. I expect a few from Wales, but not this autumn, and perhaps by next year I may be under the earth, but not in my grotto; and I protest I am so fond of it, that I should be more sorry to leave it unfinished, than any other work I at present can think of.

"I hope, in a month's time, or not much longer, to have the pleasure of seeing you at Bath, and of renewing my obligations to you. Believe me, sir,

"Your most affectionate, humble servant,

"A. POPE."

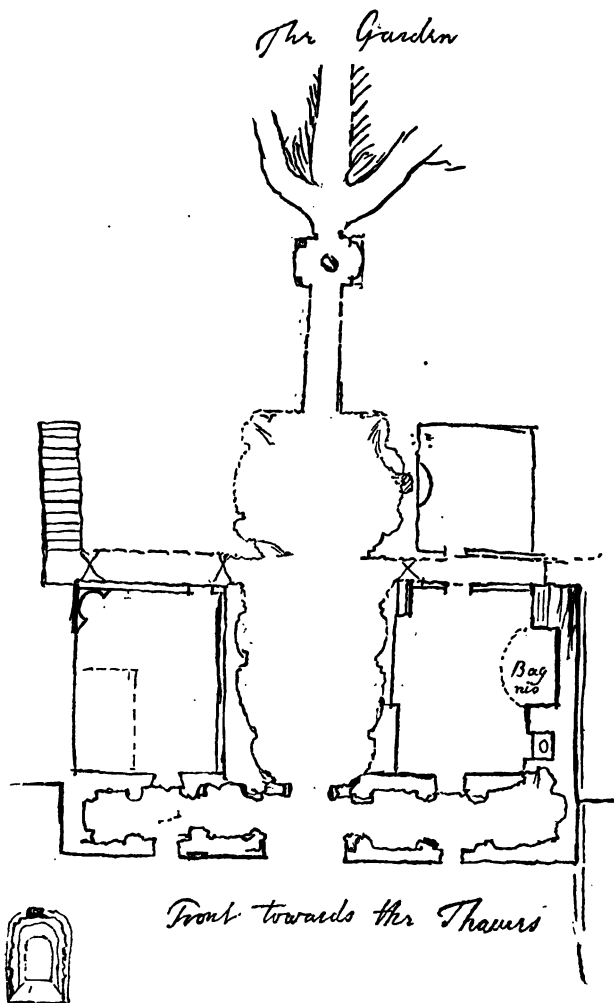
Addressed "To Dr. Oliver, at his house, Bath."

On the blank page inside of Pope's letter is the following reply by Dr. Oliver—obviously a first draft, which accounts for its not being signed:

"Bath, Oct. 15th, 1740.

"SIR,—I heartily congratulate you on your having brought your work so near to perfection, in which you seem to take so much delight; but you must pardon me if I can't believe that any adamant will be as lasting as your productions upon paper. You do us too much honour by giving our names a place in your grotto, though we all have such strong longings after immortality that we cannot but be proud of what we are conscious we do not deserve. I think I have heard Mr. Allen hint that you designed to favour the public with a description of your mine; you can't but believe me impatient to see it, and though I don't doubt but that every diamond has acquired new lustre from its artful disposition, yet it will shine much brighter in your lines than it can do in your grotto. I must beg of you to let me know particularly what quantity of marble spar or diamonds you want for the finishing the façade, and I will immediately desire my friends to supply you with all expedition. They will gladly contribute all in their power to oblige him by whom they will think themselves and me so much obliged. But if you are disposed still to add to the favours already imposed, and will make me the judge of what will please them, I must be influenced by the pleasure I myself felt upon receiving your works, of which I know their opinion to be. Sir, you make this month tedious by promising to see me in the next. I hope to meet you in a state of health likely to last you many years above ground; but whenever the world is robbed of you, where can you be better deposited than in your own grotto? for I know you have no ambition to be laid near kings, and lie where you will, your own works must be your everlasting monument."

Mr. Bohn also possesses a fragment of a letter by Pope respecting the grotto, accompanied by the following pen-and-ink sketch by the poet:



..... "In the mean time, I'll take your advice, and go on with my plaything, the grotto. But I am at a full stop. The gold-cliff rock Mr. Omer has taken so much pains about, although he writ me word three weeks ago it was promised, has never arrived, and I've inquired at both carriers very often in vain. Which way it was sent, from Wales, or Bristol, or Bath, I know not, and desire to have timely notice when anything comes. I need no more of your stone, and I rejoice extremely that Mrs. Allen has begun to imitate the great works of nature, rather than those baubles most ladies affect. I hope you have not impoverished your rock to beautify mine. I long for Dr. Oliver's supply. He and his friend, Mr. Borlase, ought to have their statues erected in my cave, but I would much rather see their persons there; and I should be prouder of their approbation, if they think I have imitated nature well, than they would be of statues, though art had counterfeited them ever so well. I would go to Cornwall on purpose to thank them, if I were able."

On the whole, the Twickenham grotto and garden formed a Great Exhibition for the poet and his friends, and every ornament was a memento of kindness and regard. It would have been hard to refuse such contributions, even when their introduction militated against exact propriety of taste or preconceived plans.

Pope had afterwards an opportunity of carrying out some of his ideas on picturesque gardening on a large scale at Lord Bathurst's seat, near Cirencester; the "great wood," or "enchanted forest" of which was one of his favourite haunts. The Prince of Wales's garden, at Kew, was also partly designed by him; and in one of his letters to Bathurst, he gives an amusing account of a consultation held on the subject:

"Several critics," he says, "were of several opinions. One declared he would not have too much art in it; 'for my notion,' said he, 'of gardening is, that it is only sweeping nature.' Another told them that gravel-walks were not of a good taste, for all the finest abroad were of a loose sand. A third advised peremptorily there should not be one lime-tree in the whole plantation. A fourth made the same exclusive clause, extended to horse-chesnuts, which he affirmed not to be trees but weeds. Dutch elms were condemned by a fifth; and thus about half the trees were prescribed contrary to the Paradise

of God's own planting, which is expressly said to be planted with *all trees*. There were some who could not bear evergreens, and called them never-greens; some who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern gardeners the name of evergreen tailors; some who had no dislike to cones and cubes, but would have them cut in forest-trees; and some who were in a passion against anything in shape, even against clipt edges, which they called green walls. These (my lord) are our men of taste, who pretend to prove it by tasting little or nothing. Sure such a taste is like such a stomach—not a good one, but a weak one. We have the same sort of critics in poetry; one is fond of nothing but heroics, another cannot relish tragedies, another hates pastorals, all little wits delight in epigrams. Will you give me leave to add, there are the same in divinity; where many leading critics are for rooting up more than they plant, and would leave the Lord's vineyard either very thinly furnished, or very oddly trimmed."

The most poetical of all Pope's editors, Mr. Bowles, was also, in taste and feeling, a landscape gardener; and he characterises these observations as very just, allowing for Pope's *colouring*. "The objection to limes and horse-chesnuts," he says, "is the very short duration of their beauty; they are the first trees that fade, and none are more mournful in their discolouration and decay of leaves." The same remark applies to the ash. In some seasons, when the autumn frosts are late, and the leaves are allowed to fade, there is scarcely any colouring in nature to be compared with the delicacy, the tenderness, the *pathos*, one might almost say, and the inimitable blending of the shades of green and yellow, that are seen for a few days in the fading ash. But this effect is, perhaps, more peculiarly confined to the mountain landscape, and is not seen in the rich groves of Twickenham and the Thames.



## CHAPTER V.

[1719—1722.]

CORRESPONDENCE WITH LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. COMPLETION OF  
THE TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD, AND GAY'S CONGRATULATORY POEM.  
BANISHMENT OF ATTERBURY.

FOR some years the translation of the *Iliad* formed the chief occupation of Pope. A volume appeared annually from 1715 to 1718. But during this time he visited and corresponded largely, and was busy with his garden and grotto.

One of the poet's neighbours at Twickenham was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. They had, as we have seen, met some years before, and Pope's acquaintance with this accomplished and fascinating woman soon assumed the form and pressure of a real, though transient, passion. It was consistent with the extravagant exotic gallantry of that period that married ladies submitted to be addressed by the wits and men of fashion in the language of love and admiration. Pope, though little blessed with the figure, had the set phrase of a worshipper of this kind, and Lady Mary was his darling theme and object. She was two years younger than her poetical admirer. She had, according to one account, received a classical education with her brother, and been taught Latin and Greek by his tutor; but she told Spence that she had picked up a knowledge of Latin herself, assisted, probably, by hints of instruction from Bishop Burnet, who superintended her studies, and under whose eye she had

translated a Latin version of Epictetus. The ponderous romances of Clelia, Cassandra, Astrea, &c., were more eagerly devoured, and her youthful beauty accustomed her to admiration. When only eight years old her father had sent for her to the Kit-cat Club; she was nominated as a toast, her health drunk, and her name engraved in due form on a drinking glass; and she was passed "from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty extolled on every side."<sup>1</sup> Lady Mary wrote verses; her Town Eclogues possess considerable smartness, and some of her smaller pieces make a nearer approach to poetry. For town ballads and *vers de société* she was unrivalled; and as she knew all the scandal passing in high life, she was never at a loss for a subject. To this facility with the pen she added a more dangerous fluency of speech. She was lively, witty, and pointed in conversation—too clever and sarcastic to be always prudent—too fond of admiration to be always guarded—yet so superior in intellectual and personal attractions to all around her, that her first appearance at Court is marked as one of the wonders of the day. She had come to St. James's on the accession of George I., her husband, Edward Wortley, the friend of Addison and Steele, having obtained, through the influence of his cousin, Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax, an appointment as one of the Commissioners of the Treasury. In June, 1716, Mr. Wortley resigned this office, in order to proceed as ambassador to the Porte. Lady Mary was to accompany him, and by accident Pope was the last person she happened to see before quitting England. To this interview he alludes in his first letter to her, written in August, 1716:

"In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you will never feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made. I

<sup>1</sup> Introductory Anecdotes (by Lady Louisa Stuart) to Lord Wharncliffe's edition of Letters and Works of Lady M. W. Montagu.

never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments; and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man that would have parted with you should be the last that did."

Lady Mary met this half-disguised declaration in a sensible, prosaic spirit:

"Perhaps you'll laugh at me," she replies, "for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest as I am at present; and that distance, which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith in it."

And the lady then goes on to describe some performances she had witnessed at the Opera, at Vienna. Pope continued the correspondence with increasing warmth, considering Lady Mary as "a glorious, though remote being," to whom he must send addresses and prayers. Those addresses are all conceived in a spirit of romantic gallantry, but abound in pruriencies both of thought and expression. In 1717, when the collected edition of his works was published, and the third volume of the *Iliad* was issued, he sent them to Lady Mary to Constantinople. "There are few things in them," he observes, "but what you have already seen, *except the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, in which you will find one passage that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand or not.*" The passage alluded to was, no doubt, the concluding lines:

"And sure if Fate some future bard should join  
In sad similitude of grief to mine,  
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,  
And image charms he must behold no more;  
Such if there be who loves so long, so well,  
Let him our sad, our tender story tell;  
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost;  
He best can paint them who shall feel them most."

He had pointed out the same lines to Martha Blount before the publication of the volume: "The Epistle of Eloise," he said, "grows warm, and begins to have some breathings of the heart in it, which may make posterity think I was in love. I can scarce find in my heart to leave out the conclusion I once intended for it." Perhaps the conclusion was then different from the form in which it now appears. In its present shape it could not apply to Martha Blount, whose absence for years the poet was never condemned to deplore, though some of his friends would have considered such an event no very unwelcome privation. Lady Mary received the poetical honour as she received the prose compliments, with vague and general acknowledgments, and with a recital of the objects that engaged her diligent curiosity abroad. Her letters are natural and unaffected, and it must be admitted contrast favourably with those of the poet. At length Mr. Wortley was recalled from his foreign embassy, and commenced his journey from Constantinople in June, 1718. Pope was transported with the prospect of Lady Mary's return, and seems even to have contemplated a journey to Italy to meet her. His dread of the sea was forgotten; and Teresa and Martha Blount were also forgotten. To Lady Mary he writes:

"I have been mad enough to make all the inquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you'll see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know in the scene of ancient virtue and glory; I would fain see how you look on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither."

A few months afterwards he wrote again, expressing a

wish to meet Lady Mary in Italy, but she did not receive the communication till she had reached Dover, November 1, 1718, on her return to England. Pope was then at Stanton Harcourt, working diligently at his translation of Homer; but of course he addressed a letter of congratulation to Lady Mary, welcoming her to her native shores. Her near approach seems to have somewhat sobered the enthusiastic poet. His letter on this occasion is much less ardent than the preceding epistles, and is chiefly filled with a description of the old gothic house in which he resided. Another copy of this letter, with a different introduction, and some alterations, was printed by Pope as addressed to Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He had written it with great care, and studied picturesque effect, and the piece altogether is a fine specimen of local painting. The old steward is an excellent portrait.

“DEAR MADAM,—It is not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you—that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival, which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas’s. I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay, everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it. I shall, therefore, describe it to you at large as the picture of a genuine ancient country seat.

“You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion. The whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that in a poetical fit you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion’s time, when twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall;—alas! nothing less;—you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the

pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

"The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the Civil Wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations, seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this simple piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet must one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone! In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew hither, and mistook it for a barn.

"This hall lets you up and down, over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal figures do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look so dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

"Next this parlour lies, as I said before, the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry that leads on one hand and the other, into a bedchamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and, by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are on this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a

chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

"Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a bandbox; it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels; indeed, the roof is so decayed that, after a favourable shower of rain, we may, with God's blessing, expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors. All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another; they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

"I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old, starched, grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family, but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar. He showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of *tent*<sup>2</sup> for toasts in the morning; he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then, stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture. 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of; he had two sons—poor young masters!—that never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle, without taking it up to show us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark, winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which the room has been made up, and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here; some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the keyhole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

"I must needs have tired you with this long letter: but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps

<sup>2</sup> *Tent* is the name of a kind of wine of a deep red colour, chiefly from Galicia or Malaga, in Spain.

some part of it before this reaches your hands. Indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend, that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one who sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably am, madam, yours," &c.<sup>3</sup>



CHAPEL, STANTON HARCOURT.

This description of Stanton Harcourt is almost wholly fanciful. The old tower was erected about the time of Edward IV., and is fifty-four feet high. Below it is the chapel. Pope occupied the uppermost room; and as Dryden recorded

<sup>3</sup> Roscoe, ix. 105. A view of the Tower is given in the title-page to this volume.



where parts of his *Æneid* were translated, and wrote the first lines of his translation on a window at his kinsman's house at Chesterton, Huntingdonshire, so Pope inscribed on a pane of red stained glass, in his lofty chamber at Stanton Harcourt, a notification that "IN THE YEAR 1718 ALEXANDER POPE FINISHED HERE THE FIFTH VOLUME OF HOMER." The glass has since been taken out of the casement, and is preserved at Nuneham Courtney, the seat of the noble family of Harcourt. Pope passed several months in this retreat, occupying his chambers in the old tower, and he was occasionally visited by Gay, from the neighbouring seat of Lord Harcourt at Cokethorpe.

An incident of a touching and romantic character is related in one of these communications; and the contrast between the letters of Pope and those of Lady Mary cannot be better illustrated than by the story of the rustic lovers killed by lightning. The poet sent an account of the affecting occurrence from Stanton Harcourt:

"I have a mind (he says) to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sank on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or

three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay; they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

“When Eastern lovers feed the fun’ral fire,  
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;  
Here pitying Heav’n that virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere th’ Almighty saw well pleas’d,  
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz’d.

## I.

“Think not, by rig’rous judgment seiz’d,  
A pair so faithful could expire;  
Victims so pure Heav’n saw well pleas’d,  
And snatch’d them in celestial fire.

## II.

“Live well, and fear no sudden fate:  
When God calls virtue to the grave,  
Alike ’tis justice, soon or late,  
Mercy alike to kill or save.  
Virtue unmov’d can hear the call,  
And face the flash that melts the ball.

“Upon the whole, I can’t think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they lived. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the most metals, dissolve the easiest.”

This letter was originally sent to Martha Blount, who pro-

bably echoed the poet's tenderness and praised his sentimentalism.<sup>4</sup> Lady Mary replied in a characteristic style :

"I must applaud your good nature, in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine, that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous ; and I cannot help thinking that, had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm was a natural action, and what he would certainly have done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion that their sudden death was the reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours :

"Here lies John Hughes and Sarah Drew ;  
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you ?  
Believe me, friend, much may be said  
On this poor couple that are dead.  
On Sunday next they should have married :  
But see how oddly things are carried !  
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd ;  
These tender lovers, sadly frightened,  
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,  
In hopes to pass the time away ;  
But the bold thunder found them out  
(Commission'd for that end no doubt) ;  
And, seizing on their trembling breath,  
Consign'd them to the shades of death.

<sup>4</sup> The letter to Miss Blount, describing the fatal accident, is dated Aug. 6, and in it Pope says he met the funeral of the unfortunate couple the evening he arrived at Stanton Harcourt. The letter to Lady Mary is not dated till Sept. 1, and in this he describes the accident as having happened "just under his eyes." But further, the poet, when publishing his letters in 1737, inserts this same description under date of Aug. 9, and heads it, "*From Mr. Gay to Mr. F——*" He had then quarrelled with Lady Mary ; he would not acknowledge her as a correspondent, nor even leave the letter, as in other instances, without a name ; but he dexterously insinuated an insult, by wishing her to believe that he had sent her as original the copy of a letter written by Gay to Fortescue. The same motive, we suspect, led him to prefix the Duke of Buckingham's name to the letter describing the gothic mansion.

Who knows if 'twas not kindly done ?  
For had they seen the next year's sun,  
A beaten wife and cuckold swain  
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain :  
Now they are happy in their doom,  
For Pope has writ upon their tomb.

"I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours ; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the last two lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them ; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe."

This lively but matter-of-fact treatment of a pathetic incident, which Pope had worked up so highly, must have been felt as a mortification. It is an index to the radical difference that subsisted between them in mind and temperament, and which was sure, sooner or later, to lead to a breach. The lady was too witty and caustic for her sensitive and indulged admirer.

Lady Mary and Mr. Wortley—the latter a decent, formal appendage—having arrived in England, took up their abode in London. A summer residence was wanted for the following year, and Pope negotiated with Sir Godfrey Kneller for a house at Twickenham. In due time the poet had the felicity of seeing Lady Mary in his neighbourhood. A few short notes afford glimpses of their continued intercourse. "It is not in my power, dear madam, to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me." To obtain a portrait of Lady Mary was the next ambition of Pope, and she consented to sit to Kneller. The painting called forth some extemporaneous lines, in which the personal charms and "the equal lustre of the heavenly mind" of Lady Mary are commemorated. Other verses followed, but the lady seems at length to have withdrawn in some degree from the society of the poet. This appears from a letter addressed to the Countess of Mar, then in Paris. The letter is without date, but it refers to the recent death of a "great Minister," and both Lord Stanhope and Craggs died in February 1720-1. To this date, or shortly

afterwards, we must assign Lady Mary's interesting communication. "I see sometimes Mr. Congreve," she says, "and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here; and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet :

" ' Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—  
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow ;  
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes  
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens :  
Joy lives not here ; to happier seats it flies,  
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

" ' What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,  
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,  
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,  
To sigh unheard in to the passing winds ?  
So the struck deer in some sequester'd part  
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart ;  
There stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,  
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.' "

The lines are among the most beautiful and passionate ever written by Pope. Petrarch never honoured Laura with more melodious or graceful verse. The attachment, however, was wholly on the side of the poet; and the coolness indicated by Lady Mary in the above extract gradually led to estrangement. The latest of the printed letters addressed to her is dated Sept. 15, 1721. Pope was then at Cirencester, on a visit to Lord Bathurst, and Lady Mary wrote to him respecting a harpsichord which he appears to have borrowed or hired himself, and which he promised to lend, but found he could not, for the accommodation of Lady Mary's musical evening parties at Twickenham. She had complimented him by praising his trees and garden, and his "great walk," which was so fine that she could not stir from it. And this was the last epistolary communication; the spell closes, and Lady Mary only reappears as the object of his vindictive and malignant hatred. The coarsest lines he ever wrote, and the

most bitter of his personal attacks, were directed against the lady on whom he had lavished every epithet of admiration and praise.

Lady Mary gave various explanations or statements as to the quarrel that ensued. She told Spence, at Rome, "I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he had left off visiting me? He answered, negligently, that he went as often as he used to do. I then got Dr. Arbuthnot to ask him what Lady M. had done to him? He said that Lady M. and Lord Hervey had pressed him once together (and I don't remember that we were ever together with him in our lives) to write a satire on some certain persons; that he refused it; and that this had occasioned the breach between us." Lady Mary told Lady Pomfret (from whom Spence appears to have derived the statement) that "when she became much acquainted with the Duke of Wharton, Pope grew jealous, and that occasioned a breach between them." A third cause is described by Lady Louisa Stuart, in her *Introductory Anecdotes*. Lady Mary's statement was this: "That at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, produced an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy."<sup>5</sup> In one so sensitive and vain, the cause was adequate to the effect. A consciousness of his deformity would rush into his mind, as Mary Chaworth's expression of indifference for the "lame boy," overheard by Byron, shot through the noble poet's heart, and made him instantly, though late at night, dart out of the house.

Pope never made any other declaration respecting the rupture, than that he had voluntarily, without any misunderstanding, withdrawn from the society of Lady Mary and that of her friend Lord Hervey, because they had too much wit for him, and could do with their wit many things that he could not do with his.<sup>6</sup> Between 1722, when the lady's influence was on the decline, and 1728, when Pope first satirised Lady Mary, we are left in ignorance of the cir-

<sup>5</sup> Lady M. W. Montagu's *Letters and Works*, by Lord Wharnccliffe.

<sup>6</sup> Letter to a Noble Lord, Nov. 30, 1733.

cumstances, if any existed, which had turned his love or admiration into hatred and contempt. In the first edition of the *Dunciad* were two lines, undoubtedly pointed at his fair neighbour, which long remained a mystery :

“ Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris,  
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries.”<sup>7</sup>

The allusion was, after the lapse of more than a century, explained by the publication, in 1837, by Lord Wharncliffe, of a series of letters addressed by Lady Mary to her sister, the Countess of Mar, in Paris, detailing a transaction with M. Ruremonde, a Frenchman.<sup>8</sup> This adventurer was one of Lady Mary's admirers. He had taken all sorts of methods, for nearly a year, to persuade her of his extraordinary attachment, and at length he came from Paris to pay her a visit. Lady Mary advised him to sell out of the South Sea fund, in which he held some shares ; and he followed her advice, putting into her hands for investment the money she had won for him. By his urgent entreaties, as she said, she laid out the money in stock ; he took his leave, and the stock fell more than a half. Letters passed between them, and at length the Frenchman wrote that he had discovered all the lady's tricks ; that he was convinced she had his money untouched ; and, unless he received it, he would print her letters to him. He demanded 2000*l.*, which, according to Lady Mary, would have been several hundreds out of her pocket. She called upon him to appoint persons to examine her, before whom she was ready to submit her accounts, and to be questioned. He still blustered and accused, wrote to Lady Mary's husband (but she fortunately intercepted the letter), and threatened to print the correspondence. The affair seems to have occasioned her the most poignant distress. She im-

<sup>7</sup> *Dunciad*, book ii. v. 135. “ This passage was thought to allude to a famous lady, who cheated a French wit of 5000*l.* in the South Sea year. But the author meant it in general of all bragging travellers, and of all w—— and cheats under the name of ladies.”—*Note to Dunciad*, Works, vol. ii., published in 1785.

<sup>8</sup> Horace Walpole had seen these letters at Woburn, and founded on them a charge of criminality against Lady Mary. He says the letters about Ruremonde were ten in number, which Lord Wharncliffe conceived to be a mistake, as he found only nine. In fact, the tenth had previously been printed, and is in Lord Wharncliffe's own edition, vol. ii. p. 188.

plores her sister to intercede on her behalf, for the sake of her children, as the matter was too serious to be delayed, and humanity and Christianity were interested in her preservation! M. Ruremonde, however, was inexorable. He still demanded the whole sum, which Lady Mary said she could no more send than she could send a million. She then tried to work upon his fears. "I desire you would assure him that my first step will be to acquaint my Lord Stair with all his obligations to him, as soon as I hear he is in London; and if he dares to give me any further trouble, I shall take care to have him rewarded in a stronger manner than he expects. There is nothing more true than this; and I solemnly swear, that if all the credit or money that I have in the world can do it, either for friendship or hire, I shall not fail to have him used as he deserves; and, since I know his journey can only be intended to expose me, I shall not value what noise is made." The affair was probably adjusted amicably, as no notice of it appears in the papers of the day; but Pope had received intelligence of it through some channel. The high imprudence of the lady is obvious.

The poet returned to the charge in his Epistle to Arbuthnot. The line,

"Who starves a sister or denies a debt,"

was understood to apply to Lady Mary; but was generally considered inexplicable, or a mere calumny. The case of M. Ruremonde was known only to a few; none of Lady Mary's descendants had heard of her starving her sister, and the letters between the sisters breathe only the tenderest affection. "Lady Mar," says Bowles, "could not have been in any great degree of penury, for when Lord Mar was banished (in consequence of the rebellion of 1715), his Scotch estate, which had been settled on his wife, was freely given her by George I., for the maintenance of herself and daughter." A few years since, however, the matter was explained by the publication of some letters of Lord Grange, younger brother of the Earl of Mar, who has obtained an infamous celebrity for his treatment of his wife, banished by him to the remote island of St. Kilda.<sup>9</sup> Grange was a busy, plotting

\* These letters from Grange to his brother, Thomas Erskine, were published in Aberdeen, in 1846, in the Miscellany of the Spalding Club.



politician, and, in 1734, he resigned his seat on the Scottish Bench that he might join the political party arrayed against Walpole. He became Secretary to the Prince of Wales, and in this situation may have met with Pope. In the printed correspondence of Lady Mary there is a blank in the letters addressed to the Countess of Mar, of no less than twelve years, from 1727 to 1739. Part of this time the Countess would seem to have suffered from mental aberration. Grange writes to his brother, Thomas Erskine, 22nd March, 1730-1, "Lady M—r, they say, is quite well, and so as in common justice she can no more be detained as a lunatic; but she is obstinately averse from appearing in Chancery, that the sentence may be taken off. Her sister probably will oppose her liberty, because thereby she would lose and Lord M. in effect gain 500*l.* yearly; and the poor lady being in her custody, and under her management, had need to be very firmly recovered, for the guardian may at present so vex, tease, and plague her, that it would turn anybody mad." Grange had a pecuniary interest in procuring the liberation of the Countess, who, with 2000*l.* yearly out of the estate, was, he said, in the hands of his foes; and there was no remedy but to get a pardon for Lord Mar, who could then legally claim his own wife, and her estate. He succeeded in getting the deranged lady into his hands; but on the road to Scotland she was seized by the Lord Chief Justice's warrant, procured on the affidavit of Lady Mary, that her sister was insane. After many "wimples and turns," as Grange expresses it, a settlement was made with Lady Mary, and some grants obtained for Lord Mar's family. Walpole fixed the sum to be given to her ladyship, for the custody of her sister, at 500*l.* yearly, "*though he swore,*" adds Grange, "*that he did not believe she would lay out 200*l.* on Lady Mar.*" These details explain, if they do not fully justify, the poet's satire. There were harsh, unfeminine traits in the character of Lady Mary; but her beauty and vivacity, and the charm of her published correspondence, must ever invest her name with interest. Her pictures of Eastern scenery and manners, her wit and penetration, outweigh her avarice and scandal.

Before their intercourse was broken up, both Pope and Lady Mary had shared in another delusion which was still more abruptly terminated. The famous South Sea scheme

dazzled them with visions of wealth, and the poet, from his intimacy with Craggs, was apprised of every favourable turn for investment. In August, 1720, we find him despatching a messenger with all speed to Lady Mary with intelligence that it was then a certain gain to purchase stock, as it would rise in a few weeks. Martha Blount he also induced to venture within the charmed circle. "I have borrowed money upon ours and Mr. Eckershall's orders," he writes to her, "and bought 500*l.* stock, S. Sea at 180. It has since risen to 184. I wish us all good luck in it!"<sup>10</sup> How much more the poet invested is not known. He mentioned to Martha Blount that he had kept 1500*l.* lying by him (fortunate poet!) to buy at a favourable juncture; but he seems to have been unwilling to acknowledge that he either lost or gained by the gambling mania. Gay and his other friends believed he was a sufferer. To Atterbury the poet wrote that he had the good fortune to remain with half of what he imagined he had, and he was convinced of the truth of old Hesiod's maxim, that the half was more than the whole. But whether this half represented his anticipated gains from the unprecedented rise in the stock of the company, or the half of the money originally paid for it, he has not explained. He was prudent enough, we suspect, to sell out in time, and thus would retire

<sup>10</sup> In Mr. Rogers's collection was one of these anxious business notes relating to lottery speculations:

"DEAR SIR,—I give you this second trouble (though I am ashamed of the first) to desire, if you have not actually disposed of your lottery orders, to let me have them sent before eleven or twelve to-morrow morning to Mr. Jervas's (yours and all if you please); for I believe I can sell 'em, or do what is equivalent. I'll add no more, but that my mother and I join in our good wishes for Mrs. Eckershall's and your welfare. I am always, dear sir, your most obliged and most faithful servant, "A. POPE.

"Twittenham, March 2, Wednesday morning."

Addressed, "To James Eckershall, Esq., with speed."

Teresa Blount and her friend Mrs. Nelson also dabbled in these schemes. "Next week," writes Mrs. Nelson, "I shall begin my venture for the 1000*l.* I will take more care of your interest than my own." Again: "On Monday I shall buy thirty tickets in the Dutch lottery, which I am so much a Whig as to prefer far before ours. There are ten 1000*l.* prizes; the tickets are but 40*s.* a-piece, and the payment will be a fortnight after 'tis drawn."—*Mapledurham MSS.*

a gainer by his speculations. The praise of equanimity he always affected.

"In South Sea days not happier, when surmised  
The lord of thousands, than if now excised."

Poor Gay—"soon raised and soon depressed"—was sunk almost to death by his losses in this disastrous year, and Lady Mary did not escape from it without being involved, as we have seen, in a labyrinth of difficulty and distress.

The *Iliad* was completed in 1720, the fifth and sixth volumes being published in that year. Pope gracefully closed his long and toilsome labours with a dedication to Congreve, thus reversing the usual order of arrangement, that he might, as he said, leave behind him a memorial of his friendship with one of the most valuable of men, as well as finest writers of his age and country. This dedication to one who was no patron was considered extraordinary; but as both the great political parties had patronised the translation, he could not without offence have inscribed it either to a Tory or a Whig chief. The progress of the work had produced abundance of comment. Madame Dacier questioned some of the English translator's criticism on Homer, and complained that he had appropriated some of her notes without adequate acknowledgment. Pope replied in a postscript to the *Odyssey*, but the learned lady did not live to read his courteous answer. The greatest scholar of that age, Bentley, made no public criticism; but he is said in conversation to have remarked that the work was a very pretty poem, but it was not Homer.<sup>11</sup> Dennis, of course, assailed the translation; and the literal and prosaic character of some of his comments has a ludicrous effect. On Pope's lines,

"The sceptred rulers lead—the following host,  
Pour'd forth in millions, darken all the coast,"

Dennis remarks: "Never human army consisted of *millions*; no place upon earth can contain such numbers congregated,

<sup>11</sup> "I have been told that the great critic (Bentley), who did not read the sermon till he heard something about his son and you, said after, 'Tis an impudent dog. But I talked against his Homer, and the portentous cub never forgives.'"—*Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by Sober Advice from Horace*, 1735.

at what at the same time will starve them." Pope saw the propriety of this objection, and reduced *millions* to *thousands*.

"As from some rocky cliff the shepherd sees,  
Clustering in heaps on heaps the driving bees."

Dennis: "While the bees *drive* they cannot *cluster*."

"Dusky they spread a close embodied crowd."

Dennis: "While the bees are a close embodied crowd, how can they *spread*?"

"That wrath which hurl'd to Pluto's gloomy reign  
The souls of mighty chiefs untimely slain."

Dennis: "Now, I appeal to any impartial person if *hurling souls* to the gloomy *reign* of Pluto be not abominable fustian. *Hurling* of souls is downright ridiculous and burlesque, and *reign* cannot signify *place*."

Dennis concludes by asserting, what Cowper was not unwilling to repeat in different words, that "the trumpet of Homer, with its loud and various notes, dwindled in Pope's ears to a Jew's trump." As to the other critics of Pope's translation, Johnson happily remarks, "Their writings are lost, and the names which are preserved are preserved in the Dunciad." That immortality which the poet conceived poetry alone could confer he has bestowed equally on friends and enemies.

Amidst the congratulations called forth by Pope's emancipation from his laborious yet splendid task, his friend Gay greeted him with a "Welcome from Greece," so pleasing and picturesque in its subject and treatment, and so interesting from its characteristic description of Pope's galaxy of friends and admirers, that it may be considered as forming a valuable part of his biography. The original draft in Gay's handwriting, but imperfect, is in the British Museum, and there bears the title we have affixed to it.<sup>12</sup>

<sup>12</sup> It is singular that we find no mention of Gay's poem in the printed correspondence, nor does it seem to have been published in the lifetime of either of the poets. We have not been able to trace its publication farther back than to the "Additions to the Works of Pope," printed in 1776, of which George Steevens is said to have been the editor. Of the genuineness of the poem there can be no doubt.

## ALEXANDER POPE HIS SAFE RETURN FROM TROY.

*A Congratulatory Poem on his Completing his Translation of Homer's Iliad.*

IN THE MANNER OF THE BEGINNING OF THE LAST CANTO OF ARIOSTO.

## I.

LONG hast thou, friend! been absent from thy soil,  
 Like patient Ithacus at siege of Troy;  
 I have been witness of thy six years' toil,  
 Thy daily labours, and thy nights' annoy.  
 Lost to thy native land, with great turmoil,  
 On the wide sea, oft threat'ning to destroy.  
 Methinks with thee I've trod Sigæan ground,  
 And heard the shores of Hellespont resound.

## II.

Did I not see thee when thou first sett'st sail  
 To seek adventures fair in Homer's land?  
 Did I not see thy sinking spirits fail,  
 And wish thy bark had never left the strand?  
 Ev'n in mid ocean often didst thou quail,  
 And oft lift up thy holy eye and hand,  
 Praying the Virgin dear, and saintly choir,  
 Back to the port to bring thy bark entire.

## III.

Cheer up, my friend! thy dangers now are o'er;  
 Methinks—nay, sure the rising coasts appear;  
 Hark how the guns salute from either shore,  
 As thy trim vessel cuts the Thames so fair:  
 Shouts answer'ing shouts, from Kent and Essex roar,  
 And bells break loud through every gust of air:  
 Bonfires do blaze, and bones and cleavers ring,  
 As at the coming of some mighty king.

## IV.

Now pass we Gravesend with a friendly wind,  
 And Tilbury's white fort, and long Blackwall;  
 Greenwich, where dwells the friend of human kind,  
 More visited than either park or hall,  
 Withers the good,<sup>1</sup> and (with him ever join'd)  
 Facetious Disney,<sup>2</sup> greet thee first of all:  
 I see his chimney smoke, and hear him say,  
 "Duke! that's the room for Pope, and that for Gay!"

## V.

Come in, my friends, here shall ye dine and lie,  
 And here shall breakfast, and here dine again;  
 And sup, and breakfast on (if ye comply),  
 For I have still some dozens of champagne."

His voice still lessens as the ship sails by ;  
 He waves his hand to bring us back in vain ;  
 For now I see, I see proud London's spires ;  
 Greenwich is lost, and Deptford dock retires.

## VI.

Oh, what a concourse swarms on yonder quay !  
 The sky re-echoes with new shouts of joy :  
 By all this show, I ween, 'tis Lord Mayor's day ;  
 I hear the voice of trumpet and hautboy.—  
 No, now I see them near ! Oh, these are they  
 Who come in crowds to welcome thee from Troy.  
 Hail to the bard whom long as lost we mourn'd,  
 From siege, from battle, and from storm return'd !

## VII.

Of goodly dames, and courteous knights, I view  
 The silken petticoat, and broider'd vest ;  
 Yea, peers, and mighty dukes, with ribands blue,  
 (True blue, fair emblem of unstained breast.)  
 Others I see, as noble, and more true,  
 By no court-badge distinguish'd from the rest :  
 First see I Methuen, of sincerest mind,<sup>5</sup>  
 As Arthur grave, as soft as woman kind.<sup>4</sup>

## VIII.

What lady's that, to whom he gently bends ?  
 Who knows not her ? ah ! those are Wortley's eyes !<sup>5</sup>  
 How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,  
 For she distinguishes the good and wise.  
 The sweet-tongued Murray near her side attends.<sup>6</sup>  
 Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies ;<sup>7</sup>  
 Now Hervey, fair of face, I mark full well,<sup>8</sup>  
 With thee, Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell.<sup>9</sup>

## IX.

I see two lovely sisters, hand in hand,  
 The fair-hair'd Martha and Teresa brown ;<sup>10</sup>  
 Madge Bellenden, the tallest of the land ;<sup>11</sup>  
 And smiling Mary, soft and fair as down.<sup>12</sup>  
 Yonder I see the cheerful Duchess stand,<sup>13</sup>  
 For friendship, zeal, and blithesome humours known :  
 Whence that loud shout in such a hearty strain ?  
 Why all the Hamiltons are in her train !

## X.

See next the decent Scudamore advance,<sup>14</sup>  
 With Winchelsea, still meditating song ;<sup>15</sup>  
 With her perhaps Miss Howe came there by chance,<sup>16</sup>  
 Nor knows with whom, or why she comes along.

Far off from these see Santlow, famed for dance;<sup>17</sup>  
 And frolic Bicknell, and her sister young;<sup>18</sup>  
 With other names, by me not to be named,  
 Much loved in private, not in public famed!

## XL.

But now behold the female band retire,  
 And the shrill music of their voice is still'd!  
 Methinks I see famed Buckingham admire<sup>19</sup>  
 That in Troy's ruin thou hadst not been kill'd;  
 Sheffield, who knows to strike the living lyre,  
 With hand judicious, like thy Homer skill'd.  
 Bathurst impetuous hastens to the coast,<sup>20</sup>  
 Whom you and I strive who shall love the most.

## XII.

See generous Burlington,<sup>21</sup> with goodly Bruce,<sup>22</sup>  
 (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan,)  
 Dan Prior next, beloved by ev'ry muse,<sup>23</sup>  
 And friendly Congreve, unrep'roachful man!  
 (Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse,)  
 See hearty Watkins<sup>24</sup> comes with cup and can;  
 And Lewis,<sup>25</sup> who has never friend forsaken;  
 And Laughton<sup>26</sup> whisp'ring asks—"Is Troy town taken?"

## XIII.

Earl Warwick comes, of free and honest mind;<sup>27</sup>  
 Bold, gen'rous Craggs,<sup>28</sup> whose heart was ne'er disguised:  
 Ah why, sweet St. John,<sup>29</sup> cannot I thee find?  
 St. John for ev'ry social virtue prized.  
 Alas! to foreign climates he's confined,  
 Or else to see thee here I well surmised:  
 Thou too, my Swift, doth breathe Bæotian air;<sup>30</sup>  
 When wilt thou bring back wit and humour here?

## XIV.

Harcourt I see, for eloquence renown'd,<sup>31</sup>  
 The mouth of justice, oracle of law!  
 Another Simon is beside him found,  
 Another Simon, like as straw to straw.  
 How Lansdowne<sup>32</sup> smiles, with lasting laurel crown'd!  
 What mitred prelate there commands our awe?  
 See Rochester approving nods his head,<sup>33</sup>  
 And ranks one modern with the mighty dead.

## XV.

Carlton and Chandos thy arrival grace,<sup>34</sup>  
 Hanmer,<sup>35</sup> whose eloquence th' unbiass'd sways;  
 Harley,<sup>36</sup> whose goodness opens in his face,  
 And shows his heart the seat where virtue stays.

Ned Blount<sup>37</sup> advances next, with busy pace,  
 In haste, but saunt'ring, hearty in his ways :  
 I see the friendly Carylls come by dozens,<sup>38</sup>  
 Their wives, their uncles, daughters, sons, and cousins.

## XVI.

Arbuthnot there I see,<sup>39</sup> in physic's art,  
 As Galen learned, or famed Hippocratè ;  
 Whose company drives sorrow from the heart,  
 As all disease his med'cines dissipate :  
 Kneller amid the triumph bears his part,<sup>40</sup>  
 Who could (were mankind lost) anew create :  
 What can th' extent of his vast soul confine ?  
 A painter, critic, engineer, divine !

## XVII.

Thee Jervas hails, robust and debonair,<sup>41</sup>  
 " Now have we conquer'd Homer, friends ! " he cries :  
 Dartneuf,<sup>42</sup> grave joker, joyous Ford is there,<sup>43</sup>  
 And wondering Maine, so fat with laughing eyes,  
 (Gay, Maine, and Cheney, boon companions dear,<sup>44</sup>  
 Gay fat, Maine fatter, Cheney huge of size,)  
 Yea Dennis, Gildon (hearing thou hast riches,)  
 And honest, hatless Cromwell, with red breeches.

## XVIII.

O Wanley,<sup>45</sup> whence com'st thou with shorten'd hair,  
 And visage from thy shelves with dust besprent !  
 " Forsooth (quoth he) from placing Homer there,  
 For ancients to compyle is myne entente :  
 Of ancients only hath Lord Harley care ;  
 But hither me hath my meeke lady sent :—  
 In manuscript of Greeke rede we thilke same,  
 But book yprint best plesyth my gude dame."

## XIX.

Yonder I see among th' expecting crowd  
 Evans<sup>46</sup> with laugh jocose, and tragic Young ;  
 High-buskin'd Booth,<sup>47</sup> grave Mawbert,<sup>48</sup> wand'ring Frowde,<sup>49</sup>  
 And Titcomb's belly waddles slow along.  
 See Digby faints at Southern talking loud,<sup>50</sup>  
 Yea Steele and Tickell mingle in the throng ;  
 Tickell whose skiff (in partnership they say)  
 Set forth for Greece, but founder'd in the way.

## XX.

Lo, the two Doncastles<sup>51</sup> in Berkshire known !  
 Lo, Bickford, Fortescue, of Devon land !  
 Lo, Tooker, Eckershall, Sykes, Rawlinson !  
 See hearty Morley takes thee by the hand !



Ayrs, Graham, Buckridge, joy thy voyage done;  
 But who can count the leaves, the stars, the sand?  
 Lo, Stonor,<sup>52</sup> Fenton,<sup>53</sup> Caldwell, Ward,<sup>54</sup> and Broome;<sup>55</sup>  
 Lo, thousands more, but I want rhyme and room!

## XXI.

How lov'd, how honour'd thou! Yet be not vain!  
 And sure thou art not, for I hear thee say—  
 "All this, my friends, I owe to Homer's strain,  
 On whose strong pinions I exalt my lay.  
 What from contending cities did he gain;  
 And what rewards his grateful country pay?  
 None, none were paid—why then all this for me?  
 These honours, Homer, had been just to thee!"

## NOTES.

<sup>1</sup> Lieutenant-General Henry Withers, who died in 1729. Pope honoured his memory with an epitaph; and he is mentioned in the correspondence of Swift and Bolingbroke. The general's quiet neat dinners seem to have been highly appreciated by the wits. Withers is frequently alluded to in Marlborough's letters and despatches. In the opening campaign of 1703 he commanded, as brigadier, 1500 infantry. In the great action on the Schellenberg, near Donawert, in July, 1704 (which Marlborough said was the *warmest* that had been known for many years), the infantry was led by the Earl of Orkney and Major-General Withers. In 1706, Marlborough wrote in favour of Withers to the Duke of Newcastle, wishing, as he said, to make him "a little easy in his circumstances." And in July, 1709, the great chief writes to Secretary Boyle from the camp at Tournay, "Lieut.-General Withers, who mounted the trenches on Saturday, got a contusion on his breast by a small shot, but it has not done him much hurt." Withers returned to England in 1711, but next year he was again with the army in Flanders. He was appointed a general officer December 14, 1714. After his long services, when the War of the Succession was concluded, the veteran was entitled to repose in his pleasant residence at Greenwich, dispensing hospitality among his accomplished friends.

<sup>2</sup> Colonel Henry Disney appears to have lived with General Withers, and he erected the monument in Westminster Abbey to the General's memory. He was a great favourite with the Pope and Swift circle—"a fellow of abundance of humour," says Swift; "an old battered rake, but very honest; not an old man, but an old rake. It was he that said of Jenny Kingdom, the maid of honour, who is a little old, 'that since she could not get a husband, the Queen should give her a brevet to act as a married woman.'" A dangerous illness with which Disney was visited in 1718 awakened the sympathy of his friends in an extraordinary degree, showing how highly he was esteemed and beloved. He died in 1731. "Poor Duke Disney is dead," says Gay, writing to Swift, "and hath left what he had among his friends, among whom are Lord Bolingbroke, 500/;

Mr. Pelham, 500*l*.; Sir William Wyndham's youngest son, 500*l*.; General Hill, 500*l*.; Lord Masham's son, 500*l*." Disney is always called "Duke Disney;" he seems to have had a habit of using the word "Duke!" as a familiar exclamation, as Goldsmith used to say, "Bye-fore George!" Colonel Disney was of an old Lincolnshire family, the De Lsneys, of Norman descent. At his own request, Disney was interred in the same grave as Withers.

<sup>3</sup> Sir Paul Methuen, son of Mr. Methuen, who negotiated the famous Portuguese treaty of 1703. He was Secretary of State for a short time, 1716-7, and Treasurer of the Household from 1725 to 1729. Lord Hervey gives a curious notice of Pope's sincere friend: "The character of this man was a very singular one; it was a mixture of Spanish formality and English roughness, strongly seasoned with pride, and not untinctured with honour; he was romantic in his turn to the highest degree of absurdity; odd, impracticable, passionate, and obstinate; a thorough coxcomb and a little mad."

<sup>4</sup> Arthur Moore, of Fetcham. See *ante*, page 70; also Prologue to Satires.

<sup>5</sup> Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Mrs. Howard, Countess of Suffolk, originally occupied the place here assigned to Lady Mary. In the MS. in the British Museum this eighth stanza is as follows:

"What lady's that to whom he gently bends?  
Who knows not her? ah! those are Howard's eyes!  
How art thou honour'd, number'd with her friends,  
For she distinguishes the good and wise.  
See sweet-tongued Cowper near her side attends.  
Now to my heart the glance of Howard flies,  
Now Pulteney's graceful air I mark full well,  
With thee Youth's youngest daughter, sweet Lepell."

Gay must have had no small difficulty in selecting and adjusting this list of Pope's friends. The following verse is in the first draft:

"See there two brothers greet thee with applause,  
Both for prevailing eloquence renown'd;  
Argyle the brave and Islay learn'd in laws,  
Than whom no truer friends were ever found.  
Tom had been nigh you, zealous in your cause,  
But Tom, alas! dear friend, is under ground.  
Then see I Coleman, blithe as bird in May,  
In vast surprise to see this happy day."

<sup>6</sup> Grizel Baillie, daughter of Baillie of Jerviswood, married in 1710 to Mr., afterwards Sir, Alexander Murray, of Stanhope. She died at her seat of Mellerstein, Berwickshire, in 1759, aged sixty-seven. Lady Hervey raises her as the kindest, best, and most valuable friend she ever had. A painful incident occurred to this lady in 1721. One of her father's footmen entered her chamber at midnight, with a pistol in his hand, and declared his passion for her. She succeeded in wresting the pistol from him, and alarmed the family. The man was tried and transported for the offence. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, with singular indelicacy and cruelty, made this occurrence the subject of a poetical epistle, written in the character of Arthur Grey, the condemned footman.

<sup>7</sup> Henrietta Hobart, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, married to the Hon. C. Howard, afterwards ninth Earl of Suffolk. See *Moral Essays*.

<sup>8</sup> John, Lord Hervey. See *Moral Essays*.

<sup>9</sup> Mary Lepell, daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepell. She was one of the Maids of Honour at the Court of the Princess Caroline, and was married this year (1720) to Lord Hervey. That malicious Court gossip, old Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, says that Miss Lepell's father made her a cornet in his regiment as soon as she was born, "which is no more wrong to the design of an army," adds Sarah, "than if she had been a son; and she was paid many years after she was a Maid of Honour." She subsequently got a pension in lieu of the cornetcy. Lady Hervey was the most accomplished and intelligent of the vivacious young ladies who adorned the Princess's Court. Her letters, published in 1821, written in advanced life, are grave literary epistles, and evince extensive reading. She died Sept. 2, 1768, aged sixty-eight.

<sup>10</sup> Martha and Teresa Blount.

<sup>11</sup> Margaret Bellenden, daughter of John, second Lord Bellenden. Instead of the *tallest*, Gay had at first styled her the *bonniest* of the land.

<sup>12</sup> Mary Bellenden, a younger sister of Margaret, and one of the Maids of Honour. She was the most celebrated beauty of the Court; and according to Walpole, was never mentioned by any one of her contemporaries but as the most perfect creature they had ever known. The Prince of Wales paid her marked attention, but she married Colonel Campbell, one of the grooms of the bedchamber, who afterwards, in 1761, became Duke of Argyll. Mrs. Campbell died long before this, in 1736. She was the mother of the fifth Duke of Argyll and three other sons, and of one daughter, who became Countess of Aylesbury. The liveliness of Miss Bellenden is frequently alluded to. In a ballad made on the quarrel between George I. and the Prince of Wales, at the christening of the Prince's second son, when his Royal Highness and all his household were ordered to quit St. James's, this young lady is described as retaining all her vivacity:

"But Bellenden we needs must praise,  
Who, as down the stairs she jumps,  
Sings 'Over the hills and far away,'  
Despising doleful dumps."

See Walpole's "*Reminiscences*." In the Suffolk Correspondence are several letters of this lady; but, though supporting her reputation for liveliness, they are neither delicate nor witty. In fact, the merry maids of this Court, with their admirers, Pope, Gay, and Swift, were not easily restrained within the bounds of strict decorum—at least, if we judge them by the standard of modern manners.

<sup>13</sup> The Duchess of Queensberry, or Duchess of Hamilton, relict of the Duke of Hamilton, who was killed in the duel with Lord Mohun in 1712. The former was a warm and generous friend of Gay. For notices of both Duchesses, see notes to *Moral Essays*.

<sup>14</sup> Lady Scudamore. Frances, only daughter of Simon, fourth Lord Digby, married Sir James Scudamore, Viscount Sligo, and died in 1729. This lady is frequently mentioned in Pope's letters to her relative, the Hon. Robert Digby.

<sup>15</sup> Anne, daughter of Sir Richard Kingsmill, of Hampshire, married Heneage Finch, fourth Earl of Winchelsea. She died Aug. 5, 1720. Her poems were collected and published in 1713. Some of them possess considerable beauty, and Mr. Wordsworth has mentioned with honour her piece entitled "A Nocturnal Reverie."

<sup>16</sup> Miss Sophia Howe was another of the Maids of Honour, and the most unfortunate of the fair group. See Pope's lines to her, "What is Prudery?" Sir Walter Scott, in reviewing the Suffolk Correspondence, quotes one of the gay letters of Miss Howe, describing a visit to Farnham. "I am just come from Farnham Church," she says, "where I burst out in laughing the moment I went in, and it was taken to be because I was just pulling out one of my Scotch cloth handkerchiefs, which made me think of Jenny Smith. The pastor made a very fine sermon upon what the wickedness of this world was come to." Sir Walter adds: "Another year, and what was this gay, fluttering, thoughtless creature!—the victim of seduction, abandoned by the world for which alone she lived, and dying, in solitude and shame, of a broken heart. One friend, indeed, she found; and there is reason to hope, that when she entered His courts she did it with other feelings, and other thoughts, than those suggested by cloth handkerchiefs, or the recollection of Jenny Smith." Miss Howe's case forms the subject of an epistle, "Mominia to Philocles," by Lord Hervey, which is no bad imitation of Pope's epistle of Eloisa. See Dodsley's Collection of Poems, 1758.

<sup>17</sup> Miss Santlow was some time mistress to the great Duke of Marlborough. She was afterwards married to Booth, the tragic actor. Cibber speaks of her success in the comedy of the "Fair Quaker of Deal," in February, 1710; and fifteen years later Thomson the poet, in a letter to his friend Cranston, mentions her performance of Ophelia, and her delicious dancing.

<sup>18</sup> Mrs. Bicknell was a comic actress. She was one of the original performers in Gay's dramas of "The What d'ye Call It" and "Three Hours after Marriage." Her sister, Mrs. Younger, was also a comic actress. See Pope's "Farewell to London."

<sup>19</sup> John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. He died Feb. 24, 1720-1.

<sup>20</sup> Allen, Lord Bathurst. See Moral Essays.

<sup>21</sup> Richard, third Earl of Burlington, celebrated for his taste and knowledge of architecture. See Moral Essays.

<sup>22</sup> Lord Bruce, son of the Earl of Aylesbury. He married, in 1739 Caroline, the daughter of Colonel Campbell, and of his wife, the beautiful Mary Bellenden. He died Earl of Aylesbury in 1747.

<sup>23</sup> Matthew Prior, the poet, who died at Wimpole, the seat of the Earl of Oxford, in 1721. In Lord Oxford's house he made himself beloved by every living thing—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal. See Introduction to Lady Mary W. Montagu's Works by Lord Wharnccliffe. Arbuthnot, however, thought that Prior had a narrow escape by dying; for if he had lived he would have married a low creature, one Bessy Cox, that kept an alehouse in Long-acre. He left his estate between this woman and his servant. Congreve (mentioned in the following line) died in 1729. For "Oxford" (Earl of Oxford) see Pope's Epistles. His friend Cunningham was an active Scotch Member of Parliament, Alexander Cunningham, who sat for Renfrewshire: he died in 1742.

<sup>24</sup> Mr. Watkins, mentioned in Swift's correspondence as Secretary to the

Dutch embassy. He was superseded by Harrison, Swift's protégé, in 1712. Watkins appears to have been a favourite with Bolingbroke, and a friend of Arbuthnot's.

<sup>26</sup> Erasmus Lewis, Secretary to Lord Dartmouth, and afterwards to Lord Oxford :

"That Lewis is a cunning shaver,  
And very much in Harley's favour."

Thus said Swift, who was fond of the old Secretary, trusted him with the secret negotiation for the publication of *Gulliver*, and corresponded with him so long as his faculties remained. In 1737 Lewis speaks of his age, and of being reduced almost to blindness by his early writing by candle-light. "I see nothing less than the pips of the cards," he says, "from which I have some relief in a long winter evening." He lived several years after this, and was remembered by Pope in his will.

<sup>27</sup> This name is probably the same as "Lawton." John Lawton, the representative of an old Cheshire family, distantly related to the Temples of Stowe, was married to a sister of Pope's friend, the Earl of Halifax. His son John, M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyne, died in 1740. Another John Lawton, Deputy-Teller of the Exchequer, died in 1741.

<sup>28</sup> Addison's step-son, to whom Tickell inscribed his edition of Addison's works, 1721. Earl Warwick did not live to read Tickell's beautiful lines. "I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man (Addison) to a dead man (Craggs), and even that the new patron to whom Tickell chose to inscribe his verses should be dead also before they were published. Had I been in the editor's place, I should have been a little apprehensive for myself."—*Atterbury to Pope*, Oct. 15, 1721.

<sup>29</sup> Secretary Craggs. He died Feb. 15, 1720-1, aged thirty-five. See Pope's Epitaphs.

<sup>30</sup> Lord Bolingbroke, who was then in France. In 1723 he obtained a full pardon and returned to England.

<sup>31</sup> Swift's aversion to Ireland is well known. See the *Dunciad*.

<sup>32</sup> Simon, the first Viscount Harcourt, elevated to the peerage in 1711. Next year he was made Lord Chancellor. He died July 29, 1727, aged sixty-seven. His son, the Hon. Simon Harcourt, mentioned in the same stanza, predeceased his father, dying in 1720. See Pope's Epitaphs.

<sup>33</sup> George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne. On his friend Atterbury being accused of treason in 1722, Lansdowne deemed it prudent to retire to the Continent. He continued abroad for ten years, but returned and died in England, in 1735.

<sup>34</sup> Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, would seem to have had a habit of nodding his head to express his approbation; for Pope also alludes to the peculiarity in his Prologue to the *Satires*.

<sup>35</sup> Lord Carlton and the Duke of Chandos. See Epilogue to the *Satires* and *Moral Essays*.

<sup>36</sup> Sir Thomas Hanmer, Speaker of the House of Commons. See Notes to *Dunciad*.

<sup>37</sup> Edward, second Earl of Oxford, celebrated for his magnificent library and collection of manuscripts. The latter were purchased by Government

for a sum of 10,000*l.*, and now form the Harleian Collection in the British Museum. The Earl died in 1741, aged forty-two.

<sup>22</sup> Edward Blount, of Blagdon, Devonshire. See Appendix.

<sup>23</sup> The head of this family, in 1720, was John Caryll, of West Grinstead, in Sussex. He died in 1786. Three members of this family subscribed to Pope's *Iliad*: the Hon. John Caryll, John Caryll, jun., Esq., and Richard Caryll, Esq.

<sup>24</sup> Dr. Arbuthnot. See *ante*, p. 104, and Prologue to the *Satires*.

<sup>25</sup> Sir Godfrey was then above seventy, but his vanity and eccentricities seem to have afforded great amusement to the Pope circle. They "fooled him to the top of his bent," and as he could bear any amount of flattery,

"Who pepper'd the highest was surest to please."

Sir Godfrey was a Justice of the Peace, and administered the laws at Twickenham, if we may credit Pope, somewhat in the style of Sancho Panza. Upon one occasion, however, he is reported to have turned the laugh against the poet. Pope, in banter, said if Sir Godfrey had been consulted in the creation of the world, it would have been made more perfect than it is; upon which the painter, looking at the diminutive person of his friend, said, "There are *some little things* in it I think I could have mended." Pope said to Spence—"I paid Sir Godfrey a visit but two days before he died, and I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life." He was lying in his bed and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster; a memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life." Kneller was buried at Twickenham, Nov. 7, 1728, and the "memorial," a showy monument by Rysbrack, was erected in Westminster Abbey.

<sup>26</sup> Charles Jervas, the portrait painter. See Pope's *Epistles*; also "Tatler," No. 4.

<sup>27</sup> A celebrated epicure. See Pope's *Imit. of Horace*.

<sup>28</sup> Charles Ford, whom Swift got appointed Gazetteer in 1712. He was one of the Dean's humble friends and faithful correspondents, and so much in favour that Swift used to celebrate his birthday, which was on the 1st of January. Ford was an Irishman, a bachelor, and a man of easy convivial habits. He lodged, in his latter days, in Little Cleveland-court, St. James's-place, which, he says, consisted of but six houses in all. His house was a small one of two stories, and his whole family were a man and a maid, both at board wages. There the old bachelor lived a regular town life—from his house to the Mall, then to the Cocoa-tree (the Tory coffee-house in St. James's-street), thence to the tavern, and from the tavern pretty late to bed.

<sup>29</sup> Several names in this list belong to that class whom Gay in a previous stanza characterises as "much loved in private, not in public famed." Maine is a Devonshire name, and there was a family named Cheney, of Pinhoe, in Devonshire, connected with the Blounts of Blagdon. Gay, like a true son of Devon, may have introduced as many of his countrymen as he could into his poem; but Cheney is most likely Dr. George Cheyne, the

eminent physician and medical writer, who was at one time remarkable for his obesity and convivial habits. In his work, "The English Malady," he describes his own case—how he reformed, took to a milk diet, then relapsed, swelled out to thirty-two stones weight, and finally reverted to his milk regimen, on which he enjoyed good health till his death in 1743, at the age of seventy-two. In the neighbourhood of Bath (where Cheyne lived and died) the name is pronounced as spelt by Gay, and in some of the journals of that time it is written "Cheney." Tooker, mentioned in stanza xx., is a Devonshire name, the Tookers of Exeter. One John Tooker, of Norton Hall, Somersetshire (of the same family as the Exeter Tookers), was so zealous a Jacobite that he had inscribed on his tomb, "Inconcussæ fidei Jacobita," which remained in Chilcompton Church from 1787 to 1835. With Dennis and Gildon, and Henry Cromwell, mentioned after Maine and Cheney, the reader is already acquainted.

<sup>45</sup> Humphrey Wanley [born 1678, died 1726] was librarian to the Earl of Oxford. He was a zealous antiquary, and made considerable collections relative to archæology and bibliography. The following is an amusing letter addressed to Wanley by Pope:

"To my worthy and special Friend, Maistre Wanley, dwelling at my singular goode Lord's, my Lord of Oxford, kindly present.

"WORTHY SIR,—I shall take it as a singular mark of your friendly disposition and kindnesse to me, if you will recommend to my palate from the experienced taste of yours, a dousaine quartes of goode and wholesome wine, such as yee drink at the Genoa Arms, for the which I will in honourable sort be indebted, and well and truly pay the owner thereof, your said merchant of wines at the said Genoa Arms. As witness this myne hand, which also witnesseth its master to be, in sooth and sincerity of heart,

"Goode sir, yours ever bounden,

"A POPE.

"From Twickenham, this firste of Julie, 1725."

<sup>46</sup> Dr. Abel Evans, Oxford, usually called the epigrammatist. He was of St. John's College, and much in the confidence and esteem of Pope. Bowles quotes the epigram made on Evans when, as bursar, he cut down some trees before his College:

"The rogue the gallows as his fate foresees,  
And bears the like antipathy to trees."

This was made by Dr. Tadlow, a person remarkable for corpulency, upon whom Evans, in retaliation wrote,

"When Tadlow treads the streets, the paviors cry,  
'God bless you, sir,' and lay their rammers by."

"Tragic Young," mentioned after Evans, was, of course, Edward Young, the poet.

<sup>47</sup> Barton Booth, the tragedian [born 1681, died 1738]. Booth eloped from Westminster School, at the age of seventeen, to commence actor. He was highly celebrated in the personation of tragic characters, and was the original Cato in Addison's tragedy. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his widow erected a monumental bust to his memory.

<sup>18</sup> James Francis Mawbert, a portrait painter. Dallaway says he distinguished himself by copying all the portraits of English poets he could meet with; and that Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, and Pope sat to him. He died in 1746, aged eighty.

<sup>19</sup> Philip Frowde, a dramatist, alluded to in Pope's Farewell to London.

<sup>20</sup> The Hon. R. Digby. See Pope's Epitaphs.

<sup>21</sup> Some of the names in this stanza have been previously introduced—as the Doncastles of Binfield (whose family held the manor of Binfield for two centuries), Counsellor Bickford (of the family of Bickford of Dunsland), and Mr., afterwards Judge, Fortescue, of Fallopit. The Devonshire Fortescues were famous for lawyers—having given a Chief Justice to Ireland, and a Chief Justice to England, besides Pope's friend, the Master of the Rolls. Bickershall, Clerk of the Kitchen to Queen Anne, died at Drayton in 1753, aged seventy-four. The name of Sykes is of Yorkshire renown. Rawlinson is not, we suspect, Thomas Rawlinson, the famous book-collector, but William *Rollinson*, mentioned in Pope's will, and who was also a friend of Swift and Bolingbroke. This gentleman had been a merchant in London, retired from business, and lived in Oxfordshire. "Hearty Morley" may have been George Morley, afterwards appointed a commissioner of the Exchequer. There was a person of the name a writer in the *Miscellanies*, and so Mr. Morley, husband of the Thalestris of the Rape of the Lock, and father of Sir George Brown, Berkshire, the Sir Plume of the same poem. Brown took high offence at the manner in which he is drawn in the Rape of the Lock, and Gay does not include him among the poet's friends. Ayrs may be "Squire Ayre," the poet's biographer, who certainly claimed to be acquainted with Pope after the publication of the *Essay on Man*. Squire Ayre, however, was so very small a man that we think Gay must have meant one of Pope's neighbours, the Eyres of Welford, in Berkshire. Graham is a common name, and identification here is impossible. There were at this time a Thomas Graham, apothecary to the king, and Dr. Graham, Master of the Freemasons; old Colonel Graham, of Bagshot Heath, &c. Buckridge may have been Mr. Baynting Buckridge, an officer who had been in the East India Company's Service, and who died in 1788.

<sup>22</sup> Thomas Stonor, Esq., of Stonor Park, the head of a Catholic family, was represented by Lord Camoys. Mr. Stonor died in 1722, and Pope said he had lost by his death "a very easy, humane, and gentlemanly neighbour."

<sup>23</sup> Elijah Fenton, the poet. See Pope's Epitaphs.

<sup>24</sup> Perhaps John Ward, the philologist and antiquary, who was appointed Professor of Rhetoric in Gresham College in 1720.

<sup>25</sup> The Rev. William Broome, of St. John's College, Cambridge, afterwards associated with Pope in the translation of the *Odyssey*.

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Pope must have been highly gratified with this poetical allusion, though death and absence had reduced the roll of friends. Peterborough was then abroad. Parnell had died in 1718, and in a few months this loss was followed by that



of Garth and Rowe. These were early and sincere friends, and the social circle of poets was thus already narrowed, and Time was teaching the prosperous bard of Twickenham one of its sternest and saddest lessons. In another year Addison was gone, and *his* death must have struck a monitory knell of a deep and solemn tone. Atterbury was next to be severed from him as a State criminal. On the 24th of August, 1722, as the bishop was residing at his deanery, he was arrested on a charge of treasonable correspondence with the Pretender, and was taken, with all his papers, before the Privy Council. Letters, written under feigned names, were produced, the object of which was to obtain a foreign force of 5000 troops, to land under the Duke of Ormond. The publication of Atterbury's correspondence and the Stuart papers has since fully established his criminality, but the evidence against him was slight. Similarity of handwriting was a slender ground of accusation, and Atterbury would make no explanation or acknowledgment to the Privy Council. One seemingly trifling circumstance weighed against him. "There was no doubt that the letters to and from Jones and Illington were of a treasonable nature; the point was to prove that these names were designed for the bishop. Now, it so happened, that Mrs. Atterbury, who died early this year, had a little before received a present from Lord Mar in France of a small spotted dog called Harlequin, and this animal having broken its leg, and being left with one Mrs. Barnes to be cured, was more than once mentioned in the correspondence of Jones and Illington. Mrs. Barnes and some other persons were examined before the Council on this subject, and they, supposing that at all events there could be no treason in a lap-dog, readily owned that Harlequin was intended for the Bishop of Rochester. There were many other collateral proofs, but it was the throwing up this little straw which decisively showed from what quarter blew the wind."<sup>13</sup> Atterbury was committed to the Tower, and was so strictly guarded and watched that Pope said even pigeon-pies sent to him were opened. "It is the first time," adds the poet, "that *dead pigeons* have been suspected of conveying intelligence." A bill of pains and penalties enacting

<sup>13</sup> Lord Mahon's History of England.

banishment and deprivation, but without forfeiture of goods, was carried against the bishop in the House of Commons without a division.

On the 8th of May, 1723, Atterbury was brought to the House of Lords. He had written to Pope (April 10), that he might call upon the poet to give evidence as to the manner in which he spent his time at the deanery, "which," he added, "did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies." Pope was accordingly called, but his self-possession seems to have deserted him. He got nervous and confused, and, as he himself related to Spence, "though I had but ten words to say, and that on a plain point, how the bishop spent his time whilst I was with him at Bromley, I made two or three blunders in it, and that, notwithstanding the first row of lords, which was all I could see, were mostly of my acquaintance." Even Garrick, upon one occasion, though so much accustomed to public appearances, made as indistinct and confused a witness. On the 11th of May, Atterbury entered upon his defence, and delivered an eloquent and argumentative address—in some parts highly pathetic—but without invalidating any essential part of the evidence. The tone of this speech—the bishop's complaints of the proceedings against him by so extraordinary a method as a bill of pains and penalties—the hardships he had undergone in the Tower, and the restrictions which had been put upon his only consolation, the visits of his beloved daughter—all these topics, heightened by strong feeling and artfully blended, render Atterbury's defence not dissimilar in character to the more memorable one of the Earl of Strafford before his accusers of the Long Parliament. The bill passed by a majority of 83 to 43; and his Majesty having given, though reluctantly, his assent, the bishop prepared for his departure to France. Pope had written to him shortly before (April 20), under the impression, then apparent, that the bill would pass, reminding him of the fate of Tully, Bacon, and Clarendon, the disgraced part of whose lives, he said, was now most envied, and was that which he was sure the bishop would choose to have lived. His personal affection for Atterbury was strongly expressed, and the letter concludes with this striking declaration: "Perhaps it will not be in this life only that I shall have cause to remember and acknowledge

the friendship of the Bishop of Rochester." The following is Pope's farewell letter:

"May 2, 1723.

"Once more I write to you, as I promised, and this once, I fear, will be the last! the curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good-night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future; as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not deny the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint, I mean of all posterity; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critique on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it: the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility; and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death: but why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

"Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment indeed may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished, in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there: higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

"Believe me, my Lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into

another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality; where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and therefore look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am with the greatest sincerity, and passion for your fame as well as happiness,

“Your, &c.”<sup>14</sup>

Atterbury went into exile the following month. On the 17th of June he took leave of his friends, and presented Pope with his Bible—a memento which, late in life—in 1739—the poet gave to his friend Ralph Allen, and it was used in the chapel of Prior Park. Atterbury had on a previous occasion pressed the study of the Scriptures on his friend, to which Pope made this curious answer: “I ought first to prepare my mind for a better knowledge even of good profane writers, especially the moralists, &c., before I can be worthy of tasting that supreme of books and sublime of all writings.” And an anecdote has been related, on the alleged authority of Pope, tending to prove that Atterbury himself was nearly all his life a sceptic.<sup>15</sup> This is incredible. He was aspiring,

<sup>14</sup> Letters of Mr. A. Pope, London, 1737.

<sup>15</sup> Lord Chesterfield relates a circumstantial story to this effect: “I went to him (Pope) one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio Bible with gilt clasps lying before him on his table; and as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I asked him jocosely if he was going to write an answer to it. ‘It is a present,’ said he, ‘or, rather, a legacy from my old friend the Bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, when I saw this Bible upon the table. The Bishop said to me, “My friend Pope, considering your infirmities and my age and exile, it is not likely we should ever meet again; and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by. Take it home with you, and let me advise you to abide by it.” “Does your Lordship abide by it yourself?” “I do.” “If you do, my Lord, it is but lately; may I beg to know what new lights or arguments have prevailed with you now to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life?” The Bishop replied, “We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the book. I will abide by it, and I recommend you to do so too; and so God bless you!”’” The tenor, terms, and dates of Atterbury’s correspondence with Pope all refute this story. How it originated, or, rather, by whom it was fabricated, we cannot say; error, like truth, is often inscrutable. Chesterfield was strongly tainted with infidelity, but he did not hesitate to bear voluntary testimony to the Christian character of another friend, Arbuthnot.

turbulent, and faithless as a politician, and not without dissimulation and hypocrisy in private life;<sup>16</sup> but his whole career, his published writings and correspondence, are opposed to the idea that he disbelieved the faith he preached and professed. On the 18th of June, Atterbury was embarked on board a man-of-war and conveyed to Calais, after which he entered into the service of the Chevalier, first as his confidential agent at Brussels, and afterwards at Paris. In 1725 he was the chief Jacobite counsellor and director in France, and had organised an expedition to Scotland for raising the Highland clans, then indignant at the disarming act. Atterbury summoned a meeting of the chiefs in France, and drew up for them a memorial to the exiled Court, urging immediate action, and imploring instructions and resources. The Chevalier was poor and timid: he recommended a profession of submission to the act; but this peaceful message Atterbury never delivered! He ultimately obtained the consent of his royal master, and a special envoy was despatched from Rome, bearing, under the sign manual, promises of assistance to the disaffected clans. The effort, however, was too long delayed; the messenger reached the Highlands, but he does not seem to have ventured on delivering his credentials, and thus Atterbury failed—no doubt to his deep mortification—to distinguish his period of Jacobite ascendancy by any military enterprise. Let us add that this restless, energetic, and domineering prelate was a man of warm, social, and domestic affections, and though ready to plunge his native country into civil war, still regarded it with tenderness. "After all," he says, "I do and must love my country, with all its faults and blemishes"—a sentiment repeated in the poetry of Cowper—and he gave this character of himself in lines prefixed to his translation of the Georgics:

"————— Hæc ego Insi

Ad Sequanæ ripas, Thamesino a flumine longe,  
Jam senior, fractusque; sedet ipsâ morte meorum  
Quos colui, patriæque memor, nec degener usquam."

<sup>16</sup> According to Fenton, Atterbury, speaking of Pope, said there was *mens curva in corpore curvo*—a crooked mind in a crooked body; and another contemporary, Dr. Herring, spoke of the general belief in Atterbury's insincerity. See Hughes's *Letters by Duncombe*, vol. ii. pp. 89 and 105.

Thus Englished (says Mr. Bowles) by himself:

"————— Thus on the banks of Seine,  
Far from my native home, I pass my hours,  
Broken with years and pain; yet my firm heart  
Regards my friends and country e'en in death."

Also in couplets:

"Thus where the Seine through realms of slavery strays,  
With sportive verse I wing my tedious days,  
Far from Britannia's happy climate torn,  
Bow'd down with age, and with diseases worn;  
Yet e'en in death I act a steady part,  
And still my friends and country share my heart."

These lines, Mr. Bowles says, are "worthy his friend Pope." Is it clearly ascertained that they are Atterbury's? Both translations appear in Pope's organ, the *Grub-street Journal* (June 22, 1732), where they are given as "one literal in blank verse, and the other paraphrastical in rhyme, communicated to our society by one of our ingenious correspondents." Atterbury died in France on the 15th of February, 1732, but his remains were brought to England, and permitted to be privately interred in Westminster Abbey.

## CHAPTER VI.

[1723—1727.]

LETTERS TO JUDITH COWPER. RETURN OF BOLINGBROKE. EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE, AND TRANSLATION OF THE ODYSSEY. SWIFT VISITS ENGLAND, AND PUBLICATION OF THE MISCELLANIES.

THE great popularity of Pope's name, and the reliance placed on his taste and judgment, as well as his genius, led to various suggestions from friends and publishers with respect to future literary works. Pope loved money, but it was to spend, not to hoard it. His garden and grounds called occasionally for a new poem, as Abbotsford called for a new historical romance, and booksellers and readers were alike willing in both cases to gratify the demand. Tonson was ready to contract for an annotated edition of Shakspeare, and Lintot was eager for a translation of the Odyssey, to complete the English Homer. Both proposals were ultimately accepted; but Pope first discharged a pious duty to the memory of a friend, by editing a selection of the works of Parnell, which was published early in 1722, and was inscribed to the Earl of Oxford in a poetical epistle remarkable for lofty panegyric and elevation of sentiment, and for the harmony and sweetness of its numbers. No short poem in our language has more of dignity and impressiveness combined with musical and faultless versification. In January, 1723, Pope engaged to translate the Odyssey in three years. The work was to be in five volumes, at a guinea each, and resolving to make the labour as light as possible, he called in literary assistants. One half he reserved for himself, and

the other half, or twelve books, was given to Fenton and Broome, both competent scholars, and Fenton at least a more than mediocre poet. The Shakspeare he had begun before this, for in November, 1722, he mentions his work as then one quarter printed, though it did not appear till 1725. He proposed to collate the early copies, to insert the various readings in the margin, and to place the suspected or interpolated passages at the bottom of the page. To gratify the lazy or obtuse readers of Shakspeare, he was to distinguish the "shining passages" by marking them with stars or inverted commas — an expedient not unlike Lady Mary's plan of writing on the margin of her husband, Mr. Wortley's, parliamentary speeches the places where he was to pause, look round, and challenge a cheer from the assembled Commons! Neither attempt was very successful. But Pope set resolutely to work, and what between his two engagements, he had full employment for at least two years.

An episode of a tender nature was interposed amidst the labours of annotation and translation. In the autumn of 1722, Pope commenced a correspondence with a young lady whose name has not hitherto transpired. A series of twelve letters, written in the poet's most complimentary and admiring strain, was published by Dodsley in 1769,<sup>1</sup> printed from the originals. The lady to whom they were addressed appeared to reside in Hertfordshire; she occasionally wrote verses, and was intimate with Mrs. Howard. She sat for her portrait as one of Jervas's shepherdesses or Kneller's beauties; and Pope (who had, he said, been "so mad with the idea of her as to steal the picture and pass whole days in sitting before it!") was ready with a poetical offering:

"Though sprightly SAPPHO force our love and praise,  
A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,  
The mild ERINNA blushing in her bays!  
So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,  
All mild appears the moon's more sober light;  
Serene in virgin majesty she shines,  
And, unobserv'd, the glaring sun declines."

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of the Late Alexander Pope, Esq., to a Lady. Never before published.* Ruffhead's Life of Pope had been published shortly before (April, 1769), and probably suggested to Dodsley the publication of these letters.



Part of the panegyric was afterwards transferred to Martha Blount. Sappho was, of course, Lady Mary, whose influence seems then to have been on the wane. Pope sent more lines to his correspondent, part of those addressed to Gay, disclosing the passion for Lady Mary, when he was the stricken deer panting in the shades with the arrow in his heart. "Retiring into oneself," he says, "is generally the *pis aller* of mankind"—one of his true and happy sententious remarks. "Would you have me describe my solitude and grotto to you? What, if after a long and painted description of them in verse (which the writer I have just been speaking of could better make if I can guess by that line, 'No noise but water, ever friend to thought'), what if it ended thus :

"What are the falling rills, the pendant shades,  
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,  
But soft recesses for th' uneasy mind,  
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind!  
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,  
Lies down to die, the arrow in his heart;  
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,  
Inly he bleeds, and pants his soul away."

- \* "If these lines want poetry," he adds, "they do not want sense. God Almighty preserve you from a feeling of them!"—another allusion to his passion for Lady Mary, if not a mere sentimental flourish. The line quoted by Pope occurs in a poem by Dr. Ibbot, in Dodsley's Collection,<sup>2</sup> but he believed it to be the production of his fair correspondent. He sent her also a copy of his poem "To a Lady on her Birthday, 1728," desiring her to "*alter it to her own wish*," and he suggested fresh themes for her Muse :

<sup>2</sup> A Fit of the Spleen, in imitation of Shakspeare :

"————— No noise be there  
But that of falling water, friend to thought."

Mrs. Howard had sent Pope a copy of this imitation, without naming the author. When the piece was published in the London Magazine, 1737, and afterwards in Dodsley's Collection, Pope's lines, "What are the falling rills," &c., were absurdly tacked to it, with the note, "Said to be added by Mr. Pope." Ibbot was one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to the King, Assistant Preacher at St. James's, &c. He died in 1725, and two volumes of his

"This beautiful season [the month of September] will raise up so many rural images and descriptions in a poetical mind, that I expect you and all such as you (if there be any such), at least all who are not downright dull translators, like your servant, must necessarily be productive of verses. I lately saw a sketch this way on the Bower of Beddington.\* I could wish you tried something in the descriptive way on any subject you please, mixed with vision and moral, like pieces of the old Provençal poets, which abound with fancy, and are the most amusing scenes in nature. There are three or four of this kind in Chaucer admirable. I have long had an inclination to tell a fairy tale, the more wild and exotic the better; therefore a *vision*, which is confined to no rules of probability, will take in all the variety and luxuriancy of description you will; provided there be an apparent moral to it. I think one or two of the Persian tales would give one hints for such an invention; and perhaps if the scenes were taken from real places that are known, in order to compliment particular gardens and buildings of a fine taste (as I believe several of Chaucer's descriptions do, though it is what nobody has observed), it would add great beauty to the whole."

The scenery of Woodstock Park is supposed to be described by Chaucer in his *Dream* and *Parliament of Birds*. The genial old poet lived

"Within a lodge out of the way,  
Beside a well in a forest."

The well of Fair Rosamond; Pope knew the spot, and had toasted the shade of Rosamond with thoughts warmer than the water of her well! A fairy tale such as is here alluded

sermons were published by subscription, under the patronage of the noble family of Cowper.

\* Beddington in Hertfordshire was the seat of Mr. Caesar, Treasurer of the Navy in Queen Anne's reign. Steevens, in his "Additions," prints the lady's lines, and Mrs. Caesar sent a copy of them to Pope:

"In Tempe's shades the living lyre was strung,  
And the first Pope (immortal Phœbus) sung,  
These happy shades, where equal beauty reigns,  
Bold rising hills, slant vales, and far-stretch'd plains.  
The grateful verdure of the waving woods,  
The soothing murmur of the falling floods,  
A nobler boast, a higher glory yield,  
Than that which Phœbus stamp'd on Tempe's field:  
All that can charm the eye or please the ear  
Says, 'Harmony itself inhabits here!'"

to would have proved an interesting contribution to our imaginative literature if written by the *youthful* Pope, when his fancy was redolent of sylphs and other ærial divinities. But it may be questioned whether even then he had enough of the pure creative power and fine spirit of poetry, apart from human interest, to have been perfectly successful in such a work. Addison's prose allegories show more of this inspiration, and Collins's poetry is full of it. Pope's lady friend was driven from attempting the task by the death of a near relation, a great and good man, whose demise, Pope said, "must affect every admirer and well-wisher of honour and virtue in the nation." This reference to the death of the young lady's relative, joined to the dates and localities mentioned in the correspondence, furnish a clue to the names of the parties: and we have no doubt that the "great and good man" was the Lord Chancellor Cowper, who died on the 10th of October, 1723, and that the lady was Lord Cowper's niece, Judith Cowper (afterwards Mrs. Madan), only daughter of Spencer Cowper, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Pope's eulogium on the lady's illustrious kinsman—though all the Cowpers were Whigs—was appropriate even from him, when we remember that Lord Cowper had generously opposed the banishment of Atterbury and the bill for taxing the Roman Catholics—events nearly contemporaneous with the date of this correspondence. The poet afterwards, in one of his Imitations of Horace (Ep. ii., book ii.), alluded in a complimentary style to Cowper's "manner," or deportment, which was remarkable for grace and dignity.

Judith Cowper came of a poetical race, and she early began to write verses. She is mentioned by Hayley as having "at the age of eighteen discovered a striking talent for poetry in the praise of her contemporary poets, Pope and Hughes." This refers to a piece entitled *The Progress of Poetry*, in which she characterises Pope in a strain of unmingled eulogium:

"High on the radiant list see Pope appears,  
With all the fire of youth and strength of years.  
Where'er supreme he points the nervous line,  
Nature and art in bright conjunction shine.

How just the turns, how regular the draught,  
 How smooth the language, how refined the thought!  
 Secure beneath the shade of early bays,  
 He dared the thunder of great Homer's lays;  
 A sacred heat inform'd his heaving breast,  
 And Homer in his genius stands confess'd:  
 To heights sublime he rais'd the ponderous lyre,  
 And our cold isle grew warm with Grecian fire."<sup>4</sup>

Hughes, also commemorated by Judith Cowper, was a *protégé* of the Lord Chancellor's, and lived some time at Hertingfordbury, the seat of the Cowpers. His friendship with Addison (who is said to have asked him to write a fifth act to *Cato* before the timid and sensitive author could bring himself to finish his tragedy), and his contributions to the *Spectator*, have preserved his name. His death also was remarkable: he expired on the night that his most successful play, *The Siege of Damascus*, was brought on the stage, and while the plaudits of the audience were still ringing in the ears of his delighted friends. Duncombe, the brother-in-law of Hughes and editor of his works, mentions Miss Cowper in his poem *The Feminiad*, and Colman and Bonnell Thornton, in their *Poems of Eminent Ladies*, 1773, speak of her extraordinary genius.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Poetical Calendar, vol. iii. p. 27.

<sup>5</sup> The best verses by this lady which we have met with are the following, in the fourth volume of Dodsley's Collection—quoted also by Mr. Southey in his *Life of Cowper*:

*By Miss Cowper (now Mrs. Madan), in her Brother's Coke upon Littleton.*

O thou, who labour'st in this rugged mine,  
 May'st thou to gold th' unpolished ore refine!  
 May each dark page unfold its haggard brow!  
 Doubt not to reap, if thou canst bear to plough.  
 To tempt thy care, may each revolving night,  
 Purses and maces swim before thy sight!  
 From hence in time to come, adventurous deed!  
 May'st thou essay, to look and speak like Mead.  
 When the black bag and rose no more shall shade,  
 With martial air the honours of thy head;  
 When the full wig thy visage shall enclose,  
 And only leave to view thy learned nose:  
 Safely may'st thou defy beaux, wits, and scoffers,  
 While tenants, in fee simple, stuff thy coffers.

Ashley Cowper, the brother of Judith, was also a votary of the Muses—

The fairy tale which Pope had proposed to his fair correspondent was not attempted, as we have seen, in consequence of the death of her uncle. But there was another and perhaps a stronger cause for declining the task. The last letter in the correspondence (misplaced in the printed arrangement) is dated November 9th, and in less than a month from this time, on the 7th of December, 1723, Miss Cowper was married to Martin Madan, afterwards Colonel Madan, Groom of the Bedchamber to Frederick Prince of Wales, and M.P. for Wotton Bassett. This event seems to have closed the poetry and poetical correspondence of Judith Cowper. There are no more letters to or from Pope, but the lady, her husband, and other members of her family, were among the subscribers to the *Odyssey*.<sup>6</sup> Judith was twenty-one at the period of her marriage, and she survived to the age of seventy-nine. She had many children, including Martin Madan, the famous preacher and too famous theological writer, whose *Thelyphthora*, or defence of polygamy,

author of a poem called *The Progress of Physic*. In 1744 he published two volumes entitled *The Norfolk Poetical Miscellany*, and the first piece in this collection is Ibbot's imitation of Shakspeare. Pope's lines, "What are the falling rills," &c., which the poet had sent to Judith Cowper, are in the same work. Ashley Cowper—gay and sprightly, a beau in dress when verging on fourscore—and his daughters, the faithful Theodora, Cowper's only love, and Harriet, Lady Hesketh, are imperishably associated with the history of the poet Cowper.

<sup>6</sup> We doubt if any cordiality was retained. From Nichols's *Account of the Spalding Society* (Lit. Anecd., v. vi. p. 68), it appears that in September, 1728, the secretary of that society communicated to a meeting of the members A Poem by Mr. Pope on Mr. Cowper's Birthday. Nichols adds the question, "If ever printed?" We are convinced that *Mr.* is a misprint for *Mrs.* Cowper, and that the poem was Pope's verses, To a Lady on her Birthday, 1723, which he had sent to Judith Cowper, as well as to Martha Blount. From Pope's ambiguous language, introducing the verses, and his omission of "June 15," given in the original copy sent to Martha Blount, Judith Cowper supposed the lines to be addressed to herself. Thus she may have been the "simpleton" mentioned in one of the Caryl letters in the *Athenæum*. "The verses on Mrs. Patty," says Pope, "had not been printed, but that one puppy of our sex [James Moore Smythe?] took 'em to himself as author, and another simpleton of her sex pretended they were addressed to herself. I never thought of showing 'em to anybody but her; nor she (it seems), being better content to merit praises and good wishes than to boast of 'em." This must be taken *cum grano*. He had shown them to Judith Cowper, desiring her also to transcribe them for Mrs. Howard, to whom he had promised to send a copy.

occasioned such grief and scandal to his poetical cousin, William Cowper. Another son died Bishop of Peterborough. Mrs. Madan seems to have been a serious person, though not a devotee, like her daughter, Mrs. Major Cowper, the poet's correspondent. Shortly before her death, we find Cowper writing to John Newton, "Mrs. Madan is happy; she will be found ripe, fall when she may." She died in Stafford-row, Westminster, where she had long lived, in December, 1781. One letter of Cowper's to his "dear aunt" Madan is in his published correspondence. She knew his melancholy story, and must have admired his fine talents, and gentle, affectionate nature: his first volume was in the press at the time of her death. She was a connecting link between two schools of poetry—between the era of Swift and Pope and that of Cowper and Burns. In a few more years, her nephew was to rival if not dethrone her early idol, and was to carry the new faith into almost every English family and English heart.

About the same time, July 1723, Pope received a visit from an amiable young man of noble family, with whom he had corresponded for some years—the Hon. Robert Digby, a son of Lord Digby. The impression made upon Digby by the household at Twickenham was highly favourable; he had received a new idea of life which, he said, was strongly impressed upon his imagination, and would long remain on his memory. And no doubt the little family group, the aged mother, devoted son, and faithful nurse, contrasting, in their quiet daily routine, with the poetical celebrity and the accomplishments of his host, must have interested the visitor, and appeared very different from the life he usually witnessed among his associates or in his father's princely seat of Sherborne Castle. Pope was no less gratified by a visit to Sherborne; and in a letter to Martha Blount he describes the picturesque character of the fine old house and grounds, once the residence of the gallant and unfortunate Raleigh. In the letters to Digby (which are among the best of Pope's studied epistles) we have two happy specimens of his word-painting—sketches of spring and autumn. Twickenham, as seen on an old-fashioned May-day, he thus describes: "Our river glitters beneath an unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens

are offering their first nosegays ; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour ; the birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them ; my building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires what house is falling or what church is rising : so little taste have our common Tritons of Vitruvius, whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take in reflecting on their streams my Tuscan porticos or Ionic pilasters." This is a fine picture, full of hope and joy and gratified ambition. Such was spring, and even autumn as yet brought no saddening remembrances to the successful poet. "Do not talk of the decay of the year," he says ; "the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter ; there is more variety of colours in the leaves ; the prospects begin to open through the thinner woods over the valleys and through the high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven ; the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth ; the frosts are fresh and wholesome—what would you have ? The moon shines, too, though not for lovers these cold nights, but for astronomers." And let us add to these matronly graces of autumn, the rich atmospheric effects of the season : the golden light in the foreground, and deep blue in the distance. But, as Pope well knew, it is the mind that gives its peculiar zest and expression to the picture. Autumn will always be most fully enjoyed by the young, and spring by the aged.

A friend now came to share with the poet and to heighten all his intellectual pleasures. When Atterbury went ashore at Calais, he was informed that Bolingbroke had just arrived there on his way to England, having obtained the royal pardon. "Then I am exchanged !" exclaimed Atterbury ; and, according to Warburton, the bishop seriously entertained this opinion, conceiving that the price agreed upon for Bolingbroke's return was his own banishment. "Sure this is a nation that is cursedly afraid of being overrun with too much politeness," said Pope, "and cannot regain one genius but at the expense of another." Bolingbroke had

officiated as secretary to the Pretender in France. He became unpopular and lost his appointment—chiefly through the superannuated prejudices and imbecility of the old Chevalier—and he then commenced plotting for his return to England. He accomplished his object by the aid of friends, and by that influence then so potent—money. A second marriage (to an amiable French lady) had added greatly to his fortune, and a present of 11,000*l.* to the king's favourite, the Duchess of Kendal, obtained for him the royal pardon, but without restoring to him his family inheritance, his title, or his seat in the House of Lords. Two years afterwards his estate was restored to him by act of parliament, but Walpole was inflexible in his resolution to exclude him from the House of Lords, and this privation galled him into a course of active opposition. He attacked the ministry in pamphlets and newspapers for a period of ten years, until, tired with the fruitless contest, and quarrelling with his own friends of the Opposition, he again withdrew to France.

“What wanderer from his native shore  
 E'er left himself behind?”

Restless, ambitious, and insincere, Bolingbroke was always dissatisfied. He excelled, however, in those popular qualities in which Pope was deficient. His appearance was noble; his eloquence, according to Chesterfield and other contemporary authorities, was of the highest order, and seemed like inspiration; he was of high rank, and a brilliant declamatory and specious writer on political and philosophical subjects. Lord Mahon (now Earl Stanhope) has expressed his surprise that Bolingbroke is not more read on account of his literary merits. One great drawback is the want of general interest in most of the subjects discussed; another is the style of his writings, which, though flowing on in graceful and stately periods, is too much of a *spoken* or diffuse oratorical style. Compare a page of Addison, or on political subjects a page of Burke, with a page of Bolingbroke, and see how many ideas, how much thought and reading are in the one, how few and limited in the other! Yet Bolingbroke has an air of greater dignity and even superiority. He held Pope, as it were, by a spell, and the spell was never broken. Arbuthnot knew him better. The Doctor's son, George Arbuthnot, i



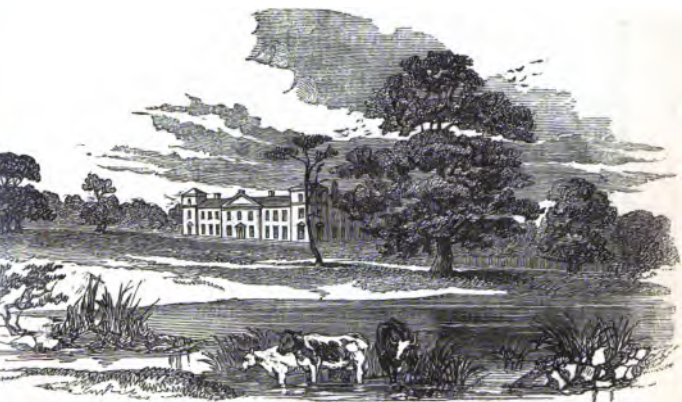
formed Dr. Beattie, author of *The Minstrel*, that his father had told him he knew Bolingbroke was an infidel, and a vain, worthless man. The printed correspondence shows that there was no intimacy between them.

The arrival of the peer was hailed by Pope as affording him more than an equivalent for the loss of Atterbury. The agreeable companion was restored—the eloquent, philosophical Mentor—and from him no chilling religious counsels or grave lectures on Protestantism were to be feared. Bolingbroke was often at Twickenham, and when his family inheritance (worth about 3000*l.* per annum) was recovered, the poet spent much of his time at Battersea or at Dawley, a property near Uxbridge in Middlesex, which Bolingbroke had purchased of Lord Tankerville, and which he decorated with the insignia and even the implements of husbandry. Pope gives us a sketch of this rural retreat :

“I now hold the pen for my Lord Bolingbroke, who is reading your letter between two haycocks; but his attention is somewhat diverted by casting his eyes on the clouds, not in admiration of what you say, but for fear of a shower. He is pleased with your placing him in the triumvirate, between yourself and me; tho’ he says that he doubts he shall fare like Lepidus, while one of us runs away with all the power, like Augustus, and another with all the pleasures, like Antony. It is upon a foresight of this that he has fitted up his farm, and you will agree that this scheme of retreat at least is not founded upon weak appearances. Upon his return from the Bath, all peccant humours, he finds, are purged out of him; and his great temperance and economy are so signal, that the first is fit for my constitution, and the latter would enable you to lay up so much money as to buy a bishopric in England. As to the return of his health and vigour, were you here, you might inquire of his haymakers; but as to his temperance, I can answer that (for one whole day) we have had nothing for dinner but mutton-broth, beans and bacon, and a barn-door fowl. Now his lordship is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you, that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for 200*l.* to paint his country-hall with trophies of rakes, spades, prongs, &c., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling this place a farm.”

The design was carried into effect; the hall was painted in black crayons, “so that at first,” says Goldsmith, “it resembled figures scratched with charcoal, or the smoke of a

andle upon the kitchen walls of farm-houses." No very attractive or picturesque fresco illustrations! Over the door, at the entrance, was the motto, *Satis beatus ruris honoribus*. Here, happy in the possession of moral tranquillity, the once ambitious politician was to repose for life! "I am in my own farm," he writes to Swift; "here I shoot strong and enacious roots; I have caught hold of the earth, to use a gardener's phrase, and neither my enemies nor my friends will find it an easy matter to transplant me again."



DAWLEY, THE SEAT OF LORD BOLINGBROKE.

And as a practical commentary on this text, he immediately commenced political agitation, joining with Pulteney against Walpole, and writing interminable letters in the *Craftsman*! Pope was insensibly led more into opposition by Bolingbroke, though on the first arrival of his friend he seems to have resolved on eschewing party politics. He wrote to Swift, Jan. 2, 1723-4:

"The civilities I have met with from opposite sets of people have hindered me from being violent or sour to any party; but at the same time the observations and experiences I cannot but have collected, have made me less fond of, and less surprised at any: I am therefore the more afflicted and the more angry at the violences and hardships

I see practised by either. The merry vein you knew me in, is sunk into a turn of reflection, that has made the world pretty indifferent to me; and yet I have acquired a quietness of mind which by fits improves into a certain degree of cheerfulness, enough to make me just so good-humoured as to wish that world well. My friendships are increased by new ones, yet no part of the warmth I felt for the old is diminished. Aversions I have none, but to knaves (for fools I have learnt to bear with), and such I cannot be commonly civil to; for I think those men are next to knaves who converse with them. The greatest man in power of this sort shall hardly make me bow to him, unless I had a personal obligation, and that I will take care not to have. The top pleasure of my life is one I learned from you both how to gain and how to use; the freedom of friendship with men much my superiors. To have pleased great men, according to Horace, is a praise; but not to have flattered them and yet not to have displeased them, is greater. I have carefully avoided all intercourse with poets and scribblers, unless where by great chance I have found a modest one. By these means I have had no quarrels with any personally; none have been enemies, but who were also strangers to me; and as there is no great need of an eclairsissement with such, whatever they writ or said I never retaliated, not only never seeming to know, but often really never knowing, anything of the matter. There are very few things that give me the anxiety of a wish; the strongest I have would be to pass my days with you, and a few such as you. But fate has dispersed them all about the world; and I find to wish it is as vain as to wish to see the millennium and the kingdom of the just upon earth."

This is about as unreal and imaginary as Bolingbroke's picture of philosophical retirement. Swift approved of his friend's abstinence as to party warfare, but he considered that it was more his happiness than his merit to choose his favourites indifferently from either side; and he knew human nature too well to be deceived by the boasted retirement and perfect tranquillity said to be enjoyed at Dawley and Twickenham. "I have no very strong faith in you pretenders to retirement," he says; "you are not of an age for it, nor have gone through either good or bad fortune enough to go into a corner and form conclusions *de contemptu mundi et fuga sæculi*." In truth, this style of writing on the part of Pope was a mere habit, and was generally expressed at the busiest periods of his life. But the poet might have asked his friend what good or bad fortune *he* had experienced to justify his contempt and hatred of mankind? The misanthropy of Swift

was less pardonable and more incongruous with his good sense and superiority of understanding, than Pope's self-delusion or unmeaning rhetoric.

In the midst of this assumed philosophical calm some harsher notes were sounded from the world without. Reports injurious to the reputation of the poet's friend, Martha Blount, were revived and circulated widely between the years 1723 and 1725. He wrote to the lady's godfather and his own friend Mr. Caryll a long and serious letter on the subject:

" 25 Dec. 1725.

"I wish I had nothing to trouble me more [than ill-natured criticism]. An honest mind is not in the power of any dishonest one. To break its peace there must be some guilt or consciousness, which is inconsistent with its own principles. Not but malice and injustice have their day, like some poor pert-liv'd vermin, that die of shooting their own stings. Falsehood is folly (says Homer), and liars and calumniators at last hurt none but themselves, even in this world. In the next, 'tis charity to say, God have mercy on them! They were the devil's vicegerents upon earth, who is the father of lies, and I fear has a right to dispose of his children. I've had an occasion to make these reflections of late much juster than from anything that concerns my writings, for it is one that concerns my morals, and (which I ought to be as tender of as my own) the good character of another very innocent person; who, I'm sure, shares your friendship no less than I do. You, too, are brought into the story so falsely that I think it but just to appeal against the injustice to yourself singly, as a full and worthy judge and evidence too! A very confident asseveration has been made, which has spread over the town, that your god-daughter, Miss Patty, and I, lived two or three years since in a manner that was reported to you as giving scandal to many; that upon your writing to me upon it, I consulted with her, and sent you an excusive, alleviating answer; but did after that, privately, and of myself, write to you a full confession; how much I myself disapproved the way of life, and owning the prejudice done her, charging it on herself, and declaring that I wished to break off what I acted against my conscience, &c.; and that she, being at the same time spoken to by a lady of your acquaintance, at your instigation, did absolutely deny to alter any part of her conduct, were it ever so disreputable or exceptionable. Upon this villainous lying tale, it is further added by the same hand, that I brought her acquainted with a noble lord, and into an intimacy with some others, merely to get quit of her myself, being moved in consciousness by what you and I had conferred together, and playing this base part to get off. You will bless yourself at so vile a wickedness,

who very well (I dare say) remember the truth of what then past, and the satisfaction you exprest I gave you (and Mrs. Caryll also exprest the same thing to her kinswoman) upon that head. God knows upon what motives any one should malign a sincere and virtuous friendship. I wish those very people had never led her into anything more liable to objection, or more dangerous to a good mind, than I hope my conversation or kindness are. She has, in reality, had less of it these two years past than ever since I knew her; and truly when she has it, 'tis almost wholly a preachment, which I think necessary, against the ill consequences of another sort of company, which they, by their good will, would always keep; and she, in compliance and for quiet sake, keeps more than you or I could wish. . . . God is my witness I am as much a friend to her soul as to her person; the good qualities of the former made me her friend. No creature has better natural dispositions, or would act more rightly or reasonably in every duty, did she act by herself, or from herself."<sup>7</sup>

This declaration satisfied Mr. Caryll: inquiry had been instituted and the injurious reports disproved. The following is part of a letter on the same painful subject addressed by Mrs. Caryll, the wife of Pope's friend, to Martha Blount:

" March 15.

"Nothing could be more kind than your way of expressing my taking no notice of what had given you so much trouble and uneasiness. I own to you I had heard a good deal of what the prattling part of the world had babbled about, but never gave any more ear to it than to the wind. But when I found my own dear [Mr. Caryll] took something to heart in good earnest that related to the two in the world he heartily loves and wishes well to, I began to examine more about it. Then he told me all his friend had imparted to him, which was so highly to your credit and commendation that it caused no change in my thoughts about the matter; and I really was glad that you had such a friend in the world, nor can I ever hope that anything should change him from ever being so to you. I am so far convinced of his honour and worth, joined with his good understanding, that should all the peevish ill-will or passionate malice in the world invent all that lay in them, it would in no kind ever make me have the least thought of what I could wish otherwise as to your friendship. . . . —E. CARYLL."<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Athenæum, July 22, 1854. Part of this letter will be found in the printed correspondence addressed to Arbuthnot, dated "Sept. 10," and described by Pope in the contents as "To Dr. Arbuthnot, on his return from France; and on the calumnies about the translation of the *Odyssey*!"

<sup>8</sup> Mapledurham MSS.

Pope conceived that these reports originated with Martha Blount's own family, but in none of the letters is any person expressly named. Some years afterwards we find him regretting that Patty languished in town and dieted there on fools for want of friends. Teresa, on the other hand, affirmed that nobody of sense could live six miles out of London; but though town and country might thus be occasionally in collision, there is no proof that the harmony of the sisters was ever seriously disturbed.

In the year 1725, Pope's edition of Shakspeare was published by Tonson in six volumes quarto. The impression was limited to seven hundred and fifty copies, but of these, Johnson says, one hundred and forty remained on hand, and were only disposed of by the price being reduced from six guineas to sixteen shillings. This was, perhaps, the first decided failure in any of the publications by Pope. He was deficient in some important requisites for the task he had undertaken. The irksome but necessary duty of collation was indifferently performed; he wanted patience, and he could not command all the early copies. He was not sufficiently read in the literature of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and thus missed many points of illustration confirming or elucidating the text. He also somewhat arbitrarily and unwarrantably altered or suppressed lines and passages, which he conceived to have been interpolated or vitiated by the players and transcribers. Some of his emendations, where his taste and penetration were brought into play, are original and happy. The exquisite allusion to music in the opening scene of the Twelfth Night—

"O! it came o'er me like the sweet *south*  
That breathes upon a bank of violets"—

owes to Pope one of its principal charms, by the substitution of *south* for *sound*, as it previously stood, and which was evidently a corrupt reading. In Macbeth is also a felicitous alteration, Tarquin's ravishing *strides* for *sides*. Pope's preface to the work must be pronounced inferior to Johnson's, but it is what no other author of the day (after Addison's death) could have written. It is by far the best of Pope's prose compositions. Considering the state of criticism at that time, notwithstanding Dryden's Essays and Addison's

Spectators, and remembering the generally low appreciation of Shakspeare, Pope will not be found deficient in reverence or admiration of his great author. He reviews his characteristic excellences, his originality, his delineation of characters, so various and dissimilar, yet so life-like, his power over the passions, his sentiments, language, and dramatic art. Much of what he advanced has been superseded by juster and higher criticism, founded on truer principles and more devoted study; but it must be recollected that Pope was a pioneer in the service, and was not cheered in his labours by contemporary help or enthusiasm. The scale of remuneration, compared with that for Homer, shows how limited were the ideas entertained regarding Shakspeare. Pope agreed to edit the work for the sum of 217*l.* 12*s.* He was mortified at the want of success, and to add to his chagrin, the small critics and word-catchers rose in full cry against him. In 1726, Louis Theobald, one of the dullest of versifiers, translators, and dramatists, published a tract, entitled, "Shakspeare Restored, or a specimen of the many errors as well committed and unamended, by Mr. Pope in his late edition." Theobald was well read in black-letter and dramatic literature, and many of his citations of errors and defects were seen to be just. Tonson ventured on a duodecimo edition of Pope's work, and the poet inserted this characteristic notice of his critic: "Since the publication of our first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakspeare by Lewis Theobald (which he would not communicate during the time wherein that edition was preparing for the press, when we, by public advertisement, did request the assistance of all lovers of this author), we have inserted in this impression as many of them as are judged of any the least advantage to the poet; *the whole amounting to about twenty-five words.*" And the same year (1728) appeared Pope's Dunciad with Theobald for its hero. The unfortunate commentator could not retaliate in this style; but with the help of Warburton and others he produced in 1733 a complete edition of Shakspeare in seven volumes octavo, which evinced greater care and knowledge than that of his illustrious predecessor, and soon eclipsed it in popular estimation.

The translation of the *Odyssey* also involved Pope in trouble. In his proposals, issued January 10th, 1724-5, he had

expressly stated that the subscription was not wholly for his own use, but for that of two of his friends who had assisted him in the work. He said he had *undertaken* the translation of the *Odyssey*, but did not claim to be sole translator. "Mr. Pope *the undertaker*" was a fertile topic of ridicule and abuse; and an epigram on the translation, by some one of his nameless assailants, rises above the mark of Dennis, Gildon, or Theobald:

"If Homer's never-dying song begun  
To celebrate the wrath of Peleus' son;  
Or if his opening *Odyssey* disclose  
A patient hero exercised in woes:  
Let *undertaking* Pope demand our praise,  
Who so could copy the famed Grecian lays,  
That still Achilles' wrath may justly rise,  
And still Ulysses suffer in disguise."

The charge that he had solicited an expensive subscription, and employed underlings to perform what should have come from his own hands, was therefore an unfounded accusation.

But Pope disingenuously concealed and misrepresented the amount of assistance he received.

At the conclusion of the notes he makes Broome say—"If my performance has merit either in these or in any part of the translation (namely, in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books), it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and



ELIJAH FENTON.

care of Mr. Pope, by whose hands every sheet was corrected: his other and much more able assistant was Mr. Fenton, in



the fourth and the twentieth books." Here *five* books only are mentioned, but in reality *twelve* books were executed by the assistants. Fenton took the 1st, 4th, 19th, and 20th books of the poem. To Broome were assigned the 2nd, 6th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 16th, 18th, and 23rd, besides the compilation of the notes. So well was the Pope measure—the "mechanic echo" of his verse—now understood and practised, that Fenton and Broome show no inferiority in style to their master. The latter, however, corrected carefully, and threw in some of his occasional happy touches. The first couplet of the poem was thus written by Fenton :

"The man for wisdom fam'd, O muse relate,  
Through woes and wanderings long pursued by Fate."

Pope erased these, and substituted—

"The man for wisdom's various arts renown'd,  
Long exercised in woes, O muse resound."

The Battle of the Frogs and Mice was translated by Parnell. According to Warburton, Broome received 600*l.* for his assistance, and Fenton 300*l.*, but Spence makes Fenton's share only 240*l.*, and it is known that Broome received only 500*l.*—four hundred for the translation of the eight books, and one hundred for the notes.<sup>9</sup> There was no cordiality in this classical association. Fenton had not a good opinion of Pope's heart, Broome had a decidedly bad opinion of Pope's Greek, and Pope, next year, classed Broome among "the parrots who repeat another's words in such a hoarse, odd voice, as makes them seem their own!"

Two years had now been employed on the *Odyssey*—from 1723 to 1725; it extended to five volumes; and, deducting the sum of 800*l.* paid to his coadjutors, the *Odyssey* realised for Pope 2885*l.* 5*s.* For the copyright, Lintot had given 100*l.* per volume, and all the subscribers' copies, amounting to five hundred and seventy-four. The *Iliad* and *Odyssey* had thus brought to the English poet from eight to nine thousand pounds. By making the ancient Grecian pass through his poetical crucible into an English form, he had indeed "drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham." The Anne

\* Cunningham's edition of Johnson's Lives, iii. 211.

and Georgian period, up to this date, was princely in its patronage of literature. Worse days for authors came with an abler administration. Walpole, in ten years—from 1731 to 1741—spent above fifty thousand pounds on writers; but it was on newspaper party hirelings and virulent pamphleteers.

Swift wrote to his friend (September 29th, 1725), congratulating him on his emancipation from the drudgery of translation, and at the same time exhibiting that vein of misanthropy which, as Warton said, dishonoured him as a man, a Christian, and a philosopher:

“I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under the necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time. But since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities; and all my love is towards individuals: for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Counsellor such a one, and Judge such a one. 'Tis so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called man, although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth. This is the system upon which I have governed myself many years (but do not tell), and so I shall go on till I have done with them. I have got materials towards a treatise, proving the falsity of that definition *animal rationale*, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. Upon this great foundation of misanthropy (though not in Timon's manner) the whole building of my travels is erected; and I never will have peace of mind till all honest men are of my opinion: by consequence you are to embrace it immediately, and procure that all who deserve my esteem may do so too. The matter is so clear, that it will admit of no dispute; nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point.”

Pope, without formally stating his dissent from his friend (October 15th, 1725), contrived to show him that he disapproved of his view of human nature:

“I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I've fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the Millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passions, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom

of the just in tranquillity. But I find you would rather be employed as an avenging angel of wrath, to break your vial of indignation over the heads of the wretched creatures of this world; nay, would make them eat your book, which you have made (I doubt not) as bitter a pill for them as possible.

I won't tell you what designs I have in my head (besides writing a set of maxims in opposition to all Rochefoucault's principles) till I see you here, face to face. Then you shall have no reason to complain of me, for want of a generous disdain of this world, though I have not lost my ears in yours and their service. Lord Oxford, too (whom I have now the third time mentioned in this letter, and he deserves to be always mentioned in everything that is addressed to you, or comes from you), expects you: that ought to be enough to bring you hither; 'tis a better reason than if the nation expected you. For I really enter as fully as you can desire, into your principle of love of individuals: and I think the way to have a public spirit is first to have a private one; for who can believe (said a friend of mine) that any man can care for a hundred thousand people, who never cared for one? No ill-humoured man can ever be a patriot, any more than a friend."

The translation of the *Odyssey* secured for Pope the most attached and undoubting of all his literary friends. The Rev. Joseph Spence, afterwards Professor of Poetry in Oxford, in 1726 published an *Essay on Pope's Odyssey*. He "censured with respect and praised with alacrity," as Johnson remarks; Pope sought his acquaintance, and they were ever afterwards in habits of the strictest intimacy.

The ill success of his *Shakspeare*, and the clamour raised against him for his "undertaking" the *Odyssey*, had the effect of determining Pope to make his next appearance as an author in the character of a satirist. In a letter to Swift, written in 1725, he mentions the hatred entertained towards him by *bad people*, and he specifies Gildon and Cibber. The former was a friend of Ambrose Philips, and in his complete *Art of Poetry*, published in 1718, he had studiously depreciated Pope. His criticism, however, was unworthy of notice, and Pope must have known that if ever Gildon could be considered formidable, he was so no longer, for he was then dead. Cibber had very little gall in his composition, but Pope's feud was of long standing. Swift—ever wise in counsel, when no cloud of passion intervened—dissuaded his friend from the course he saw he was meditating. "Take care," he said,

"the bad poets do not outwit you as they have served the good ones in every age, whom they have provoked to transmit their names to posterity. Mævius is as well known as Virgil, and Gildon will be as well known as you if his name gets into your verses." Pope accepted the caution, though he could not abide by it, in the spirit and temper of a man of sense. He agreed with Swift, that all scribblers should be passed by in silence; "so," he adds, "let Gildon and Philips rest in peace." The friendly monitor soon afterwards made his appearance in England, and took up his abode at Twickenham.

Swift's reputation had been greatly extended by his defence of the liberties of Ireland—as his defeat of the scheme of Wood's copper coinage was considered—and he brought with him the manuscript of *Gulliver's Travels*. How cordially he was received by Pope, by Gay, Arbuthnot, and Bolingbroke, may be readily conceived. To his powerful understanding and strong will they yielded involuntary submission. He was the Coryphæus of the party, the successful champion of Ireland, and the chief of English wits. Swift valued literature only as a means of promoting his own advancement, or carrying such objects as he strongly desired. He was not like Pope, *all author*. He wanted literature to do for him what a great fortune or title would have done. He wished, he said, to be used like a lord, so that the reputation of wit or learning might do the office of a blue riband, or a coach and six horses. On this occasion he visited Walpole—not disinclined apparently to share in ministerial favour—but his ostensible object was to represent the affairs of Ireland to the great minister in *a true light*. He was politely received, and the Princess Caroline saw him at Leicester House, but his schemes evaporated in mere courtly phrases. He retired more than ever disgusted with courts and ministers of state; and his visit to England was abruptly terminated by the illness of Stella, in consequence of which he hurried back to Ireland. He had been about four months—from April to August—with Pope at Twickenham. During this time, *Gulliver* had been finally completed for the press, and two volumes of *Miscellanies*, containing pieces in prose and verse, by Swift, Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot, were projected and considerably advanced. Swift had been only a few weeks gone, when a serious accident happened to his host

at Twickenham. The poet had been dining with Bolingbroke at Dawley, and late at night the peer sent his friend home in a stately fashion, in a coach and six. A small bridge, about a mile from Pope's residence, was broken down, and the postilion taking the water, the coach came in contact with the trunk of a tree, and was overturned. Before the coachman could get to Pope's assistance, the water had reached the knots of his periwig. The glass was broken, and he was rescued, but not until he had received a severe wound in his right hand, which for some time disqualified him for writing. Voltaire, who was then on a visit at Dawley, sent his condolences in an *English* epistle, stating that the water into which Pope fell was "not Hippocrene's water, otherwise it would have respected him!" "Is it possible," he added, "that those fingers which have written the Rape of the Lock, and the Criticism, which have dressed Homer so becomingly in an *English* coat, should have been so barbarously treated?" Pope disliked the French wit, having, it is said, found out he was a spy, and Voltaire having, on one occasion, talked so grossly at Twickenham with respect to the state of his health, as to drive Mrs. Pope from the table. Voltaire, however, was a favourite with George I. and the Princess Caroline, which helped to fill his subscriptions for the *Henriade*, and to make his fortune, but which proved no recommendation at Twickenham.

Among the Homer MSS. in the British Museum is a small undated and unsigned note, in the handwriting of Martha Blount, referring to this accident: "We shall be at home all Friday, and expect you soon after dinner. Your dangers on the water that night I can imagine from what George told us. Your wine is come safe." Martha was always sparing of words.

Gulliver's Travels made the winter of 1726 famous. It was published in the latter end of October or beginning of November, and sold with such rapidity, that the whole impression was exhausted in a week, and the work promised, as Arbuthnot said, to have as great a run as John Bunyan. Pope went to London on purpose to see how it would be received by statesmen and commoners, and to observe its effects was, he says, his diversion for a fortnight. He had a peculiar interest in the work, if the report adopted by Sir Walter

Scott in his *Life of Swift* be correct, namely, that Swift made him a donation of the copyright, and that he sold it for 300*l*. It does not appear, however, that he was connected with carrying out, though he may have suggested the mystification that accompanied the publication of *Gulliver*. Erasmus Lewis was the negotiator, and the sum demanded for the copyright was 200*l*. The manuscript was sent to Benjamin Motte, Swift's bookseller, with a request that he would immediately deliver a bank-bill of 200*l*. Motte demurred to the immediate payment, but offered to publish the work within a month after he received the copy, and to pay the sum demanded, if the success allowed it, in six months. The terms were accepted and the book appeared, but at the end of the six months Motte seems to have applied for a longer period of credit. This also was granted. Swift, disguising his hand, and signing "Richard Sympson," as acting for his *cousin* Gulliver, left the matter to Erasmus Lewis, and Lewis, May 4th, 1727, writes, "I am fully satisfied."<sup>10</sup> Pope, then, does not appear in the transaction, but the secret of the authorship was, of course, known to Swift's particular friends, though in their letters they all affected ignorance of it. Pope says the publisher received the copy, he knew not from whence nor from whom, dropped at his house in the dark from a hackney coach; and by computing the time, he found it was after Swift left England, so he suspended his judgment. Gay writes to the same effect; and Swift kept up the humour by alluding to a book sent to him called *Gulliver's Travels*. "A bishop here," he adds, "said that book was full of improbable lies, and for his part he hardly believed a word of it." Arbuthnot writes him: "Lord Scarborough, who is no inventor of stories, told us that he fell in company with a master of a ship, who told him that he was very well acquainted with Gulliver, but that the printer had mistaken; that he lived in Wapping, and not in Rotherhithe. I lent the book to an old gentleman (adds Arbuthnot), who went immediately to his map, to search for Lilliput." It is obvious how much all this must have amused and gratified

<sup>10</sup> Taylor's edition of *Gulliver*, 1840. The originals are in the possession of the Rev. C. Bathurst Woodman, Edgbaston, by Birmingham. Mr. W. is grandson of Bathurst, the publisher, who was the partner and successor of Motte.

the Dean and his friends in connexion with the unexampled sale of the volume.

The health of Stella being partially restored, Swift visited England again in April, 1727. His fame now stood higher than it had done in the previous autumn, and he was welcomed at Leicester House, and in all the circles of his friends, with increased delight and enthusiasm. He still clung to the expectation of obtaining some church preferment in England, and fresh hopes were kindled on the death of the king, when a change of ministry was expected. Walpole, however, was again in the ascendant, and Swift lingered on for some months with small chance of his wishes being realised. He resided, as before, with Pope, and the result of their joint efforts appeared by the publication, in June, of two volumes of the *Miscellanies*. A third, called "the last volume," was published in the following March. The Preface is dated from Twickenham, May 27, 1727, and is signed by Swift and Pope, whose initials also appear in a cipher on the title-page. The preface is evidently of Pope's composition, and the following reason is assigned for the publication:

"Having both of us been extremely ill treated by some booksellers, especially one Edmund Curll, it was our opinion that the best method we could take for justifying ourselves would be to publish whatever loose papers in prose and verse we have formerly written; not only such as have already stolen into the world very much to our regret, and perhaps very little to our credit, but such as in any probability hereafter may run the same fate; having been obtained from us by the importunity and divulged by the indiscretion of friends, although restrained by promises which few of them are ever known to observe, and often think they make us a compliment in breaking."

Regret is expressed that their raillery, though ever so tender, or their resentment, though ever so just, should have been indulged with regard to Sir John Vanbrugh, "who was a man of wit and of humour, and Mr. Addison, whose name deserves all respect from every lover of learning." It is then affirmed that the cabinets of the sick and the closets of the dead had been broken open and ransacked to publish their private letters—a statement certainly unsupported by proof, and which seems to have been hazarded

with a view of preparing for some subsequent publication of letters. Parnell, Garth, Rowe, Addison, and Craggs had died, but their friends and executors made no complaints of such indignities, which, if perpetrated, must have awakened the liveliest indignation, and led to instant inquiry. To the *Miscellanies* Swift was the largest contributor, and his ironical and satirical treatises, with his poetical trifles, thus collected and presented in a compendious shape, must have formed the chief attraction of the work. Pope published his *Memoirs of P. P.*, Clerk of this Parish (a witty though indelicate satire on Bishop Burnet, in which Gay assisted), and the *Treatise on the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry*. He also reprinted the *Key to the Lock*, and the *Satires on Curll and Dennis*. Many of his lighter poetical pieces also appeared for the first time in these volumes, including the "Fragment of a Satire," formerly published in Markland's *Cythereia*, with additions, in which "slashing Bentley and piddling Tibbalds" (Theobald), are duly commemorated, and the lines on Addison are given, slightly corrected. The concoction of these volumes certainly betrays the art of the bookmaker, and was fairly open to comment; but the direct personal sallies it contained aroused a whole tribe of hostile authors and friends of authors, and led the way to the "big wars" of the *Dunciad*. Swift, who had condemned such notice of bad poets, and who possessed more enlarged and tolerant views on these subjects than his friend, must have been overruled in the matter of the publication; but having assented, he was utterly indifferent to whatever attacks it might provoke. His disappointment at the Court, and the return of his deafness and giddiness, engrossed his attention; and finding himself unfit for company, and that Pope was too sickly and complaisant, he removed from Twickenham to London. He seems to have stolen away under pretence of some unavoidable business, and he continued in London during the month of September, Pope visiting him as often as he could obtain access to his retreat. He left England in the beginning of October, leaving with Gay a letter for his friend at Twickenham, which was couched in such kind and affecting terms, that Pope says it made him cry like a girl. This was Swift's last visit to England. Stella died about three months after his return to Ireland.



Before Swift's departure, Gay had nearly completed his *Beggar's Opera*. The idea of a *Newgate Pastoral* had been first suggested by the Dean, and both he and Pope are said to have assisted in the composition of the piece. To Pope has been assigned two of the songs which glance satirically at the Court, but his statement to Spence was, that except a word of correction or advice now and then, the play was wholly of Gay's own writing. In fact, Gay was a better lyrical poet than either of his more able friends. The opera was brought on the stage January 29th, 1727-8—the very day after the death of poor Stella in Dublin—and its success was as great as that of *Gulliver*. Pope has recorded the event in one of the notes to the *Dunciad*, and it appears that Gay's share of the profits—"the author's rights"—amounted to nearly seven hundred pounds.

In his treatise on the *Bathos*, or profound, Pope cited a number of grandiloquent and absurd passages from the poetry of Sir Richard Blackmore, Lee, Cooke, Welsted, Ambrose Philips, Theobald, Broome, &c. These quotations, with the sarcastic introductory remarks, are highly effective. The solemn platitudes of Blackmore, the puerility of Philips, and the rant of some of the tragic heroes, thus displayed, apart from the context, covered them with ridicule from which there was no escape. Broome took offence, though his name was not mentioned, at the introduction of two absurd lines from his pen. "Another author," says the satirist, "describes a poet that shines forth amidst a circle of critics,

"Thus Phœbus through the zodiac takes his way,  
And amid monsters rises into day."

"What a peculiarity is here of invention? The author's pencil, like the wand of Circe, turns all into monsters at a stroke?" This naturally irritated Broome, who was somewhat too grave and fine a man to relish such a depreciatory remark. He wrote to Fenton and to Pope on the subject, and Pope replied that the passage was "neither his doing nor Dr. Arbuthnot's, but was inserted by a friend."<sup>11</sup> To

<sup>11</sup> From Unpublished Letters in Mr. Croker's possession, quoted by Mr. Cunningham in his edition of Johnson's *Lives*. "All that was remembered of Broome twenty years since, in the parish in Norfolk where he lived, was that he was a fine man, and kept an eagle."—*Gent. Mag.*, 1836.

credit this denial would have required more faith and charity than, we suspect, the worthy and classical Suffolk rector was possessed of. Welsted, in his best poem, *Acon and Lavinia*, has two lines open to ridicule :

“ ————To decline  
His suit, who saw her, with familiar eyes,  
Asleep, and only covered with the skies.”

The satirist misquoted the lines and added to the absurdity of the picture :

“ ————Behold the virgin lie,  
Naked, and only cover'd by the sky.”

“To which,” says Scriblerus, “thou may'st add—

“To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,  
She has the whole horizon for her hoop.”

In addition to the examples of the Bathos, Pope ranged the “confined and less copious geniuses” in different classes under the name of animals, and as this chapter was considered by many the “head and front of his offending,” we subjoin the classification :

1. The *Flying Fishes* : These are writers who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the Profund ; but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom. G. S. A. H. C. G.

2. The *Swallows* are authors that are eternally skimming and fluttering up and down, but all their agility is employed to catch flies. L. T. W. P. Lord R. [Afterwards altered to “Lord H.”]

3. The *Ostriches* are such, whose heaviness rarely permits them to raise themselves from the ground ; their wings are of no use to lift them up, and their motion is between flying and walking ; but then they run very fast. D. F. L. E. The Hon. E. H.

4. The *Parrots* are they that repeat another's words, in such a hoarse, odd voice, as make them seem their own. W. B. W. H. C. C. The Reverend D. D.

5. The *Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out of sight under water, and come up now and then where you least expected them. L. W.—D., Esq. [Afterwards “L. W. G. D.”] The Hon. Sir W. Y.

6. The *Porpoises* are unwieldy and big ; they put all their numbers into a great tumult and tempest, but whenever they appear in plain light (which is seldom) they are only shapeless and ugly monsters. I. D. C. G. I. O.

7. The *Frogs* are such as can neither walk nor fly, but can *leap* and *bound* to admiration. They live generally in the bottom of a ditch, and make a great noise whenever they thrust their heads above water. E. W. I. M., Esq. T. D., Gent.

8. The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. L. W. L. T. P. M. General C.

9. The *Tortoises* are slow and chill, and, like pastoral writers, delight much in gardens: they have, for the most part, a fine embroidered shell, and underneath it a heavy lump. A. P. W. B. L. E. The Right Hon. E. of S.

The busy-idle portion of the reading public of London, and especially the poetasters who had been struck at, had no difficulty in deciphering these initial letters, though a few (as D. D. and E. of S.) seem to have been set down as blinds to the others. G. S. was *George Sewell*, the Whig poet and translator, who died in 1726. A. H. was *Aaron Hill*. C. G. *Charles Gildon*. L. T. *Louis Theobald*. W. P. *William Pateson*, one of Curll's poets, who died in 1727. Lord H. *Lord Hervey*. D. F. *De Foe*. L. E. *Lawrence Eusden*. The Hon. E. H. *Edward Howard*. W. B. *William Broome*. C. C. *Colley Cibber*. L. W.—D. *Leonard Welsted*, and when changed to L. W. G. D. *Leonard Welsted* and *George Duckett*. The Hon. Sir W. Y. *Sir William Yonge*. I. D. *John Dennis*. I. O. *John Oldmixon*. E. W. *Edward Ward*. I. M. *James Moore*. T. D. *Thomas Durfey*. P. M. *Peter Motteux*. A. P. *Ambrose Philips*.<sup>12</sup>

In this classification exact consistency had not been preserved; for to make Gildon both a flying fish and a porpoise, Theobald both a swallow and an eel, and Welsted a didapper as well as an eel, was surely, as Dennis said, as little apposite as the cloud in Hamlet, which Polonius made sometimes like a weasel and sometimes like a whale. Dennis gravely urged that "neither the initial nor the final letters of these authors' names, nor their persons, nor their actions, ever gave any such ideas to any mortal, unless to this little whimsical creature. But," he adds, "now let us see if we cannot

<sup>12</sup> A writer in the *Daily Journal*, March 26 (evidently Pope), under the signature of *Philaletes*, suggests that in some instances each letter means a different surname, as E. *Eusden*; W. *Welsted*; I. *Johnson*; M. *Mitchell*; T. *Tate*; D. *Durfey*.

turn this very method with a little more success upon Alexander P. For let us only do by him what he has done by L. W—D, that is, take the initial letter of his Christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz., A. P—E, and they give you the same idea of an ape that his face, and his shape, and his stature do, and his name ludicrously mischievous." To such miserable warfare had the greatest poet of his age subjected himself by ignoble personal satire! Dennis's remark, however, was, in that style of controversy, a "palpable hit," and Pope altered the initial letters as given above.

Nearly all these parties come before us again in Pope's array of dunces, but one of the number he singled out for immediate and signal vengeance, which was never satiated so long as the victim lived. This was James Moore, now James Moore Smythe, his maternal grandfather, William Smythe, of London, having, in 1720-1, left him his fortune, with directions that he should take the name of Smythe. This fortune was vested in real estate, Smythe having purchased a property named Frodley Hall, near Barton, in Staffordshire.<sup>13</sup> Though Smythe's father, Arthur Moore, had retired from public life in some disgrace, he lived in a style of magnificence, and had two estates in Surrey, Fetcham and Polesden; his son James, also, from his connexions and fortune, moved in good society. We gather from Pope's Dunciad that Smythe was at least occasionally in the com-

<sup>13</sup> In 1781 we find him present at an entertainment to celebrate the birthday of Lord Andover, son of the Earl of Berkshire, on which occasion he wrote some lines:

"O Andover, with soft attractions gay,  
Where early graces and young Muses play;  
Think, whilst we celebrate thy natal hour,  
We toast to freedom unrestrain'd by power—  
That plan of liberty deliver'd down,  
Which the sire cherish'd and the son must own.  
Then, when on noble ruins thou shalt rise,  
And the bad world yield Berkshire to the skies,  
Long may'st thou emulate thy father's place,  
And wear the beauties of thy mother's race."

On which Pope wrote this distich, published in the *Grub-street Journal*:

"What makes for once Squire Jemmy's Muse so toward?  
Mere joy to see a cousin of Ned Howard."

pany of Arbuthnot, Young, and other friends of the poet, and by Pope himself was introduced to Lord Peterborough. He was, as we have seen, intimate with the Blount family at Mapledurham. The sarcastic allusion to him in the *Miscellanies* shows that Pope's enmity had then been stirred by some undisclosed affront or injury, and this first blow was followed up a few days afterwards by a letter in the *Daily Journal*, March 18, 1728:

"SIR,—Upon reading the third volume of Pope's *Miscellanies*, I found five lines which I thought excellent, and, happening to praise them afterwards in a mixed company, a gentleman present immediately produced a modern comedy published last year, where were the same verses, almost to a tittle. I was a good deal out of countenance to find that I had been so eloquent in praise of a felony, and not a little in pain lest I myself should be understood to be an accomplice. The lines are these; the subject a coquette:

" 'Tis thus that vanity coquettes rewards,  
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;  
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,  
Young without lovers, old without a friend;  
A fool their aim, their prize some worn-out sot,  
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot.'

But my confusion was vastly aggravated when the same gentleman, pursuing his triumph, turned me to the discourse at the head of the Third Volume, where the author of these admirable lines is likened to a frog in poetry; one that can neither walk nor fly, but can leap and bound to admiration; that lives generally at the bottom of a ditch, and makes a great noise whenever he thrusts his head above water; and is placed in this class between Mr. Edward Ward and Mr. Thomas Durfey. If every man who is, with equal dulness, abused in that piece, had contributed an equal proportion to the *Miscellany*, instead of its being resented as a fraud on the public, it might have proved an agreeable amusement. But these gentlemen are resolved to be originals in some kind or other; and are undoubtedly the first plagiarists that pretended to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own lifetime, and out of a public print. In their manner of treating him they resemble our ordinary footpads, who never rifle a man without abusing him, as though they meant to make out their title to his money by proving to him that he was not worthy of it. I am, sir, your most humble servant,—PHILO-MAURI."

Another letter in the same journal, signed Philalethes, points out the injured party:

"I see no reason why you should suppress the name of Mr. I—M. S—, to whom this injury has been done, or not cite the comedy of the *Rival Modes*, where those five excellent verses are to be found. But I must now farther acquaint you, sir, that the whole piece entitled "*Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*," in the second volume of that collection, has above two years been owned by Mr. S— in several companies. And I am certainly informed that another admirable piece, called "*An Historico-Physical Account of the South Sea*," which he has yet in his hands, would (if these authors could any way have procured it from him) have as infallibly been published as their own in this collection."

Pope had thus ingeniously laid the foundation for a charge of plagiarism against Smythe. Whoever read the above letters in the *Daily Journal* would turn to the *Miscellanies* for the important lines, and there they appear as forming part of the verses addressed to Martha Blount on her birthday, in 1723, a copy of which Pope had sent to Judith Cowper :

"Oh, be thou blest with all that Heaven can send,  
 Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a friend,  
 Not with those toys the female race admire,  
 Riches that vex and vanities that tire ;  
 Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards,  
 A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;  
 Fair to no purpose, artful to no end ;  
 Young without lovers, old without a friend ;  
 A fop their passion, but their prize a sot ;  
 Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !" &c.

These verses underwent various changes, as may be seen by referring to the "*Miscellaneous Poems*" of Pope in this edition. But the plot against Smythe was not unfolded till the enlarged edition of the *Dunciad* appeared in 1729. There the above charge was repeated ; the letter accusing Pope of plagiarism was quoted, and Pope entered boldly on his defence. The lines were his, he had given Smythe leave to insert them in his comedy of the *Rival Modes* ; but a month before the play was acted, January 27, 1726-7, he wrote to him stating that the verses would be known to be his, some copies having got abroad. Smythe, however, begged they might be retained ; the lines had been read in his comedy to several persons, and he hoped Mr. P. would not deprive him of them. Reference is then made to Bo-

lingbroke, to the lady to whom the verses were originally addressed, to Hugh Bethel, and others, who knew the verses to be his (Pope's) long before Smythe composed his play. They had appeared in the *Miscellany* as addressed to the lady three years before, in 1723. But were they really sent to Martha Blount in 1723? In the copy at Mapledurham there are no such lines; two contemporary manuscripts of the poem exist, and neither contains them;<sup>14</sup> they were not in the copy sent to Judith Cowper, and a copy printed and published in 1726 is without them. The inevitable conclusion is that Pope inserted them in the verses addressed to M. B., as published in the *Miscellany*, in order to found or support the charge of plagiarism against Smythe. He had made preparation for it by his anonymous letters in the *Daily Journal*, and the triumphant exposure was reserved for the *Dunciad*. Never before was so much lasting enmity built on so slender a basis! The charge of plagiarism, even in its worst shape, is feebly supported. The lines are not exactly given as a quotation, though Smythe might have argued that they were. Most of the characters in the play are made occasionally to

<sup>14</sup> *Athenæum*, June 28, 1856. The writer says, "I cannot but believe that Pope had some regrets at this unworthy proceeding, for the Moore Smythe verses were omitted from the *Dunciad* in 1736, and struck out of the 'Verses to M. B.' when published by Dodsley in 1738." Pope's reason for these omissions, we suspect, was simply that he had previously (in 1735) included the lines in the *Characters of Women* or *Moral Essays*, Ep. ii. He could not well continue them in both poems. Smythe, we may suppose, had seen the lines in the hands of his friends, the Miss Blounts. He asked leave of Pope to put them into his comedy; consent was given, but afterwards withdrawn; yet Smythe included them in his condemned play, and they appeared in it when printed. Lintot had given a hundred guineas for the play, and Smythe had dedicated it to Walpole. Pope was now in high wrath, and being then engaged in preparing the *Miscellany*, he vindicated his right to the appropriated lines by introducing them into the *Verses to Mrs. M. B.*, though he may have intended them for his *Epistle on Women*, addressed to "A Lady"—i. e. Martha Blount, to which he afterwards transferred them. Some of the lines addressed to Erinna (Judith Cowper) are also in this *Epistle*, and were written as early as 1723. These, along with the Moore Smythe lines, may have been seen by Bethel, &c., though not in the *Birthday Verses*, and Pope does not say in what poem they were seen. This is perhaps the only way in which Pope's plot can be vindicated or palliated.

deliver scraps of verse. In Act II. Sagely (performed by Mills) says :

"Gone! May the common course of jilts light on you, that not one of your follies may end till it give birth to a worse.

*'Tis thus that vanity coquettes rewards, &c.*

The lines are not distinguished by inverted commas, but are printed in italics. Other verses, sprinkled throughout the play, are given in the same manner; and it is important to notice that in the very next page to that in which the plagiarised lines appear, two from Pope's long-published and popular Essay on Criticism are quoted or appropriated thus, and printed like the others :

*"Bell.* Nay, fly to altars, there I'll talk you dead.

*Mell.* For fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

It is difficult to reconcile this fact with Pope's warning to Smythe and Smythe's entreaty; for it is obvious that the miserable dramatist did not think it necessary that his tag verses should be supposed to be written for the play.

The masked battery against Moore Smythe was opened, as we have seen, in the *Daily Journal* of March 18, 1728. He made no reply, but in the same journal of April 6 there appeared an effort at satire from his pen, which, harmless as it is, Pope includes in his catalogue of the writings which provoked the Dunciad :

*Notice is hereby given to all Lovers of Art, and Ingenuity,*

THAT the following Collection of such uncommon Curiosities as never were yet exhibited in any publick AUCTION, belonging to a noted Person at *Twickenham*, who had been long since advised to leave off his Business, may be viewed there any day in the month of *April* instant.

*Qui non credit hodie, cras credat. Ex Auto. T. R.*

1. A Curling Spire . . . . *freely touch'd.*
2. A frighted Sky . . . . *Copy from the Great Blackmore.*
3. A Silver Sound . . . . *harmoniously sketch'd.*
4. An awkward Grace . . . . *after the manner of Settle.*
5. An ambrosial Curl . . . . *entire.*
6. A nectar'd Urn. . . . *historical.*



- |                               |                                         |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| 7. Adamantine Lungs . . .     | <i>as good as new.</i>                  |
| 8. A Vermilion Prore . . .    | <i>Dutch.</i>                           |
| 9. A many-coloured Maid . . . | <i>Flemish.</i>                         |
| 10. A Triple Dog . . .        | <i>the Romish School.</i>               |
| 11. A singing Spear . . .     | <i>a copy from Blackmore.</i>           |
| 12. A quivering Shade . . .   | <i>somewhat shook in stretching.</i>    |
| 13. A dancing Cork . . .      | <i>with great Spirit.</i>               |
| 14. A sequestered Scene . . . | <i>still life.</i>                      |
| 15. A Velvet Plain . . .      | <i>after Brughell.</i>                  |
| 16. An Oozy Bed . . .         | <i>Water Colours.</i>                   |
| 17. A Liquid Road . . .       | <i>perfectly new.</i>                   |
| 18. A Branching Deer . . .    | <i>Capital.</i>                         |
| 19. A Feather'd Fate . . .    | } <i>These two go together.</i>         |
| 20. A Leaden Death . . .      |                                         |
| 21. A Pensive Steed . . .     | <i>an undoubted Original.</i>           |
| 22. A winged Wonder . . .     | <i>from the Dutch Gabriel.</i>          |
| 23. A living Cloud . . .      | <i>after the Life.</i>                  |
| 24. A brown Horror . . .      | } <i>both very capital.</i>             |
| 25. A blue Languish . . .     |                                         |
| 26. A Self-mov'd Tripod . . . | <i>after the Blacksmith of Antwerp.</i> |

*N.B.* The Gentleman's NURSE, who us'd to shew the above-mentioned Collection, being lately deceas'd, Attendance will be given only in a Morning.

Before quitting the *Miscellanies* we shall add some particulars relative to the copyright of the work. They are of biographical interest as illustrating Pope's acuteness as a man of business, and they form a new chapter in literary history. The original documents have recently been brought to light,<sup>15</sup> and they serve also to correct the statement often made that Swift abandoned to Pope the sum obtained for the *Miscellanies*, and that the sum was 150*l*.

The agreement between Swift and Pope and Motte the publisher was drawn up and signed March 29, 1727. For the copyright of a previous volume of *Miscellanies*, Motte was to pay 50*l*.; for the new pieces he was to pay at the rate of four pounds for each printed sheet, or sixteen pages. The sum of 50*l*. was to be "paid down;" 100*l*. within two months after the publication of the two new volumes; another 100*l*. within four months; and in case of a fourth volume

<sup>15</sup> In the Gentleman's Magazine. The originals are in the possession of Mr. Bathurst Woodman (see *ante*, p. 289), and that gentleman kindly submitted them to our inspection.

being added, the rate of payment was to be the same. The sum of 50*l.* was "paid down" to Pope on the 10th of April, and he granted a receipt for the same. On the 30th of June he writes to Motte, "As to the poem which I will have to end the volume, it will make three sheets at least, and I will take time till winter to finish it. It may then be published, singly first, if proper. I'm sure it will be advantageous so to do, but say not a word of it to any man."

Swift left England in the autumn of 1727, and in the March following Pope wrote to him: "Our Miscellany [the third volume] is now quite printed. I am prodigiously pleased with this joint volume, in which methinks we look like friends side by side, serious and merry by turns, conversing interchangeably, and walking down, hand in hand, to posterity—not in the stiff forms of learned authors, flattering each other, and setting the rest of mankind at nought, but in a free, unimportant, natural, easy manner, diverting others just as we diverted ourselves." The public looked with less complacency on the joint volumes, and on the authors of this "chaos of odd scraps," as Jonathan Smedley ("the other Jonathan") styled the compilation. The sale was at first slow, and the publisher, as was his wont, solicited a longer term of credit. The first instalment of 100*l.* was due in May, but Pope granted further time, and in June accepted a promissory note for 50*l.*, and another note for 50*l.* payable to Dr. Arbuthnot. As the winter approached, Pope got anxious for a settlement:

"Nov. the 9th.

"MR. MOTTE,—This is to acquaint you, in order that I may not be disappointed a third time in the manner I last was, that at the time you desired, I will draw a bill of 25*l.* on you, namely the 16th of this instant, which I promised the payment of, as of the remainder, the beginning of next month. I found it very troublesome to borrow it the morning you left me, and I must acquaint you that, trying to procure it of Dr. Arbuthnot, he told me (what had I known before I should have been more vexed) that his family were made to wait for the payment of his 50*l.* six or seven times after he was at Bath. I am ashamed of it.

"As I would do anything in reason to make you easy, this was ill done of you. The Dean does not come to England this winter, as I was made to hope. As to what I promised you of the Miscellanies I

will keep my word as you do with me, since it presupposed your observing the conditions. It will be necessary to give Mr. Gay a note for the remainder due, and what patience he pleases he may have, but since what I heard of Dr. Arbuthnot I will take it upon myself no further. I am your sincere well-wisher and servant,—A. POPE.”

It would seem as if the publisher, before finally settling the claims upon him, wished to obtain possession of the promised new poem, that was to make at least three sheets, and might be advantageously printed in a separate form. But this Pope, who had another object in view, resisted. “When you have paid the 100*l.*, either to Mr. Gay or me,” he writes to Motte, January 14th, 1728-9, “or given him or me a note for it, for value received—as then the agreement for the former volumes will be made good—I will give you a full discharge, and give you a title to the other volume for 25*l.*, to which you will have liberty, on my word, to add the poem.” In these negotiations respecting the “copy money” Swift’s name has not appeared since he signed the agreement; but, on the 8th of March, Pope writes to Motte that he had received a letter from the Dean, desiring that Motte should send the balance of his account to the widow Hyde, in Dublin, “and she will pay it,” he adds, “as to our account.” Mr. John Hyde was a respectable bookseller in Dublin, mentioned in Swift’s correspondence. He died in 1729, in Motte’s debt; and it was no doubt to relieve the widow that Swift made this benevolent request. He intended to present her with his share of the copyright of the *Miscellanies*. Pope then apologised to Motte for having spoken “a passionate word or two” to him :

“I thought myself very ill used in your complaining of me to Mr. Lewis, and I was also provoked at finding from him, some time before, how you had been as backward with the Dean’s note. . . . There could be no shadow of an excuse on any pretence of *that book’s* not selling [*Gulliver’s Travels*], which had so extraordinary a run; I desire, therefore, that you will tell me by a line when I may draw upon you for the rest of the fifty (35*l.*), and entreat you to put me no more out of countenance with Mr. Gay, but that you’ll send me a note of 50*l.*, payable to him on demand. Upon which I will finish our whole accounts, and observe punctually what I promised you after, which, till then, you have no right to claim, as it is noway due, but an act of free good will.”

It is clear that Pope did not intend to give Motte the new poem. About a fortnight afterwards he wrote again, reminding the tardy publisher of Gay's claim, and desiring him, in the mean time, to pay 10*l.* "to the bearer." The account was finally closed on the 1st of July, 1729. Pope allowed an abatement of 25*l.*, and signed, conjointly with Motte, on behalf of himself and Swift, a discharge of all claims for the three volumes of *Miscellanies*. The copyright was to last for fourteen years, with a promise of its being renewed for other fourteen years on payment of five shillings; and Motte, in consideration of the abatement of 25*l.*, relinquished all claim he might have by virtue of the agreement to the fourth volume of *Miscellanies* therein mentioned.

The copyright of the work thus realised a sum of 225*l.*, of which Arbuthnot and Gay appear to have received 50*l.* each. Swift was the largest and most valuable contributor; but Pope's persevering attention, and sharp practice as negotiator, may have placed him on a parity with the Dean as to pecuniary right. In writing to Pulteney some years afterwards (1735), Swift said he had never got a farthing by anything he had written, except once, about eight years before, and that was by the prudent management of Mr. Pope. This declaration must refer to *Gulliver's Travels*, for which Lewis, as negotiator, had received 200*l.* Another volume of *Miscellanies* was added by Pope in 1732. It was hastily got up, to anticipate a collection of pieces of Swift's by Pilkington. To Pope's volume Swift gave his consent, but he had no share in its arrangement, and the whole benefit of the copyright, sold to Motte and Gilliver, seems to have been enjoyed by the poet. In a letter written to Motte in 1732, Swift says, "I can assure you, I had no advantage by any one of the four volumes, as I once hinted to you, and desire it may be a secret always." And a secret it remained, at least to the public, for more than a century.

## CHAPTER VII.

[1728—1730.]

THE DUNCIAD AND GRUB-STREET JOURNAL. CORRESPONDENCE WITH  
AARON HILL.

THE mysterious poem with which Pope tantalised the publisher of the *Miscellanies* was unquestionably the *Dunciad*. He had broken off from Motte, a different publisher was selected, and the work was given to the world without the name of the author. In this instance, as in the case of the *Rape of the Lock*, Pope sent forth at first an imperfect or meagre sketch of his plan. The name originally fixed upon was "*Dulness*," or "*The Progress of Dulness*;" and, under the former of these titles, it is mentioned in the correspondence by Bolingbroke and Swift, to whom Pope had submitted portions of the work as it proceeded. To Swift he assigns paramount influence in the completion of the satire. Without him, he says, it certainly had never been; and "the first sketch of the poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed." There are indications, however, of the poem having been contemplated or begun some years before the date of Swift's visit to England. The action of the poem in 1720, when Sir George Thorold was Mayor, and the introduction of Motteux, Centlivre, Gildon, and other sons and daughters of Dulness long dead (Gildon is enjoined to embrace Dennis), seem to point to a period anterior to 1727. In 1721 Pope had struck up a sort of treaty of amity with Dennis. There had been no fresh provocation to hostilities,

but there were, probably, some old, unprinted materials in store, and Pope was always reluctant to lose a single verse. The Fragment of a Satire, including the Addison lines, may have been part of this original sketch shown to Swift, and, by his advice and assistance, the poem was greatly extended, diversified with new incidents and characters, and enriched with prolegomena and notes. Yet Swift represents himself as only a passive spectator of the anxious labours of the poet. In that fine copy of verses addressed to Pope while he was writing the Dunciad, Swift has drawn a life-like picture of a scene which must often have occurred in the small study at Twickenham:

"Pope has the talent well to speak,  
But not to reach the ear;  
His loudest voice is low and weak,  
The Dean too deaf to hear:

"Aw'hile they on each other look,  
Then different studies choose;  
The Dean sits plodding on a book;  
Pope walks and courts the Muse:

"Now backs of letters, though design'd  
For those who more will need 'em,  
Are fill'd with hints and interlined,  
Himself can hardly read 'em.

"Each atom by some other struck,  
All turns and motions tries;  
Till in a lump together stuck,  
Behold a poem rises!

"Yet to the Dean his share allot,  
He claims it by a canon;  
"That without which a thing is not,  
Is *causa sine qua non*."

"Thus Pope in vain you boast your wit,  
For had our deaf divine  
Been for your conversation fit,  
You had not writ a line.

"Of prelate thus for preaching famed,  
The sexton reason'd well,  
And justly half the merit claim'd,  
Because he rang the bell!"

Swift did more than ring the bell, and he looked for his reward. He was jealous of the position he occupied among his friends; he was covetous of praise from men whose praise was honour—in his latter years it degenerated into a love of flattery—and, in particular, he put a high value on the estimation of Pope. Before he left England he probably knew that the *Dunciad* was to be inscribed to him in the language of warm panegyric; he had contributed notes to the work, in conjunction with Arbuthnot and others, and he looked with impatience for the appearance of a volume in which he had so material a share and interest. Great, therefore, was his disappointment on learning, indirectly, that the poet had departed from his original plan, and that the poem was to be published divested of the inscription or dedication to himself, and of the commentary in which he had assisted. He wrote to Pope: "The Doctor (Delaney) has told me your secret about the *Dunciad*, which does not please me, because it defers gratifying my vanity in the most tender point, and perhaps may wholly disappoint it." The work appeared in May, 1728.<sup>1</sup> Four editions, or impressions, of the poem

<sup>1</sup> The *Dunciad*, an Heroic Poem, in Three Books. Dublin printed: London reprinted for A. Dodd, 1728, 12mo. It was registered at Stationers' Hall, May 30, by James Bettenham, a printer. To the volume was prefixed a frontispiece representing an owl (with a label from the beak, inscribed THE DUNCIAD) perched on a pile of books, marked "P and K Arthur" (Blackmore's epic poems of Prince Arthur, 1695, and King Arthur, 1697); Shakesp. Restor'd; Dennis's Works; Newcastle; Cibber's Plays." This first edition of the *Dunciad* is advertised in the *Daily Post* of May 18. On May 27 a quotation from Milton was added to the advertisement:

"He, as an herd  
Of goats and timorous flocks together thronged,  
Drove them before him thunderstruck, pursued  
Into the vast abyss."

On the 29th May was advertised "A Complete Key to the *Dunciad*; with a character of Mr. Pope and his profane writings, by Sir Richard Blackmore, Knight, M.D." Printed for A. Dodd, and sold by E. Curll. This Key, following so close on the publication of the poem, and printed for the same publisher, Dodd, was most likely the work of Pope himself. The comments are explanatory, not depreciatory, and the use of the name of Blackmore is characteristic. All the circumstances connected with the publication of the *Dunciad* have been ably and fully elucidated in "Notes and Queries" for 1854.

(including a reprint by Faulkner of Dublin) were issued, in this imperfect form, during the year 1728. In the preface, Pope had said (speaking in the character of his publisher), "If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end;" and the perfect edition was, of course, soon ready. On June 28th, the poet writes to Swift: "The Dunciad is going to be printed, in all pomp, with the inscription (the lines to Swift) which makes me proudest: it will be attended with proeme, prolegomena, testimonia scriptorum, index authorum, and notes variorum." Next month Swift replied, "I would be glad to know whether the quarto edition is to come out anonymously, as published by the commentator, with all the pomp of prefaces, &c., and among many complaints of spurious editions?" Exactly as here indicated, in April, 1729, appeared the enlarged Dunciad, with the prolegomena of Scriblerus and notes variorum, and the preface said to have been prefixed to the five first imperfect editions, printed at Dublin and London. This array of multiplied editions—Irish and English, octavo and duodecimo—was a shadowy progeny created by the poet; and, indeed, the figment of an original Dublin edition was disproved by Faulkner's title-page, on which were the words, "London printed: Dublin reprinted." The work, in its enlarged form, appears to have been soon pirated in London. In June, 1729, Arbuthnot writes that Pope had got an injunction in Chancery to suppress the piracy, but that it was dissolved again, as the printer could not prove any property, and the author did not appear. Such a result was obvious, and must have been foreseen by Pope. His object in resorting to the Court of Chancery was, no doubt, to increase the public interest in the work, and to add to its notoriety. Had he been in earnest, he would have put forward Beckenham, the printer, in whose name the first edition of the Dunciad had been entered at Stationers' Hall, and who had thus, nominally at least, legal power to restrain the pirates. When the object of immediate publicity had been attained, Pope vindicated his right to the copyright of the satire. In November he assigned over "The Dunciad, an Heroic Poem," to the Earls of Burlington and Oxford, and Lord Bathurst, and these in turn transferred the work, "with the sole right and liberty of printing the same," to Pope's publisher, Lawton



Gilliver. By this transaction the poet concealed his name, yet protected his property. His claim to be considered the author was sufficiently set forth in the work; but the covert assignment to his noble friends, with the statement in the prefatory advertisement that the commentary was the work of several hands, and that the part of Scriblerus must be well enough known, left him greater liberty to indulge in egotism, to prefer accusations, and to parry any assaults that the satire might happen to provoke. Perhaps this is the only instance in our literary annals of three noblemen standing as bottle-holders (to use a sporting phrase) to a poet.<sup>2</sup>

The condescension of the three noblemen was paralleled by that of another friend of the poet, whom we now hear of for the first time. To the enlarged edition of the *Dunciad* was prefixed a Letter to the Publisher, dated from St. James's, and signed William Cleland. The letter is an elaborate vindication of the satire, and a censure of the dunces, combined with unqualified praise of the moral character, the literary aims, and genius of Pope. But no one, as Warburton asserts, and as is abundantly proved from the contemporary prints, believed that Cleland was the author of the letter. Pope's character for artifice was now so firmly established that all defences or appearances of this kind were believed to emanate from himself. Dennis professed not to know whether such a "worthy person" as William Cleland was in existence; by another pamphleteer he was set down as a "counterfeit friend;" by a third he was designated as "Pope Alexander's man William;" and by a fourth, who seems to have heard something of Cleland, he is styled "Major Sputter, a Scotch spy, who had travelled in Spain and Italy, and gathered intelligence, true or false, for Ministers and others at home."

<sup>2</sup> In the registers of the Stationers' Company is the following entry, first published by the editor of "Notes and Queries:"—"Nov. 21, 1729. The author of a book entitled *The Dunciad, an Heroick Poem*, hath, by writing under his hand and seal, assigned unto the Right Hon. Richard Earl of Burlington and Cork, the Right Hon. Edward Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, and the Right Hon. Allen Lord Bathurst, their executors, &c., the said poem and the copy thereof. And the said Earl of Burlington, Earl of Oxford, and Lord Bathurst, by writing under their hands and seals, have assigned unto Lawton Gilliver, his executors, &c., the said book and copy of the sole right and liberty of printing the same, and also the Prolegomena of Scriblerus.  
(Signed) "LAWTON GILLIVER."

In reality, the poet's friend and shield-bearer was a gentleman who had served in the army, having, as Pope afterwards said, held the rank of Major, and been under Lord Rivers in Spain. He retired from the army after the peace, and (apparently on the accession of George I.) obtained employment in the civil service, first as a Commissioner of Customs in Scotland, and, subsequent to 1723, as a Commissioner for the Land-tax and House-duty in England. He had an official income of 500*l.* a year, lived in St. James's-place, and associated with the Scotch Tory peers, Stair, Marchmont, &c., and was known to most of Pope's friends. In 1733 he was one of the persons in London to whom the proceedings of the Scotch peers, who met at Edinburgh in that year, were directed to be communicated. He was thus a man of some rank, and, according to Pope, he was also a man of "universal learning and enlarged conversation." How he submitted to such humiliation as that of lending his name to Pope whenever he wanted it is not easily accounted for. He was, we suspect, a careless, irresolute man, fond of display, and probably under personal obligations to Pope. He may also have had some share in the letters which bear his name. We may suppose that the explanatory statements, the tone of sentiment, and line of defence, were written out by Pope. His complaisant friend, knowing how tremblingly alive the poet was to all that concerned his reputation, and overpowered by his importunities, would then take up the subject, add at least part of the panegyric, and cast the whole in a somewhat freer and less author-like style. Such seems to be a reasonable conjecture as to the actual state of the case between poet and commentator. They had the same feeling and tastes as to literature, politics, and private society. So late as 1739, when Cleland was in his sixty-sixth year, we find Pope acknowledging the receipt of a letter from him of six pages, and, at Cleland's intercession, Pope set to the study of Don Quixote—most likely in Jervas's translation.

It is clear, however, that though Cleland had, by his subserviency, earned the poet's gratitude, he had failed to win his respect. In mentioning the letter of six pages, to which we have alluded, Pope writes to Lord Polwarth, that he acknowledged the receipt of Cleland's letter, *that he might be honest even to farthings*. The name of Cleland nowhere

appears in the Pope and Swift correspondence, or in the conversations recorded by Spence. His wife seems to have been acquainted with Swift, Lady Worsley, Miss Kelly, &c.; and it is probable that the Major owed his social position, in some measure, to Mrs. Cleland's influence and connexions.<sup>3</sup>

Sir Walter Scott has stated, in his edition of Swift, that Pope's friend was the son of Colonel Cleland, the young Cameronian chief, who wrote a Hudibrastic satire on the Jacobite army, known as the "Highland Host," of 1678, and who was killed at Dunkeld in 1689. Any man might be proud of such a descent, for no cavalier trained to arms and chivalry could have displayed greater gallantry or truer heroism than this young Covenanting leader. He was suddenly surrounded by a force of four thousand men—the same force that Dundee led to victory. His own followers did not amount to more than eight hundred; but, animated by his exhortations and example, they resolved to give battle, and succeeded in driving the Highland army before them, after the latter had lost about three hundred men. As Cleland was addressing his troops he was shot in the head, and when retiring to conceal the fatal accident, he fell and expired. He was then only in his twenty-eighth or twenty-ninth year.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>3</sup> She was, we believe, related to the Proby family, mentioned in Swift's letters, and now represented by Lord Carysfort. Pope presented a portrait of himself by Jervas, a three-quarters length, and a copy of the quarto Homer, to Mr. Cleland, the latter inscribed in the poet's neat complimentary style: "Mr. Cleland, who reads all other books, will please read this from his affectionate friend, A. POPE." The book and picture are still at Elton Hall, Huntingdonshire.

<sup>4</sup> In the posthumous collection of Cleland's Poems, 1697, the first piece is an addition to the lines, "Hollo, my Fancy," stated to be written by him in the last year he was at the College, not then fully eighteen years of age. The records of the University of Edinburgh (which Mr. David Laing, with his usual courtesy, has examined to settle this point) show that Cleland matriculated in April, 1676, and took his Master's degree, "privatim," in January, 1681. Other instances occur of the degree being privately granted, by which the parties avoided taking the usual oaths. Cleland's college studies may, however, have been interrupted. If he was fifteen when he entered College (and this was then about the usual age), he must have been born in 1661. His namesake, Pope's friend, was born in 1673. There were several families of his name in his native county of Lanark; but we conceive the future major to have been the student William Cleland, enrolled in the fourth class of Glasgow College in March, 1687. Pope says he studied at Utrecht.

This brave officer and clever satirical poet could not have been the father of Pope's friend, for he was only twelve or thirteen years of age when Major Cleland was born. The latter was the representative of an old Scotch family, Cleland "of that ilk," distinguished for its services and alliances from the time of Wallace and Bruce. William Cleland's great-grandfather sold the lands of Cleland; the house declined, and William, though well connected and educated, and, probably, proud that he was entitled to "carry the principal arms of his family as a tessera of his blood and primogeniture" (Nisbet's Heraldry, 1722), was, like many of his countrymen of gentle birth but small fortune, sent into the army.

During his early London life, Cleland is said to have been the prototype of Will Honeycomb. The tradition rests on no good authority; and if it had any foundation, Steele must have altered some traits of character, and added at least twenty years to the age of the old beau for the purpose of making the ridicule stronger. Cleland was only in his thirty-eighth year when the Spectator Club was drawn. He was married; and instead of despising scholars, bookish men, and philosophers, he was precisely one of this class himself. The prototype of Will (though it is extremely doubtful whether the character was drawn from any particular person) is always said to have been a *Colonel* Cleland. Military titles were then very carelessly applied; and if Trooper Steele could be universally known as "Captain," no one would have been surprised to find a gentleman who had been in the army sometimes called Major, and sometimes Colonel. There was, however, a Colonel Cleland contemporary with the Major, whom Swift met in society in 1713, and who was anxious to be appointed Governor of Barbadoes. He wrote some tracts on the State of the Sugar Plantations. This Colonel Cleland gave dinners to Swift, Lord Dupplin, and the other Tories, and, after the Queen's death, he entertained Lady Marlborough and Steele. But the difference between Swift's Cleland and Will Honeycomb is essential. Swift describes his colonel as the keenest of all place-hunters, as laying "long traps" to engage interest, and as "a true Scotchman;" and we know that by a true Scotchman Swift meant everything that is most cold, crafty, and pertinacious

—everything, in short, that is unlike Will Honeycomb. We must, therefore, abandon Swift's Colonel Cleland; and we do so with some regret, as we had hoped to identify him as the father of another Cleland usually connected with Pope's friend, namely, John Cleland, the unfortunate and worthless man of letters, author of an infamous novel, and an extensive miscellaneous writer.

John Cleland is represented as having been the son of "Colonel Cleland," and we should be glad to be able to divorce him from all connexion with the retired Major and literary Commissioner of the land-tax. The evidence on the other side is, however, notwithstanding the erroneous military designation, strong and almost conclusive. While John Cleland was living, it was twice asserted in print that he was the son of Pope's friend and correspondent. Nichols, who asserted this, was a diligent collector of facts, and eminently versed in the literary gossip of the eighteenth century. He had the best means of obtaining information as to this particular point, and his evidence never having been, so far as we know, contradicted, must be received as decisive. He is supported also by Isaac Reed, editor of the *European Magazine* (vol. xv.), who mentions John Cleland as the son of Colonel Cleland, "whose name is to a letter prefixed to the *Dunciad*." Nichols and Reed, apparently, did not know that there were two military Clelands, contemporaries in London, but they both knew, or believed, that John's father was Pope's friend.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> In the *Steele Correspondence* published by Nichols there is a letter, dated Sept. 8, 1714, in which Steele mentions his intention of dining with Cleland. This, we suspect, was Swift's Cleland; but on the name Cleland is the following note: "The friend and correspondent of Pope, and supposed to be the Will Honeycomb of the *Spectator*. Of his son, who is still living, see the *Anecdotes of Bowyer*." In the *Anecdotes of Bowyer* (1782), John Cleland's father is stated to have been a colonel, and the friend and correspondent of Pope. John Cleland died in Westminster, January 23rd, 1789, aged eighty. A memoir of him appeared in the *Gentleman's and Scots Magazines* for February, and there he is again represented as the son of Colonel Cleland, and the original of Will Honeycomb; and it is mentioned that a portrait of the father, in the fashionable costume of the beginning of the century, always hung in the son's library. It is not stated in this memoir that Colonel Cleland was the friend and correspondent of Pope; but when Nichols adopted the memoir in a note to his second edition of his *Anecdotes of Bowyer*, he inserted this fact.

The last days of Major Cleland seem to have been unhappy. He had for twenty years, Pope says, shown himself to be diligent, punctual, and incorruptible in his office of Commissioner of Taxes, and he had no other assistance of fortune; yet he was suddenly displaced by the Minister, and died two months afterwards. This harshness or injustice on the part of Walpole must, we suppose, be ascribed to politics. In May, 1741, a general Parliamentary election took place; the representation of Westminster was contested with extraordinary keenness; and, though the Court candidates were returned by a small majority, the election was afterwards, on petition, declared void, and the high bailiff was censured for calling in the military and arbitrarily closing the poll-books. Cleland, we suspect, would, as an elector, be found on the side of the country party. He was, no doubt, known to be opposed to the administration, and such an act of contumacy in a government official, at a time when Walpole was making his last great struggle to retain office, constituted an unforgivable offence. A few more months redressed the wrong of the Westminster electors, and annihilated the power of the Minister; but, ere this time arrived, William Cleland was no more.<sup>6</sup>

An account of the circumstances attending the publication of the *Dunciad* was published in the name of Savage. This was prefixed to a collection of pieces relating to the poem, and was in the form of a dedication to the Earl of Middlesex. Both the unpublished pieces and the dedication were undoubtedly the work of Pope himself. Indeed, he afterwards claimed and adopted parts of them in the later editions of his works. Savage one would have expected to have found among the poets of the Bathos or the *Dunciad*. His dissipated life, his absurd pride, alternating with meanness, and

<sup>6</sup> On Monday last died, after a short illness, at his house in St. James's-place, Major Cleland, who for many years was one of the Commissioners of the Land Tax, &c.—*Daily Post* of Tuesday, September 22, 1741. Administration to his effects was granted to Lucy Cleland, his widow, October 29th. The son, we suppose, was then abroad, having gone to Smyrna, it is said, on some mercantile adventure, and afterwards to the East Indies. We find that he was a Westminster scholar, having been elected in 1722, but he left the same year. One Henry Cleland—probably another son of the major's—was elected in 1725.

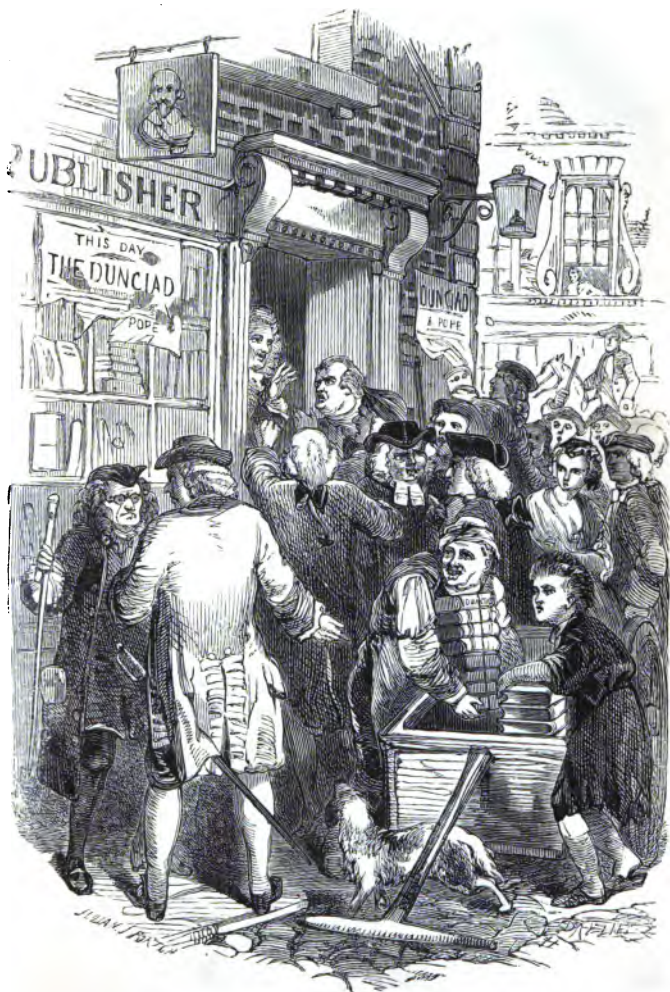
his flattery of the King, of Sir Robert Walpole, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, would seem to have marked him out peculiarly for castigation. But Savage had attached himself to Pope, and furnished him with small personal details for his satire. Among those who were attacked by the poet he was considered as a kind of confederate of Pope's, and suspected, as Johnson says, "of supplying him with private intelligence and secret incidents; so that the ignominy of an informer was added to the terror of a satirist." Curll, Theophilus Cibber, and others, make similar statements—Savage was the active spy and secret negotiator. In this dedication to Lord Middlesex it was asserted that the initial letters in the treatise on the Bathos were prefixed, for the greater part, at random; and that the newspapers had for six months been filled with scurrilities against Pope and his friends, which gave birth to the Dunciad. Savage acknowledged that he had put his name to the statement *without thinking*; but, stranger still, Pope incorporated it among the notes to the Dunciad, dropping Savage's name; so that in one page we are told that the poem was written in 1726, and in another that it originated in, and was given birth to, by attacks not made until half a year or more after May, 1727. The correspondence published by the poet himself also disproved his Dunciad statements; and it is clear, that in altering, explaining, or mystifying, Pope had fallen into palpable blunders. He was too stately and precise in his moral pretensions to have adopted Prior's witty plea:

"Odd's life! must one swear to the truth of a song?"

But he evidently considered himself and his brother wits as placed "beyond the fixed and settled rules" in all such public appearances.

Savage, or rather Pope, gives a lively account of the interest excited by the Dunciad, and this part of the story Savage said was true:

"On the day the book was first vended, a crowd of authors besieged the shop; entreaties, advices, threats of law and battery, nay, cries of treason were all employed to hinder the coming out of the Dunciad. On the other side, the booksellers and hawkers made as great an effort to procure it. What could a few poor authors do against so great a



CROWD OF AUTHORS BESIEGING THE PUBLISHERS TO PREVENT THE PUBLICATION OF THE "DUNCIAD."  
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majority as the public? There was no stopping a torrent with a finger, so out it came. Many ludicrous circumstances attended it. The Dunces (for by this name they were called) held weekly clubs to consult of hostilities against the author. One wrote a letter to a great Minister, Mr. Pope was the greatest enemy the Government had; and another bought his image in clay, to execute him in effigy; with which sad sort of satisfactions the gentlemen were a little comforted. Some false editions of the book having an owl in their frontispiece; the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an ass laden with authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same ass, the new edition in octavo returned for distinction to the owl again. Hence arose a great contest of booksellers against booksellers, and advertisements against advertisements; for some recommending the edition of the owl, and others the edition of the ass, by which names they came to be distinguished, to the great honour also of the gentlemen of the Dunciad."

All this machinery of the owl and the ass, of false and true editions, like the Complete Key to the Dunciad, was, of course, part of the poet's stratagem; and he appears, as Johnson remarks, to have contemplated his victory over the dunces with great exultation. To add to the triumph, the poem had been presented to the King and Queen at St. James's by Walpole, and his Majesty, upon perusal of the satire, was pleased to declare, as Arbuthnot relates, that Mr. Pope was a very honest man!

The Dunciad is the greatest of Pope's satires—the greatest in our language, with the exception of Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel. The Mac Flecknoe of Dryden suggested Pope's subject, and furnished an outline of his plan, and many of the details; but the variety of incidents and characters in the Dunciad, with the richness of its illustrations (especially the diving scene), and the playful ease and spirited vigour of its versification, entitle the poet to the honours of originality. The object of the satire (which was chiefly to expose authors unworthy of exposure) is undignified, and in many parts is effected at the sacrifice of decency and propriety. Swift has been accused of familiarising Pope with images physically disgusting and impure, which most men instinctively shun. This indelicacy, however, was apparent before the acquaintance of the two wits commenced. It is seen in Pope's boyish lines on Elkanah Settle, and in subsequent productions, especially his imitations of Chaucer and

Spenser. But as Swift was at Twickenham when part, at least, of the *Dunciad* was composed, and as the grossness we have alluded to is so conspicuous in this poem, the Dean's conversation and example may have still further vitiated the taste, and blunted the perceptions of his friend: the second book of the *Dunciad* is greatly disfigured, and in some parts rendered absolutely repulsive, from this cause.

The main design of the poem is the election of a successor to Settle, in order that he may carry out the "introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble of Smithfield to be the entertainment of the Court and town; the action of the *Dunciad* being the removal of the imperial seat of Dulness from the city to the polite world; as that of the *Æneid* is the removal of the empire of Troy to Latium."<sup>7</sup> The Goddess of Dulness made choice of Theobald as her favourite son—a distinction which the plodding antiquary owed partly to his bad plays and poems, but principally to his having criticised and condemned Pope's Shakspeare. Theobald is installed as hero; and the epic action of the poem is thus correctly described by Warton: "The design is carried on, in the first book, by a description of the Goddess fixing her eye on Tibbald (or Theobald): who, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's Day, is represented as sitting pensively in his study, and apprehending the period of her empire, from the old age of her present monarch, Settle; and also by an account of a sacrifice he makes of his unsuccessful works; of the Goddess's revealing herself to him, announcing the death of Settle that night, anointing and proclaiming him successor. It is carried on in the second book, by a description of the various games instituted in honour of the new king, in which booksellers, poets, and critics contend. This design is, lastly, completed in the third book, by the Goddess's transporting the new king to her temple, laying him in a deep slumber on her lap, and conveying him in a vision to the banks of Lethe, where he meets with the ghost of his predecessor, Settle; who in a speech shows him the past triumphs of the empire

<sup>7</sup> See Introduction, *Martinus Scriblerus*, to the *Dunciad*. Harley, Lord Oxford, used playfully to call Swift *Martin*, and from this sprung *Martinus Scriblerus*. *Swift*, as is well known, is the name of one species of swallow (the largest and most powerful flier of the tribe), and *Martin* is the name of another species, the wall-swallow, that constructs its nest in buildings.

of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future : enumerating particularly by what aids, and by what persons, Great Britain shall be forthwith brought to her empire, and prophesying how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, operas, shows, and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the theatres ; then, how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences, till, in conclusion, all shall return to their original chaos. On hearing which,

“ ‘ Enough, enough ! the raptured monarch cries,  
And through the Ivory Gate the Vision flies.’ ”

The design was thus complete. Pope afterwards substituted Cibber for Theobald as hero of the poem, and added a fourth book, neither of which alterations agrees well with the original design. The additional book is, indeed, a separate work, scarcely at all connected with the previous portion of the poem, but still forming a powerful and animated satire.

The “ Dunces ” were not slow in taking the field against their redoubted satirist ; but their weapons were blunt and feeble, and they had partly exhausted themselves in their previous attacks on the *Miscellanies*. Theobald replied in a communication published in *Mist's Journal*, in which he very innocently declared that he was content with a little sober sense, though bright geniuses should think fit to reckon it dulness. He argued justly, that a poetical war should be levelled either against failures in genius, or against the pretension of writing without genius ; but to draw parts of private character into the quarrel, and to fall on persons independent of the fraternity of writers, was “ intentionally to declare war against human society.” Dennis retaliated in the two works we have mentioned, the *Remarks on the Rape of the Lock*, and *Remarks on the Dunciad*, both full of bad criticism and frantic abuse. Jonathan Smedley, an enemy of Swift, collected a number of the anti-Dunciad lampoons, and printed them under the title of “ *Alexandriana*,” as a supplement to his “ *Gulliveriana* ;” and Pope enumerates most of them in his appendix to the *Dunciad*. He had collected the various pamphlets, and bound them together, prefixing to the motley collection, as Warburton states, a motto from the Book of Job : “ *Behold, my desire is that mine adversary had written a book ; surely I would take it upon my shoulder and*

*bind it as a crown to me.*"<sup>8</sup> He had better have thrown the whole into the fire as a holocaust to the genius of Dulness ! There is one lampoon, however, which Pope does not include in his printed list, and which he supposed to have proceeded from Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. Lady Mary and her friend, Lord Hervey, had been sarcastically alluded to in the *Dunciad* ; the former in connexion with the affair of M. Ruremonde, and in lines conveying a gross imputation, afterwards repeated in the satires (*Dunciad*, book ii., v. 135). Lady Mary also suspected the poet of being the author of a scandal circulated about the town, of her having had the handkerchief thrown to her in the seraglio at Constantinople, though it is now known that she was never in the interior of the seraglio, either at Constantinople or Adrianople. Thus provoked, she is said to have taken her revenge in a broadside, written in the worst taste of the times, and entitled, "A POP UPON POPE ; or a True and Faithful Account of a late horrid and barbarous WHIPPING committed on the Body of SAWNEY POPE, a Poet, as he was innocently walking in Ham-Walks, near the River of Thames, meditating Verses for the Good of the Publick. Supposed to have been done by two evil-disposed Persons, out of Spite and Revenge for a harmless Lampoon which the said Poet had writ upon them." The narrative is short, and states that two gentlemen came up to the poet, and "knowing him perfectly well, partly by his back and partly by his face, walked a turn or two with him ; when, entering into a conversation (as we hear, on the

<sup>8</sup> The statement of Warburton is confirmed by the following note addressed to Tonson, and published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1836 :

"SIR,—I desire you'll take these five setts of the *Odyssey*, and do what you can with 'em. I desire also you'll cause the packet I send to be bound together. Let the octavo be made to match in colour and size this which is already bound, and letter it *LIBELS ON POPE, &c.*, vol. ii. Pray bind the duodecimos also in another volume, the same colour, lettered *CURLL AND COMPANY*. And bind the *Gulliveriana* and letter it (same colour) thus, *LIBELS ON SWIFT AND POPE*. In this you will oblige, sir, your very faithful servant,  
"A. POPE."

Warburton offered this curious collection to any public library that should apply for it, but the offer was not accepted, and he left the volumes to his friend Hurd. If they still exist, they should certainly be placed in the British Museum.

Dunciad, a pretty poem of the said poet's writing), on a sudden, one of the gentlemen hoisted poor Master Pope, the poet, on his back, whilst the other drew out from under his coat a long birchen rod (as we are informed, made out of a stable-broom), and with the said long rod did, with great violence and unmerciful hand, strike Master Pope," &c. As soon as the whipping was over, the gentlemen are said to have made off, "when good Mrs. B—— (Martha Blount), a good, charitable woman, and near neighbour of Master Pope's, at Twickenham, chancing to come by, took him up in her apron, and carried him to the water side, where she got a boat to convey him home." The poet is then described as affected in his head by the whipping, and continually raving for pen, ink, and paper, which were allowed him by his own physician, Dr. A——t, who entirely mistook his case. The allusions to Martha Blount and Dr. Arbuthnot, showed acquaintance with the poet's history. A pretended advertisement was afterwards added to the lampoon, in the form of a reply, by Pope, and stated to be extracted from the *Daily Post* of Friday, June 14, 1728; but no such advertisement appears in the paper of that date. It runs thus:

"Whereas, there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of 'A POP UPON POPE,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham-Walks on Thursday last, This is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham all that day; and the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report.—A. P."

This alleged denial was no doubt part of the attack—and the best part of it; for the narrative is so coarse, and so unredeemed by wit or humour, that it is difficult to believe Lady Mary had any hand in its composition. The suspicion of the poet, however, fell upon her; and he seems to refer to the lampoon in his Epistle to Arbuthnot, as "*the blow unfelt, the tear he never shed.*"

In January, 1730, a fresh impulse was given to the Dunciad war by no common hand. Dr. Young then published his "Two Epistles to Mr. Pope, concerning the authors of the age." The epistles are lively and spirited, general rather than personal in their satire, and dealing more in counsel than in condemnation. Pope might well be proud of such an ally and panegyrist, but the Knights of the Bathos were propor-

tionally irritated; and three months afterwards appeared "One Epistle to Mr. Alexander Pope, occasioned by Two Epistles lately published." This One Epistle was the production of two authors, Welsted and Moore-Smythe. It is also in rhyme, and scatters about accusations and inuendoes with indiscriminate rage and disregard of fact or probability. The epistle is, in truth, a weak and tasteless production, but it contained some home-thrusts on subjects which Pope did not care to revive. He had now, however, a weekly journal at command; and, either in prose or verse, was more than a match for his adversaries.

Early in his literary career Pope contemplated establishing a monthly review, to be entitled "The Works of the Unlearned," in which books deserving of praise should be depreciated ironically, and the productions of Grub-street should be commended.<sup>9</sup> Swift approved of the design; but, like the more ambitious schemes of the Scriblerus Club, it was never carried into effect. An approach to it, however, was made, by the establishment of the *Grub-street Journal*, which commenced on the 8th of January, 1730, and was continued weekly, with great spirit, to the end of 1737. In this work an imaginary junto of critics, named Knights of the Bathos, sat in judgment on contemporary writers, affecting to condemn Pope and his friends, as enemies of their order, but, in reality, espousing all the poet's quarrels, and attacking the objects of his poetical satire and his supposed enemies with the keenest irony and invective. Of this periodical Pope was long the animating and presiding spirit. Indeed, it seems to have been set on foot for the purpose of enabling the poet to continue his war with the dunces, and to prolong the contests of the previous year. He affected to be indignant that Budgell should "charge low Grub-street on his quill," and he denied that he had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, in the *Grub-street Journal*, or the least knowledge of its authors.<sup>10</sup> But that Pope was an

<sup>9</sup> Letter to Gay, written apparently in 1714.

<sup>10</sup> Epistle to Arbuthnot. The poet's denial was marked by one of his small stratagems. In the Works, vol. ii. (1735), the note stands thus: "Budgell, in a weekly pamphlet call'd the *Bee*, bestow'd much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr. *Adal*, in the *Grub-street Journal*; a paper wherein he never had the least

active contributor to the journal is beyond all question, and is partially admitted by the conductors themselves.<sup>11</sup> In its pages first appeared his epigrams on Bentley and Dennis, his epitaphs on Digby and Sir Isaac Newton, and the ingenious satirical essay on the office of Poet Laureate, with other acknowledged pieces in prose. The Laureate essay was afterwards added to the *Dunciad* (1742), but the date was altered from November, 1730, to November, 1729. The careless reader was thus left to infer that the essay had appeared in the original enlarged edition of the *Dunciad*, and the curious reader was prevented from referring to the *Grub-street Journal*, which was not in existence in November, 1729. The deception, however, was injurious to the point and application of the essay, for there was no contest for the office of Laureate in 1729 as there was in the following year, when Eusden died, and Cibber gained the laurel. In the *Dunciad*, 1742, appears a copy of an advertisement, which is also derived from the *Grub-street Journal*, but was reprinted with such variations as evidently show a wish to conceal its origin. A few lines arranged collaterally will serve to prove this :

## GRUB-STREET JOURNAL.

"Whereas, upon occasion of certain pieces published in this Journal, relating to the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some of them have been willing to suggest as if

## DUNCIAD, 1742.

"*Advertisement printed in the Journals, 1730.*

"Whereas, upon occasion of certain pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*, some

hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its authors. *He took no notice of so frantick an abuse; expecting that any man who knew himself author of what he was slander'd for, would have justify'd him on that article.*" In the next edition in duodecimo (included in the Works, vol. ii., Dodsley and Cooper, 1789), the words we have printed in italics are omitted, and the previous word, "authors," is reduced to the singular, "author." The latter change is ingenious, for the passage may then be read either as a total denial of all connexion with the *Grub-street Journal*, or as only a denial of the particular article or articles on Tindal's Will.

<sup>11</sup> "Several pieces, though few of any considerable length, in ridicule of that gentleman's [Pope's] adversaries, supposed by the contents of them to come from his own hands, or those of his intimate friends, had been inserted in our journal, but more frequently for the first year, at the conclusion of the controversy with the gentlemen of the *Dunciad*. They are distinguished in this collection by the letter 'A.'"—*Preface to the Memoirs of the Society of Grub-street.*



the author of that poem might be concerned in them, we hereby declare the contrary, and are ready, if required, to set our names to the respective pieces. In the mean time, we can do no less than own," &c. (No signatures.)

have been willing to suggest as if they looked upon them as an abuse, we can do no less than own," &c.

It is evident that the satirical poet had then become a little nervous about his solemn denial; he shrinks from naming any journal, and will not even hint that he has ever been charged with writing in one.

The reputed editors of the *Grub-street Journal* were Dr. John Martyn, at one time Professor of Botany at Cambridge, and Dr. Richard Russell, who wrote a treatise on Sea-water. Their papers in the Journal are said to have been signed "Bavius" and "Mævius;" but Bavius, we suspect, was often not Martyn, but Pope. One instance occurs, under the date of April 1, 1731. An epigram on Moore-Smythe is inserted in that number, signed Bavius; but in the collected essays, the *Memoirs of Grub-street*, it bears the signature of "A," the letter distinguishing Pope's contributions. He may also be traced occasionally under the signature "M," or Mævius, and frequently (as in the epigram, and in numerous attacks on Bentley) in pieces to which no signature is attached. He had, as we believe, free admission to the Journal, under any guise his sportive malice thought fit to assume. Johnson states that Savage had been invited to undertake the management of the paper.<sup>12</sup> That Pope had able assistants in the Journal is obvious; but it is not easy to conceive why two respectable scholars, who had all their lives written nothing but Latin treatises in folio and quarto, should suddenly imagine that they had a mission to wage war with all Pope's enemies, real and imaginary, should reverse the whole tenor of their lives in order to ridicule, week after week, Theobald and Bentley for tasteless plodding; should revel with Scriblerian enjoyment in wit and filth, and pour out epigrams and attacks of all kinds on Welsted, Moore-Smythe, Concannon, Cibber, Curll, and Dennis. These personalities were

<sup>12</sup> *Life of Savage*, first edit. p. 57. The note, containing this statement, omitted in the subsequent editions.

not engrafted upon a learned and solid design of two scholars. The very title of the paper shows the character which it was to bear, and the first publication, beginning with a motto from the *Dunciad* and a long ridicule of Grub-street authors, proves that the Scriblerian influence was predominant from the commencement.

From the satirical attacks abounding in the Journal, the post of publisher must have been rather a perilous one, and there were frequent changes.<sup>13</sup> The sale, however, was extensive; and, besides the collection of extracts which bore Savage's name,<sup>14</sup> two volumes were subsequently published,

<sup>13</sup> *No. 1, Jan. 1730*, is "Printed and sold by J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane."

*No. 15, April 16*. "Printed for Captain Gulliver and F. Cogan, near the Temple, and Mr. Jackson, in Pall-mall."

Captain Gulliver—a slight disguise for Lawton Gilliver, Pope's publisher—had, according to the Journal, "by the advice of some friends at Dublin, and the encouragement of some copies sent from thence, removed from Redriff, and opened a shop near Temple-bar." The allusion to Gulliver and to alleged "copies" from Swift is peculiarly Popian. J. Jackson, in Pall-mall, was one of the parties to whom Curll said Pope gave leave to sell the pirated edition of his Letters.

*No. 26, July 2*. "Printed by Mr. Moore for Captain Gulliver." [At other times, "A. Moore."]

*No. 61, March 4, 1731*. "Printed by S. Palmer and J. Huggonson, for Capt. Gulliver."

*No. 124, March 18, 1732*. "Printed by J. Huggonson, in Bartholomew-close, for Captain Gulliver."

*No. 142, Sept. 21*. "Printed by T. Sanders, in Crown-court, Butcher-row [without Temple-bar], and sold by Captain Gulliver."

*No. 150, Nov. 9*. "Printed for and sold by J. Roberts, Warwick-lane, where letters and advertisements, &c. As also sold by Captain Gulliver, by P. Sanders," &c.

*No. 197, Oct. 4, 1733*. "Printed by J. Huggonson, next to Kent's Coffee-house, in Chancery-lane, and sold by J. Roberts and Captain Gulliver," &c.

<sup>14</sup> A Collection of Pieces in Verse and Prose, which have been Published on the Occasion of the *Dunciad*, 1732. In this collection is the satire, "An Author to be Let," &c., by Iscariot Hackney, which was first published in a pamphlet of twelve pages 8vo, with a preface of five pages, in which, as Johnson says, "are related many secret histories of the petty writers of that time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous reflections on their birth, their circumstances, or those of their relations." Some of these have been quoted by Mr. D'Israeli, in his *Quarrels of Authors*. The whole seems to be the work of Pope. The satire is too exquisite, as Mr. D'Israeli surmised, for the touch of Savage, and it is directed solely against Moore-Smythe and the

entitled "Memoirs of the Society of Grub-street," containing most of the essays and poetical pieces which appeared in the Journal up to the 138th number, or August, 1732; after which, Pope seems to have become less frequently a contributor. Piracies from the Journal were alleged to be numerous—"Grubiana," "The Grub-street Miscellany," "Faithful Memoirs of Grub-street," &c. The genuine "Memoirs" had been long delayed; and the history of this publication is much the same as that of the Dunciad, or Pope's Letters, piratical booksellers being allowed to print the work with different titles, though continually denounced as pirates, while the author delayed for years to publish his own edition.

The best of the epigrams in this journal we shall insert in Pope's poetical works. They relate to Cibber, to Stephen Duck, Moore-Smythe, Concannon, Henley, and others, and bear indubitable marks of their author.

"No man deserves a monument," says Pope, "who could not be wrapped in a winding-sheet of papers written against him."<sup>15</sup> And he did his best to confer this posthumous distinction on all he considered his adversaries. His incessant activity in throwing off these personal satires, in the midst of his graver labours and the duties of society, forms a remarkable feature in his literary character. He was the most industrious as he was the most irritable of authors, and with the *Grub-street Journal* at hand, he was stimulated to constant exertion. James Moore-Smythe he attacked in every shape. He accused him of lying and cowardice, of stealing verses, of living upon other men's wits, of having been caned by Arbuthnot, of having absconded from his lodgings, of being the son of a footman, the nephew of a quack, &c. That the unfortunate poetaster was able to submit in silence to all these taunts and insults must be regarded as an extraordinary instance either of his magnanimity or meanness of spirit.

other characters in the Dunciad. Savage does not seem to have entrusted the secret to Johnson. Even in those careless, unhappy days, when they paced the streets together at midnight, Savage must have stood somewhat in awe of Johnson's rugged honesty and love of truth.

<sup>15</sup> Letter to Martha Blount, Roscoe, viii. 898.

In their preface to the *One Epistle*, Welsted and Moore-Smythe lay down this position: "No man deserves a violent injury to his reputation as a gentleman, because, perhaps, at a distance of several years since, he might have said 'that Mr. Pope had nothing in him original as a writer; that Mr. Tickell greatly excelled him in his translation of Homer, and many of his contemporaries in other branches of writing, and that he is infinitely inferior to Mr. Philips in pastoral.' And yet such arguments or apologies as these have been used by himself, or his tea-table cabals, for calling gentlemen scoundrels, blockheads, garreteers, and beggars." They also venture on this statement of fact:

"Mr. Dean Swift never saw the *Profound* till made public; and Dr. Arbuthnot, who originally sketched the design of it, desired that the initial letters of names of the gentlemen abused might not be inserted; that they might be A. or B., or Doe or Roe, or anything of that nature, which would make this satire a general one upon any dull writers in any age. This was refused by Pope; and he chose rather to treat a set of gentlemen as vermin, reptiles, &c., at a time when he had no provocation to do so, when he had closed his labours, finished his great subscriptions, and was in a fashionable degree of reputation. Several gentlemen who are there ranked with the dullest men, or dullest beasts, never did appear in print against him, or say anything in conversation which might affect his character. Some replies which were made to '*The Profound*' occasioned the publication of the *Dunciad*; which was first of all begun with a general malice to all mankind, and now appears under an excuse of provocations which he had received after he himself had struck the first blow in the above-mentioned *Miscellanies*. I cannot, indeed, say much in praise of some performances which appeared against him; and I am sorry that volunteers entered into the war, whom I could wish to have been only spectators. But the cause became so general, that some gentlemen, who never aimed at the laurel, grew poets merely upon their being angry. A militia, in case of invasion, may perhaps be thought necessary; but yet one could always wish for an army of regular troops. I should not have touched upon this circumstance but to obviate some imputations which he had suggested, of my writing several pieces which I never heard of till I saw them with the rest of the town."

Welsted appears to be the party here speaking in the first person, and his preface is ridiculed or travestied in the *Grub-street Journal* of Thursday, May 14th, 1730:

"There having been last week published an Epistle to Mr. A. Pope, with a curious Preface, we here give the reader a short extract of the contents of it: Some people have been very scurrilous against Mr. Pope, which I am sorry for; therefore, I am more scurrilous. Some folks have been very dull, which I am sorry for; therefore, I am duller. Some have said I could write nothing myself; therefore, I have got some other writers to do this. Nobody should abuse those that have not abused first; therefore, having shown in this preface that Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Swift knew nothing of any attempts to satirise us, we abuse the said gentlemen personally in the poem. But we ourselves, requiring more respect than they, and being neither scholars, doctors nor divines, call ourselves *gentlemen*, which sure nobody will deny, because one of us is the son of a footman, and one the son of a ——. *Sic subscribitur*.—JEMMY M——R SM——."

Next week the attack is renewed; and that Pope was galled by the accusations and sarcasms in the epistle is obvious from the elaborate bitterness of his reply:

"When in our last we inserted a short account of a curious piece of reasoning in the Preface to a certain Epistle to Mr. A. Pope, we had not read the epistle itself, which merits a more serious treatment. We have been informed that the person most concerned, disapproved our taking even that notice of it. However, no private consideration must prevent us from pursuing the general design and duty of our paper, which is to record the productions of Grub-street, and to prove our impartiality, not only by remarking upon such of our unhappy brethren as not unfrequently chance to fall into immoralities or scandals, but by doing justice to our greatest enemies, of which we have now a glorious opportunity, even to Mr. Pope. We must be forced to own this piece, though truly Grub-street, will be taken for a libel till the facts asserted in it are proved, and till it is known who are the authors that assert 'em. For all accusations against a man's character, without an attester, are, in moral honesty, presumed slanders and lies; and the persons who publish such, without full proof—though they may be members of our society, though they may style themselves ever so gentlemanly, nay, though they were Knights of the Bathos—will be accounted liars and scoundrels.

"To remove so great a blot from our gentlemen, we here publicly invite any person of credit and character to stand forth and attest any of the following facts which are contained in the said paper.

"Who will be so good as to say, that he hath seen or known of any prose or verse work of Mr. Pope's, called *The Progress of Dulness*, or by any other title, which included a satire on any branch of science whatever, besides what is now contained in the Dunciad?

"That the late Duke of Buckingham paid any pension to Charles Gildon which he took from him since his acquaintance with Mr. P.?"

['Charles Gildon, dismissed from the Duke's pension and favour, on account of his obstinacy in refusing to take the oaths to Pope's supremacy.']

"That the present Archbishop of Canterbury hath passed any censure on Mr. P.?"

['Censured by Wake, by Atterbury blessed.']

"That Mr. P. ever writ or spoke complimentally or over-civilly of or to Ch——rs?"

['Would flatter Chartres or would libel Young.']

"That Mr. F——n and he ever were at distance or variance with each other?"

['By Fenton left, by reverend linguists hated,  
Now learns to read the Greek he once translated.']

"That the Rev. Mr. B——me ever asserted or complained he was not gratified with a competent sum for his share in the *Odyssey*; nay, did not own that he thought himself highly paid?"

['Half-paid, drudging Broome.—The Rev. Mr. Broome, who translated a great part of Homer and construed the rest. N.B. A half-paid poet is oftentimes the occasion of an unpaid tailor.']

"That Mr. Addison, or any other but Mr. P., writ or altered one line of the Prologue to Cato?"

['Who Cato's muse with faithless sneers belied,  
The prologue father'd and the play decried.']

"Who will name any young writer, allowed to have merit, that hath been personally discouraged by him; or who hath not received either actual services or amicable treatment from him?"

['Oh, say, to him what trophies shall be rais'd,  
That unprovoked will strike and fawn unprais'd?  
Each favourite toast who marks or rising wit,  
To sketch a satire that in time may fit;  
Still hopes your sunset while he views your noon,  
And still broods o'er the closely-kept lampoon.']

"Who will instance any one riotous, lewd, drunken, or indecent action, at any time, by him committed; or any unpunctual dealing between man and man; or name one person to whom he owes a shilling or a couplet?"

[‘Divide a busy, fretful life between  
Smut, libel, sing-song, vanity, and spleen,’ &c.]

“Who will give any instance of his avarice or want of hospitality, bounty, or charity, to any friend, acquaintance, or needy, deserving person; or of his taking money, pension, or present, for praising or satirising any one in his life?”

“Whoever will testify any of these things, which have been asserted of Mr. Pope, shall receive for reward the panegyrics of all our society. But we must here suggest to our brethren a caution, that it would be proper somebody who knows should tell us punctually what is Mr. Pope’s estate, without which it will be very hard to judge whether he is avaricious or not. We would also ask two questions: one in regard to what is said of his learning Greek, since folks will be apt to think he could not well fail, during his long employment upon Homer, to do that in ten years which every lad at the school and University can in three. My question, therefore, is, which of you gentlemen hath examined him, and is sure he is more ignorant than himself?”

“The other is, what evidence will you produce on a point you hint at (doubtless of great importance to the commonwealth of learning), whether Mr. Pope be, or be not, a woman’s man?”<sup>16</sup> Since he has no wife of his own to appeal to, can any of your wives or daughters bear testimony in it? Or will you procure it from a lady (supposed to have some hand in this piece) who has confidently reported he once was whipt. . . . That lady is a woman of honour; and if she affirms it, the thing is clear. But methinks it is a little hard in you to take away all Mr. P.’s abilities. You assure us, in the first page, he is a bad poet; nay, hardly allow him that, for you say, in the next, he is only a stealer from bad poets and dunces. (It is strange he should choose to steal from such; but, if so, you have just cause to complain of invasion of property.) You assure us he is not even a versifier, but steals the sound of his verses. (To steal a sound is sure as ingenious as to point an echo; and I wish, for the sake of harmony, we too had this secret.) In page 12, he is as bad as Ogilby—nay, as Mr. Rowe. In page 13, he is lively, he is quick, he is languid. In the remaining pages people like him too well; he has too many friends, he lives at ease, and is pretty well to pass. All this, my friends, we cannot possibly help, and, in Christian charity, should be sorry for. But the devil is what follows: your preface sorely complains that some of you (I hoped all) had been abused without provocation. But gentlemen should consider that, to some people, dulness is provoking, and that, in such case, to call gentlemen dull, is no abuse, though it

<sup>16</sup> “Who lets not beauty base detraction ‘scape,  
And mocks deformity with Æsop’s shape.”

And a note mentions “Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.”

may be a rudeness. You cannot bear gentlemen should be treated as vermin and reptiles. Now, to be impartial, you were compared to flying fishes, swallows, ostriches, didappers, tortoises, and parrots; not vermin, but curious and beautiful creatures. You complain of being ranked with the dullest beasts (you great wits have short memories; for you see there is no beast in the whole list) and with the dullest men. Alas, alas! my brethren, what will your enemies say when you speak thus of each other?

"But I pray, gentlemen, do not you yourselves take too much liberty? Let us lay the saddle on the right beast—horse, I mean. What provocations could your unknown Honours ever receive from any of those eminent persons who never heard of your names, and whom you have abused in this very poem? What injury has been done any of you by the late Duke of Buckingham, whom you call a vile poet and bad judge? (page 1.) What by the learned Bishop Atterbury, whom you call a blockhead and a bungler? (page 16.) What by the ingenious Dr. Arbuthnot and Dr. Swift, both whom you execrate in your preface, and yet call the one a quack, a pedant, &c. (page 16), and the other something worse? (page 20.) What by Mr. Jervas, his Majesty's principal painter, whom you call a breaker of God's commandments?

[ 'He breaks all Sinai's laws except the second.' ]

What by the Right Hon. the Earl of Burlington, the Lord Bathurst and others to whom you, gentlemen, that profess yourselves so well bred, have given as hard names as the rest? 'Tis true you have at present omitted these last in a sober fear of cudgels and *scandalum magnatum*; but you have set asterisks with a promise to replace them hereafter (page 16). And may probably make it good as soon as those noble lords shall be either in their graves or out of the kingdom. Witness the Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester, whom *gentlemen may safely libel*.

"But, my brethren, to comfort you after what I have said (perhaps with severity, but the severity of a *friend*), your poem is infinitely more innocent than the Dunciad. For in the one there's no man abused but is very well pleased to be abused in such company, whereas in the other there's no man so much as named but is extremely affronted to be ranked with such people as style each other the *dullest of men*."

This long quotation affords a fair specimen of Pope's anonymous satirical prose. The attack was kept up in several numbers by epigrams, paragraphs, and mock advertisements,<sup>17</sup> but Smythe still continued silent. Pope then tried

<sup>17</sup> "Speedily will be published, No. II., to be continued, An Author to be Let, &c. In which will be fully and faithfully delineated the character of



a fresh indignity, by connecting his victim with Moore the worm-doctor—the poet's old friend of Abchurch-lane, who was advertising largely in the newspapers. In the *Grub-street Journal* of July 2nd, 1730, is a letter from the Doctor to "Mr. J—— M——," in which the writer upbraids "Cousin Jemmy" with estranging himself from his relations, and bragging of his wit and his verses :

"'Tis but t'other day that a wit, as I hear, gave you the use of half a dozen verses ; and, cousin, you printed, or suffered to be printed, without gainsaying it, that he had stolen them from you [see *antè*, p. 244.] Of all the things that can be stolen, great or small, the hardest to steal are the gifts of God ; and you might as well pretend to steal my skill in worms and physic as that man's knack in poetry. . . . You did not, indeed, all at once seem to forget your father or the house of your father, for you made the hero of your play a *footman*."

As Moore-Smythe would not reply, Pope was prepared with an answer. In the journal for July 23rd appears a letter signed "J. M.," addressed to "Dr. J. M.," and beginning "Honoured Uncle," in which James Moore is made to disclaim the character of a wit : "I have now for these six weeks had the lie given me publicly without reply : what think you, uncle, is this setting up for a gentleman ? . . . It is true I did go with something against P—pe (or rather, like a puppy, carried it to and fro in my mouth) these two years

that modest, ingenious, tall young man, Jemmy Moore Smythe. By Iscariot Hackney. Soon will be published, *The Gentlemen of the Dunciad*, a Poem, by Mr. Savage, with a Preface," &c.

"Whereas J. M. S., a tall, modest young man, with yellowish teeth, a sallow complexion, and a flattish eye, shaped somewhat like an Italian in the shoulders, hip, and back parts, in mourning apparel, wearing a brown tie-wig ; hath absented himself from his lodging in Orange-street, and is not to be found at the places he usually frequented, supposed to be disordered in his head, and to have gone away suddenly in apprehension of falling under the hands of the physician. Whoever will give notice of the said J. M. S. to Dr. Arbuthnot, in Cork-street, Burlington-gardens, shall receive two guineas reward, to the end that the unfortunate young man may be brought to his right understanding."

"Last Friday, a very modest young gentleman, *alias* M——, *alias* S——, who had been concerned in a libel against an eminent physician, had the correction of the cane bestowed upon him, which he received with exemplary patience and resignation."

and upwards, but believe me, though I was about him and about him so long, 'twas but as the Irishman was about Court, I got nothing by it, and had not got *that* neither but for my good friend Mr. Welsted." This part of the warfare was the only part that Pope acknowledged. The pretended worm-doctor's epistle and answer by James Moore, Pope included in the small edition of his works (vol. iii., part ii.) published by Dodsley in 1742, but the name of the *Grub-street Journal* was suppressed. A very disgusting letter from the journal, respecting a custom of the Hottentots, is also reprinted in the same volume; and, on the whole, one is led to marvel, as well as mourn, that such productions should ever have proceeded from such a source—that streams so grossly polluted should flow from a poetical fountain, and flow side by side with the pure and pellucid current of moral and ethical verse.

One more illustration of this hidden department of Pope's labours, and we shall dismiss the subject. Fortescue was the poet's legal and confidential adviser, but after the public and solemn denial of all connexion with the *Grub-street Journal*, Pope could not confide this secret to his friend, and we find what seems an instance of how little Fortescue suspected it.

Ward, the Quack Doctor, flourished greatly about this time, and, among other wonders, asserted his ability to cure persons in a state of raving madness. The means by which he professed to accomplish this, were pills made, he said, of *Pulvis Antimonialis*. The *Grub-street Journal*, on the other hand, collected a number of cases of persons killed or injured by the quack medicine, and inserted a series of fierce and elaborate attacks on Ward, purporting to be written by a doctor in Holborn. Upon this Ward served writs all round. He brought an action against the Holborn doctor, another in the King's Bench against the *Grub-street Journal*, and afterwards, having failed in this from some informality, another action in the Court of Common Pleas. Ward retained Pope's friend, Fortescue, as counsel. A pamphlet war went on, and Fortescue no doubt was busy getting up evidence of the harmless or beneficial effects of Ward's pills. In this state of things he seems to have bethought himself of Pope, the friend of Mead and Cheselden, and other physicians.

Roberts, Pope's old confidential publisher, was served with rules on the 8th and 10th of February, 1734-5, and on the 22nd of next month we find Pope, in the printed correspondence, answering some inquiries of Fortescue thus: "I deferred this two or three posts to send you an answer from Dr. Mead, of the truth of what you heard. But he knows no example that can be quite depended on, of the Pulvis A. curing, after any one began to rave, or otherwise than if taken very soon after the wound." Now, unless we suppose the learned lawyer had become amateur physician, this must have referred to some law case, and, if so, surely to Ward and his Pulvis Antimonialis pills? Pope, we are satisfied, was kindly assisting Fortescue to get up evidence against Roberts, and it is amusing to observe how little that was favourable to Fortescue's client he had been able to obtain from Mead. The rule came on for hearing on the 7th and 10th of May, and considering the assistant which Fortescue had chosen, it is no wonder that he maintained his case feebly, that the rules "to show cause" were discharged, and all the actions dropped—Pope having thus appeared to serve Fortescue while he helped to save his trusty publisher and the *Grub-street Journal*.

Another complainant of the satire in the *Dunciad* was Aaron Hill, a dramatic writer of some celebrity, though but small success, who then moved in the higher circles of literary and fashionable society, and was intimate with Peterborough, Bolingbroke, and other friends of Pope. Some notice of Hill will be found in the notes to the *Dunciad*. He appears to have been such a person as Swift loved to ridicule—a *projector*, trying various schemes, and succeeding in none. At one time we find him secretary to Lord Peterborough, then manager of Drury Lane Theatre, then obtaining a patent for extracting oil from beech mast; next organising a company for cultivating plantations in Georgia; afterwards clearing woods in the Highlands of Scotland, to furnish timber for the navy, and making potash that was to rival the potash brought from Russia! All this time he was cultivating poetry and the drama, writing turgid declamatory tragedies, or translating with more success the best productions of the French theatre. This bustling, kind-hearted, and patriotic, but vain  
 † ostentatious person, had been acquainted with Pope for

several years, and had addressed to him copies of complimentary verses. He had written a poem on Peter the Great—the “Northern Czar”—on which Pope pronounced an opinion to his publisher that had been misrepresented to Hill, or misunderstood by him. Hill made a reply, but being convinced of his mistake he recanted what he had said against Pope. Thus matters stood betwixt them when the treatise on the Bathos appeared, and Hill found himself classed with the geniuses denominated Flying Fishes, “who now and then rise upon their fins, and fly out of the profound: but their wings are soon dry, and they drop down to the bottom.” The initial letters “A. H.” left no room to doubt whom the poet meant to satirise. Hill rejoined by an epigram against Pope and Swift, and Pope marked him out for a place in the Dunciad. In the diving scene, in the second book, Hill is introduced in lines “highly beautiful and poetical,” as Mr. Bowles has observed, and certainly containing more of panegyric than censure:

“Then \* \* tried, but hardly snatched from sight,  
Instant buoys up and rises into light;  
He bears no token of the sabler streams,  
And mounts far off among the swans of Thames.”

The lines have since been altered, but they appear in this form in the edition of 1729, which was the copy seen by Hill. A note was appended referring to the former misunderstanding between Pope and Hill:

“This is an instance of the tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledged in another printed preface. Since when, he fell under a second mistake, and abused both him and his friend. He is a writer of genius and spirit, though in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our poet here gives him a panegyric instead of a satire; being edified beyond measure at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a poet confessing himself in an error; and has suppressed his name as thinking him capable of a second repentance.”

Hill now made a poetical rejoinder. He prefixed to one of his works, “The Progress of Wit, a Caveat,” the following lines, written very much in Pope’s own style, and with no small portion of his point and severity:

"Tuneful Alexis, on the Thames' fair side,  
 The ladies' plaything and the Muses' pride;  
 With merit popular, with wit polite,  
 Easy though vain, and elegant though light;  
 Desiring and deserving others' praise,  
 Poorly accepts a fame he ne'er repays;  
 Unborn to cherish, sneakingly approves,  
 And wants the soul to spread the worth he loves."

Some time after this, in January, 1731, Hill wrote to Pope on occasion of transmitting to him some numbers of the "Plain Dealer," a periodical with which he was connected, and in the conclusion of his letter he hinted that he had a "gentle complaint" to make concerning a paragraph in the notes to the Dunciad. Pope anticipated the censure by a prompt explanation, but one that only made matters worse :

"I never gave you," he said, "just cause of complaint. You once mistook, on a bookseller's idle report, and publicly expressed your mistake ; yet you mistook a second time, that two initial letters only were meant of you, though every letter of the alphabet was put in the same manner : and in truth (except some few) *those letters were set at random*, to occasion what they did occasion, the suspicion of bad and jealous writers, of which number I could never reckon Mr. Hill, and most of whose names I did not know.

"I should imagine the Dunciad meant you a real compliment, and so it has been thought by many, who have asked, to whom that passage made that oblique panegyric. *As to the notes, I am weary of telling a great truth, which is, that I am not the author of them.*"

The poet then complained of Hill's lines in the Caveat, and concluded by asserting that he preferred qualities of the heart to those of the head : "I vow to God I never thought any great matters of my poetical capacity ; I only thought it a little better, comparatively, than that of some very mean writers who are too proud. But I do know certainly my moral life is superior to that of most of the wits of these days." Hill replied in a strain of mingled rebuke and exposition, and in a tone of grave and truthful earnestness, which must have made Pope heartily ashamed of the false position he had taken up :

"Since you were not the writer of the notes to the Dunciad, it would be impertinent to trouble you with the complaint I intended. If the

initial letters A. H. were not meant to stand for my name, yet they were everywhere read so, as you might have seen in *Mist's Journal*, and other public papers; and I had shown Mr. Pope an example how reasonable I thought it to clear a mistake publicly which had been publicly propagated. One note among so many would have done me this justice.

"Again, if the author of the notes knew that A. H. related not to me, what reason had he to allude to that character as mine by observing that I had published pieces bordering upon bombast; a circumstance so independent on any other purpose of the note, that I should forget to whom I am writing, if I thought it wanted explanation.

"I am sorry to hear you say you never thought any great matters of your poetry. It is, in my opinion, the characteristic you are to hope your distinction from; to be honest is the duty of every plain man. Nor, since the soul of poetry is sentiment, can a great poet want morality. But your honesty you possess in common with a million who will never be remembered; whereas your poetry is a peculiar, that will make it impossible you should be forgotten.

"If you had not been in the spleen when you wrote me this letter, I persuade myself you would not, immediately after censuring the pride of writers, have asserted that you, certainly, know your moral life to be above that of most of the wits: at any other time, you would have remembered that humility is a moral virtue. It was a bold declaration, and the certainty with which you know it, stands in need of a better acquaintance than you seem to have had with the tribe; since you tell me in the same letter, that many of their names were unknown to you.

"Neither would it appear, to your own reason, at a cooler juncture, over consistent with the morality you are so sure of, to scatter the letters of the whole alphabet, annexed at random, to characters of a light and ridiculous cast, confusedly, with intent to provoke jealous writers into resentment, that you might take occasion, from that resentment, to expose and depreciate their characters."

It was impossible to gainsay these observations—they stood out like the prophetic handwriting on the wall. A week afterwards Pope wrote again, stating that he did not know the papers had applied the letters A. H. to Hill, though he had heard it from Savage, and sent his assurances to the contrary. He offered to *use his influence with the editors of the Dunciad* (as if such a body really existed) to leave out the note of which Hill complained, or to state expressly that he was not the person alluded to in the Dun-

ciad;<sup>18</sup> but Hill declared he was satisfied, and was willing the matter should drop. The poet again urged the point: "I am very desirous to leave out that note, if you like so. *The two lords and one gentleman who really took and printed that edition, I can (I doubt not) bring easily to it.*" There is one touch of the poet's *finesse* in this letter, which has not been noticed by his biographers. He asks Hill, "Has it escaped your observation, that the name is a syllable too long? Or if you will have it a Christian name, is there any other in the whole book? Is there no author of two syllables whom it will better fit?" Now, in the edition of 1729 two syllables are certainly requisite to complete the line—

"Then \* \* tried, but hardly snatch'd from sight."

Pope reckoned, and reckoned justly as it appears, that Hill knew only this edition; but if the latter had turned to the editions of the year previous he would have found the line written in a manner that defied all misinterpretation and escape, standing thus:

"H—— tried the next, but hardly snatch'd from sight."

The labyrinth of error and confusion into which the poet was led from not openly acknowledging that his satire was intended for Hill, must have occasioned him no small uneasiness and chagrin. The good-natured dramatist forgot the circumstance, and a friendly correspondence was continued between them. Hill having clearly the advantage in the Dunciad affair, took occasion to submit poems and plays to Pope's revision, and the latter had to undergo an infliction which seemed like making restitution for former injustice. In truth, Hill's letters and applications became intolerable, and constituted a sufficient punishment, under which the irritable poet must often have groaned. If it had not been for the danger or disagreeableness of awakening past enmity, Pope would assuredly have ridiculed some of

<sup>18</sup> The note was altered, as will be seen in the Notes to the Dunciad, book ii. In the collected edition of the poet's works, 1785, the letter "P" was substituted for "H;" but it was afterwards withdrawn and the H again replaced, thus tacitly confessing, what never was doubted, that Hill was the party satirised.

Hill's schemes and speculations. His wild commercial projects must have offered a tempting field, and his *Tragic Academy* for instructing and educating actors, would have shone in the Dunciad. In one letter we find Hill sending a draught of a monument, and explaining the design in terms that seem indescribably ludicrous. The monument was to be in black and white marble. "About half-way up a craggy path," he says, "on the black mountain, below will be a figure of Time in white marble, in an attitude of climbing, obstructed by little Cupids, of the same colour; some rolling rocks into his path from above; some throwing nets at his feet and arms from below; others, in ambuscade, shooting arrows at him from both sides; while the Death you see in the draught will seem, from an opening between hills in relief, to have found admission to a shorter way, and prevented Time at a distance." Pope's opinion as to the *significance* of this design is solicited, but unfortunately no answer appears in the correspondence.

Hill had known or suspected that Pope was a contributor to the *Grub-street Journal*, and one communication drew from him a singular but complimentary copy of verses. A female friend, Mrs. Butler, of Sussex, died, and a long panegyric on the lady—a prose character—appeared in the *Journal* of Thursday, November 28th, 1734. In the *Prompter* (Hill's paper) of December 8th a poetical contribution was inserted, entitled "A Letter from the World to Come: to the Author of a Lady's Character, lately published in a Thursday's *Journal*." This "Letter" was the following lines, afterwards inserted in Hill's *Works* (1753), where they bear the title of "A Letter from a Departed Spirit to the Author (Mr. Pope) of a Lady's Character," &c.:

"Stript to the naked soul, escaped from clay,  
From doubts unfetter'd and dissolv'd in day;  
Unwarm'd by vanity, unreach'd by strife,  
And all my hopes and fears thrown off with life  
Why am I charm'd by Friendship's fond essays,  
And, though unbodied, conscious of thy praise?  
Has pride a portion in the parted soul?  
Does passion still the firmless mind control?  
Can gratitude out-pant the silent breath,  
Or a friend's sorrow pierce the gloom of death?"



No, 'tis a spirit's nobler task of bliss,  
 That feels the worth it left, in proofs like this;  
 That not its own applause, but thine approves,  
 Whose practice praises, and whose virtue loves;  
 Who liv'st to crown departed friends with fame;  
 Then, dying late, shalt all thou gav'st reclaim."

The conceit of thus personating the "departed spirit," and the style of the verses, are exactly in Hill's manner, but quite unlike Pope's, yet they have often been published as a genuine production from Twickenham.<sup>19</sup>

When Pope was no more, Hill joined in the cry against him, and told at least *half* the truth in a letter to Richardson the novelist, whom he pampered with flattery. The popularity of Pope, he said, arose originally from "meditated little personal assiduities, and a certain *bladdery swell of management*, having the cunning to blow himself up by help of dull, unconscious instruments, whenever he would seem to sail as if his own wind moved him." Aaron should have been content with the moral victory he had gained over Pope. He practised himself many personal assiduities, and blew himself up no less strenuously, but a collapse soon took place, and as a poet he sank never to rise again except as attached to the triumphal car of the Dunciad.

<sup>19</sup> The Gentleman's Magazine, Dec. 1753, originated the blunder, by adding the words, "by Mr. Pope." The Hon. Charles Yorke sent the piece to Warburton, and Warburton inserted it in Ruffhead's Life of Pope, stating that it was addressed to Dr. Bolton, Dean of Carlisle, "who," says Warburton, "lived some time at Twickenham with old Lady Blount. On the death of her mother, Mrs. Butler, of Sussex, Dr. Bolton drew up the mother's character; from thence Mr. Pope took occasion to write the epistle to Dr. Bolton," &c. This elaborate error was continued by Warton and Bowles. Mrs. Butler] was connected by marriage with Pope's friends, the Cæsars of Bennington. The Lady Blount alluded to by Warburton, and the daughter of Mrs. Butler, was the relict of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, Bart.

## CHAPTER VIII.

[1731—1735.]

EPISTLES AND ESSAY ON MAN. DEATH OF GAY, OF POPE'S MOTHER, AND OF ARBUTHNOT. PUBLICATION BY CURILL OF POPE'S CORRESPONDENCE. LAST VISIT TO LORD PETERBOROUGH.

THE Epistles and Moral Essays of Pope formed his next class of publications. They are the most intellectual and refined of the works of his matured genius. The ease, grace, and dignity with which questions of taste and ethics are discussed in these poetical prelections, and the beauty of the imagery with which they are illustrated, render them the most pleasing, popular, and suggestive of all his productions.

The first of this series was the Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, published in 1731. It was entitled "Of Taste," which was subsequently altered to "Of False Taste," and again to "Of the Use of Riches." In this epistle the poet supports the character of a connoisseur, and lays down rules for architecture and gardening—rules founded upon sense, truth, and nature, and enforced by examples both of false and of correct taste. The description of Timon's Villa, designed to illustrate the false taste of magnificence, by which greatness is supposed to consist in the size and dimensions, instead of the proportion and harmony of the whole, raised a cry of ingratitude against Pope, as if he had attacked a benefactor in ridiculing the house and grounds, and the ostentatious hospitality, of the Duke of Chandos. The poet, it was said, had received a present of five hundred pounds from the

Duke—an assertion which he promptly denied. He had never received any favour from the Duke, “or from any great man whatsoever,” except his subscription to Homer, and he had never been but twice in his company. He denied, also, that the description was intended to represent Canons. We have noticed the charge and denial in notes to the poem; but Pope being under no personal obligation to the Duke of Chandos, the absurd state and magnificence kept up at Canons formed a legitimate subject for his animadversion and ridicule. The real error of the poet was the same as that which he committed in the case of Aaron Hill, and the initial letters in the treatise on the Bathos. He denied instead of vindicating the object and intention of the satire.

Pope, with manly wisdom, despised the *piæ fraudes* of his Church. He tolerated no juggling in concerns of eternal moment. But unfortunately he did not carry this spirit into literature. His *poeticæ fraudes* are numerous and undeniable. Some are serious, intended to avert the consequences of his satire; some are prompted by vanity; and some can be assigned to no other cause than a delight in stratagem. To *equivocate genteelly*, as he termed it, or to deny firmly, as circumstances might require, were expedients he never hesitated to adopt. The ardour of composition, it is probable, at times, carried him further than he intended, and led him to over-colour his pictures, so that he might safely deny part. “It must be owned,” said Lord Chesterfield, “that Pope was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them.” Still he shrank from the responsibility of his attacks, and the contest between his irresistible proneness to satire and his want of moral courage, or his reluctance to continue injustice, involved him in pitiable and humiliating situations, which, without the cant of sensibility, all must deplore, if not condemn. These results became more conspicuous when his epistles led him to deal with higher characters than most of those in the *Dunciad*.

The name of Cleland was again employed in a defence published in the newspapers, as addressed to Gay, but written, as Warburton sarcastically remarks, “by the same hand that wrote the letter to the publisher prefixed to the *Dunciad* ;” and we may add with no better result. Pope himself addressed the Duke of Chandos and Lord Burlington, indig-

nantly disclaiming the interpretation which the town had put upon his lines; but neither of these noblemen, it is said, was convinced. There is no reason to doubt that the poet's regret was sincere. There was no malice in his intentions; but the resemblance to Canons was too striking in essential points, and the painting was too vivid, to permit any mistake as to the real origin of the picture.

The Epistle on Taste was followed next year by one "Of the Use of Riches," addressed to Lord Bathurst, and written, Pope said, "after a violent outcry against him, on suspicion that he had ridiculed a worthy nobleman merely for his wrong taste." The object of the second epistle was to illustrate the truth, that wealth does not confer happiness on either the avaricious or the prodigal. He had learned, he said, that it was safer to attack vices than follies; he therefore left the great in possession of their idols, their groves and high places, and changed his subject from their pride to their meanness, from their vanities to their miseries. The change induced no lack of satirical power or severity, nor any decrease of poetical excellence. There are noble lines and exquisite pictures in this epistle; and there is, perhaps, not a single reader of poetry who has not dwelt with rapture on the character of the Man of Ross, and moralised in pity at the death-bed of the great Villiers.

This year Pope visited Lord Peterborough at Bevis Mount, near Southampton, and the peer and poet afterwards proceeded together to Winchester College, where they gave prizes to the scholars for the best copy of verses. Pope proposed the subject—the campaign of Valentia—a delicate compliment to his distinguished friend; and it is worthy of remark that two of the prizes were gained by youths afterwards well known—Hampton, the translator of Polybius, and William Whitehead, a not inelegant poet, who succeeded Cibber as Laureate.

The first part of the Essay on Man—the *magnum opus* of Pope's ethical epistles—was also this year (1732) ushered into the world. He had long meditated such a work, and employed himself upon it occasionally during the progress of his other writings. Change of subject afforded relief and variety, and Pope was never, like Dryden, compelled to labour at the call of the booksellers, or to hurry prematurely to the

press. In the winter of 1729, after the publication of the *Dunciad*, he was engaged on an ethical work, as appears from one of Bolingbroke's letters to Swift; and a subsequent letter shows that three books were completed by August, 1731. The plan of the poem had also been unfolded to Atterbury. "Do you pursue the moral plan you marked out, and were so intent upon sixteen months ago?" asks the prelate in November, 1731. It was not in the nature of Pope to shun the praise of his contemporaries, and trust alone to posterity. The foretaste of his poetical immortality was too sweet a draught in the bitter cup of existence to be resisted; but conscious that he had entered upon a thorny and difficult subject, in which the briars of controversy and metaphysics might choke the flowers of his poetry, he resolved to try the experiment of a first part, and to publish without his name. He also prefixed to the poem the following address "to the reader:"

"As the Epistolary way of writing hath prevailed much of late, we have ventured to publish this piece, composed some time since, and whose author chose this manner, notwithstanding his subject was high and of dignity, because of its being mixed with argument, which of its nature approacheth to prose. This, which we first give the reader, treats of the nature and state of man, with respect to the universal systems; the rest will treat of him with respect to his own system, as an individual, and as a member of society; under one or other of which heads all ethics are included. As he imitates no man, so he would be thought to vie with no man, in these Epistles; particularly with the noted author of two lately published. But this he may most surely say, that the matter of them is such as is of importance to all in general, and of offence to none in particular."

This reference to himself, as the "noted author," must also have thrown the public off their guard. To complete the concealment, a new publisher was selected—"J. Wilford," afterwards employed to publish the *Grub-street Memoirs*. Wilford's sign of the "Three Flower-de-luces," behind the Chapter-house, St. Paul's, was obscure, compared with Lintot's "Cross Keys," between the Temple-gates, or Lawton Gilliver's "Homer's Head," against St. Dunstan's Church. Bolingbroke, to whom the poem was inscribed, was also concealed under the name of *Lælius*. These characteristic precautions had the desired effect. Warburton says the poem

was given to every man except him who only could write it. Pope endeavoured to extract an opinion from Richardson, the portrait-painter: "I had a hundred things to talk to you of, and among the rest, of the Essay on Man, which I hear so much of. Pray what is your opinion of it? I hear some cry it extremely up; others think it obscure in part; and some (of whom I am sure you are not one) have said it is mine. I think I could show you some faults in it, and believe you can show me more; though, upon the whole, it is allowed to have merit, and I think so myself." Richardson must have been convinced that the poem was Pope's; he would not have bestowed half the attention on any other anonymous work. He is said to have led Mallet to the subject by inquiring what new pieces were brought to light? The visitor replied that there was little or nothing worthy notice: that there was a thing called an Essay on Man, shocking poetry, insufferable philosophy, no coherence, no connexion! Pope avowed himself to be the author, and the mistaken bard took his hat and left the house. This anecdote rests on the slender authority of Ayre, who does not, however, mention the name of Mallet. If the latter was the person alluded to, he made ample amends in a few months by his poem on Verbal Criticism, inscribed to Pope. Even Swift, it appears, did not recognise Pope in the Essay on Man. "I know your hand," says the poet, Sept. 15, 1734, "though you did not know mine in the Essay on Man. I beg your pardon for not telling you, as I should, had you been in England; but no secret can cross your Irish sea, and every clerk in the post-office had known it. I fancy, though you lost sight of me in the first of those Essays, you saw me in the second." The garrulous William Ayre wrote a commentary on the two first epistles, the harmlessness of which is attested under his own hand. "We can give an instance," he says, "of his Essay on Man (that is, the two first Epistles) being used very freely, long before he wrote his last Dunciad, and so far was he from writing anything then, *to take away from the fame of the author*, that he declared he never would; that the author had used him like a gentleman, and was (or what without doubt appeared reasonable to him) on the other side of the question; in regard to which, at many times, and on many points, he hardly had known himself which way to

lean." This account of the wavering state of the poet's mind when his speculations led him to the confines of fatalism, is, we daresay, correct. But it is difficult to conceive how Swift could be misled as to the real author of the *Essay on Man*. Pope had, it is true, many imitators, and his style had lost the gloss of novelty. What other poet, however, could have produced a work of so much thought, energy, and brilliancy of execution? All the points in which he was unrivalled meet in this poem; and some of the opinions it inculcates—as the power of one ruling passion in conquering reason—had been touched upon in the *Epistle to Bathurst*, published shortly before. The germ of the great *Essay* is seen in these impressive lines:

" 'Tis Heaven each passion sends,  
And different men directs to different ends.  
Extremes in Nature equal good produce;  
Extremes in man concur to general use.  
Ask me what makes one keep and one bestow?  
That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow,  
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,  
Through reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;  
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,  
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds."

The *Universal Prayer*, which now follows the *Essay on Man*, as a summary and application of its principles, was not produced till 1738. It was undoubtedly written to show that the poet's system was founded on free-will, not on fatalism; and the eager transport with which he received Warburton's commentary, intended to prove the compatibility of the system with divine revelation, is well known. There is much truth in Mr. Bowles's criticism—now more applicable than in Pope's own day—that readers hardly think of the philosophy, whether it be good or bad, profound or specious. "Scarcely any one, till a controversy was raised, thought of the doctrines; but a thousand must have been warmed by the pictures, the addresses, the sublime interspersions of description, and the nice and harmonious precision of every word, and of almost every line. Whether, as a system of philosophy, it inculcated fate or not, no one paused to inquire; but every eye read a thousand times, and every lip, perhaps, repeated, 'Lo, the poor Indian!' &c.;

'The lamb thy riot,' &c.; 'O happiness,' &c., and many other passages. All these illustrative and secondary images are painted from the source of genuine poetry; from nature, not from art. They, therefore, independent of powers displayed in the versification, raise the Essay on Man, considered in the abstract, into genuine poetry, although the poetical part is subservient to the philosophical."

Many parts of the Essay, in sentiment, and also in expression, bear a close resemblance to the metaphysical treatises of Bolingbroke; and a question has been raised, and keenly discussed, whether the palm for originality should be awarded to the peer or the poet? Their common friend, Lord Bathurst, confidently stated that he had read the whole scheme of the poem, in the handwriting of Bolingbroke, drawn up in a series of propositions, which Pope was to amplify, versify, and illustrate. An anonymous writer, supposed to be Mallet, makes a similar statement, and mentions a *large prose manuscript*, which Pope is reported to have produced on one occasion, naming Bolingbroke as the author, to explain the doctrines of the poem. Such positive assertions are startling, but they are not borne out by an examination of the facts of the case as disclosed in the printed correspondence. It is certain that Pope had for many years contemplated an ethical work of this kind, that Bolingbroke merely claimed the merit of having requested or instigated his friend to undertake the subject, and that Bolingbroke considered Pope's work to be an original. The Essay on Man was published before Bolingbroke had written his metaphysical disquisitions. It was probably the manuscript of one of those disquisitions, addressed to Pope, which Bathurst (who was never a critical reader nor a metaphysician) had seen and mistaken for the scheme of the poem. Pope first suggested to his noble friend that he should give the world the benefit of his philosophical studies. "In leading me," says Bolingbroke, "to discourse as you have done often, and in pressing me to write, as you do now, on certain subjects, you may propose to draw me back to those trains of thought which are, above all others, worthy to employ the human mind, and I thank you for it." He then discriminates between the style suited to the philosopher, and that adapted to the poet. "The business of the philosopher is to *dilate*, if I may borrow this word



from Tully, to press, to prove, to convince; and that of the poet to hint, to touch his subject with short and spirited strokes, to warm the affections, and to speak to the heart." Having, however, for convenience, adopted the epistolary style, he states that his essays would be written with little regard to form, and with little reserve. "My thoughts, in what order soever they flow, shall be communicated to you just as they pass through my mind, just as they use to be when we converse together on these or any other subjects; when we saunter alone, or as we have often done, with good Arbuthnot and the jocose Dean of St. Patrick's, among the multiplied scenes of your little garden." A pleasing picture in Pope's own manner! The hints communicated in these garden walks would germinate in the mind of the poet, and occasionally send him to his books, to see what Leibnitz, or Shaftesbury, Locke, or King, or perhaps the "divine Plato" himself had indited on the subject. Shaftesbury's moralities would seem to have been often in his hand. But perhaps Bolingbroke, not content with discursive talk, would sometimes jot down his thoughts upon paper, and thus unfold more clearly and precisely his philosophical ideas to his friend. In this way, without supposing that Pope received the whole scheme of his poem from Bolingbroke, we may assign to the latter considerable influence in forming the poet's opinions, and also account for a similarity in sentiment and expression in their writings. Take, for example, the fine passage in the *Essay on Man*, epistle first, verse 53:

"In human works, though labour'd on with pain,  
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain:  
In God's, one single can its end produce,  
Yet serves to second, too, some other use.  
So man, who here seems principal alone,  
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,  
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;  
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole."

Bolingbroke's prose is nearly the same:

"We labour hard, we complicate various means to arrive at one end; and several systems of conduct are often employed by us to bring about some one paltry purpose; but God neither contrives nor executes like man. His means are simple, his purposes various; and the same system that

answers the greatest, answers the least."—Frag. 43. Again, in Frag. 63: "In the works of men, the most complicated schemes produce, very hardly and very uncertainly, one single effect: in the works of God, one single scheme produces a multitude of different effects, and answers an immense variety of purposes." And in Frag. 43: "We ought to consider the world we inhabit no otherwise than as a little wheel in our solar system; nor our solar system any otherwise than as a little but larger wheel in the immense machine of the universe; and both the one and the other necessary, perhaps, to the motion of the whole, and to the pre-ordained revolutions in it."

Several such passages have been cited by Wakefield and others. The same trains of thought, the same illustrations, the same happy expressions and phrases abound in both. Bolingbroke has his *curiosa felicitas* as well as Pope. The poet tells us, in a beautiful couplet, that man is

"Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
A being darkly wise and rudely great."

St. John moralises in a like strain: "This is the condition of humanity: we are placed, as it were, in an intellectual twilight, where we discover but few things clearly, and none entirely, and yet see just enough to tempt us with the hope of making better and more discoveries." The Creator, says Pope, has

"On mutual wants built mutual happiness."

And Bolingbroke observes, "We are destined to be social, not solitary creatures. *Mutual wants* unite us, and natural benevolence and political order, on which our *happiness* depends, are founded in them." Who had these fine things first, is the point in dispute. Pope had the priority in publication; but might not his "guide, philosopher, and friend"—ever eager to communicate and to proselytise—have dropped the seed in the garden at Twickenham?

The stamina of Pope's philosophy appears at first sight to be exactly the same as Bolingbroke's. "The subject of the *Essay*," as Warton explains it, "is a vindication of Providence; in which the poet proposes to prove, that of all possible systems, Infinite Wisdom has formed the best: that in

such a system, coherence, union, subordination, are necessary; and if so, that appearances of evil, both moral and ~~natural~~, are also necessary and unavoidable: that the seeming defects and blemishes in the universe conspire to its general beauty: that as all parts in an animal are not eyes, and, as in a city, comedy, or picture, all ranks, characters, and colours, are not alike; even so excesses and contrary qualities contribute to the proportion and harmony of the universal system, that it is not strange that we should not be able to discover perfection and order in every instance, because, in an infinity of things mutually relative, a mind which sees not infinitely, can see nothing fully. This doctrine was inculcated by Plato and the Stoics, but more amply and particularly by the latter Platonists, and by Antoninus and Simplicius." Bolingbroke went no further than the ancients and the sceptical moral philosophers. With him, *whatever is, is right*, because our moral world is a system complete in itself, and we have "no occasion to call in the notion of a future state to vindicate the ways of God to man, because they are fully and sufficiently benevolent and just in the present." Pope extended his moral vision—

"'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole."

And he embraced the prospect of a future state, pictured by hope—

"Till lengthen'd on to FAITH, and unconfined,  
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind."

These glimpses of immortality are, however, but faintly seen in the poem, through the mists of metaphysics, and hence a charge of *fatalism* and *necessity* was brought against Pope. Warburton, by great ingenuity and learned labour—  
X straining the interpretation of some passages, and assigning marked prominence to others—reconciled the poem to Christianity, and vindicated and explained what the author left doubtful and obscure. With posterity, these commentaries have done little for the Essay on Man, but they are of importance towards the biography of Pope, in elucidating his intellectual character and religious opinions. Johnson charged the poem with "penury of knowledge and vulgarity of sentiment," using vulgarity, however, to express only what was

trite and common. The real value of the work lies in its ~~poetry~~; and Pope never surpassed the best passages of the Essay, in concise, forcible, and elegant expression, or in the variety, grandeur, and appropriateness of its imagery and illustrations. These are the "varying rays" and "painted clouds" with which he gilds and beautifies opinion, and adds a grace and lustre even to obsolete metaphysics and to common-place philosophy.

While the Essay on Man was in progress, during the winter of 1732, its author had a slight attack of fever in London, which confined him to his room for five or six days. Lord Bolingbroke went to see him, and happening to take up a Horace that lay on the table, turned it over, and lighted on the first satire of the second book, *Sunt quibus in satirâ, &c.* The peer observed how well the satire would suit the poet's case if he were to translate it into English. After Bolingbroke was gone, Pope read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent

it to the press in a week or fortnight after. This was the commencement of the *Imitations of Horace*, a series of productions that placed him still higher as a poet, for no one, either before or since, has succeeded so happily in that task of extreme difficulty, as Warton —no mean judge —characterises



DR. T. WARTON.

it, of "transfusing into another language the subtle beauties of Horace's dignified familiarity; and the uncommon union of so much facility and force." Horace was more uniformly cheerful and sportive than his English imitator,

who occasionally rose into the severe declamation and invective of Juvenal; but the greater part of Pope's parallels and allusions, and the traits of character and manners which he unfolds, with the delightful egotism spread over the whole, are spirited, easy, and felicitous. The imitations — unite the various characters of the poet, philosopher, and man of the world, with bursts of that fierce satire and indignation which now became habitual to him. The imitation of the first satire of the second book of Horace is in the form of a dialogue between the poet and his friend Fortescue, who was then in extensive practice at the bar, and about two years afterwards was appointed one of the Barons of the Exchequer. The publication took place in February, 1733; but before this time Pope had lost that friend who of all others, perhaps, he most purely and affectionately loved. John Gay died on the 4th of December, 1732. He was only forty-six years of age, but his constitution had been enfeebled by indolence and over-indulgence. He tried to recover strength by exercise on horseback, which he continued for three months, but an inflammatory attack proved mortal in three days. "Would to God," exclaims Pope, in a letter to Swift, "the man we have lost had not been so amiable nor so good! But that is a wish for our own sakes, not for his. Sure if innocence and integrity can deserve happiness, it must be his." Swift indorsed this letter, "On my dear friend, Mr. Gay's death: received December 15th, but not read till the 20th by an impulse foreboding some misfortune." Gay died in the house of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who honoured his remains with a funeral "as splendid," says Arbuthnot, "as if he had been a peer of the realm."<sup>1</sup> Nearly two years afterwards we find the Duchess writing concerning him to her friend the Countess of Suffolk: "I often want poor Mr. Gay. Nothing evaporates sooner than joy untold, or even told, unless to one so entirely in your interest as he was, who bore at least an equal

<sup>1</sup> The body was conveyed from the Duke of Queensberry's to Exeter Change in the Strand, where it lay in state. On the evening of December 23rd the interment took place; there were three mourning coaches, each drawn by six horses; the pall was supported by the Earl of Chesterfield, Lord Cornbury, Mr. George Berkeley, General Dörner, the Hon. Leveson Gower, and Pope. The Bishop of Rochester read the service.

share in every satisfaction or dissatisfaction which attended us. I am not in the spleen, though I write thus; on the contrary, it is a sort of pleasure to think over his good qualities. His loss was really great, but it is a satisfaction to have once known so good a man. As you were as much his friend as I, it is needless to ask your pardon for dwelling on this subject." When we recollect Swift's anticipation of the effect of his own death among his friends,

"Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay  
A week, and Arbuthnot a day,"

this expression of the grief of the Duchess of Queensberry, so long after the loss of her friend, is a strong evidence of goodness of heart and tenderness, both as respects the living and the dead.

In his Horatian dialogue Pope had again satirised Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The former was gently dealt with in this verse:

"The lines are weak, another's pleased to say,  
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day."

The *sobriquet* of Lord Fanny was fixed upon the Vice-Chamberlain for life, because, however contemptuous, it was expressive of that effeminacy of character and appearance, partly arising from ill health, which distinguished him among his contemporaries. Lady Mary was alluded to in a very gross couplet, showing that rage or hatred had in this case divested the poet of all modesty and decency. He had probably ascertained, or confidently believed, that Lady Mary was the fabricator of the alleged whipping in Ham Walks.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> In a letter to Fortescue (without date, but from its allusion to Gay written before the *Imitation of Horace*), Pope says: "I have seen Sir R. W. (Walpole) but once since you left. I made him then my confidant in a complaint against a lady, of his, and once of my, acquaintance, who is libelling me, as she certainly one day will him, if she has not already. You will easily guess I am speaking of Lady Mary. I should be sorry if she had any credit or influence with him, for she would infallibly use it to belie me; though my only fault towards her was leaving off her conversation when I found it dangerous." Lady Mary has a poetical fragment called the *Court of Dulness*, in which Swift and Pope are satirised. The piece seems to have been written before the date of the *Imitation of Horace*. In another letter to Fortescue, March 18, 1732-3, Pope requests his friend to caution Walpole

The town applied the lines to Lady Mary (who was shadowed forth as *Sappho*), and the lady herself was convinced they were intended for her. Through the intervention of Lord Peterborough, she solicited an explanation from the poet, the result of which was a denial that apparently afforded little satisfaction.<sup>3</sup> The press was then appealed to, and "Verses - to the Imitator of Horace by a Lady" appeared, said to be the joint production of Lady Mary and Lord Hervey. This retort was followed by another, also in verse, entitled "Letter from a Nobleman at Hampton Court to a Doctor of Divinity." The "Letter" is greatly inferior to the "Verses," and was solely written by Lord Hervey. The "Verses" appear to have been claimed equally by both the noble parties. Lord Wharncliffe found the poem copied into a book verified by Lady Mary in her own hand as written by her, and Pope mentions it as written by a Lady of Quality. On the other hand, Mr. Croker found in the library at Ickworth (the seat of the Earl of Bristol in Suffolk) a copy of the same poem, with a manuscript preface and corrections, and a new title-page, prepared "by the author" for a second edition, all of which are in Lord Hervey's own hand.<sup>4</sup> The internal evidence is strongly in favour of Lady Mary, who had more vigour, warmth, and poetical talent than her noble associate, and it resembles some of her avowed attacks on Pope. Lord Hervey and Lady Mary were, however, intimate friends, and had one common interest in decrying the Imitator of Horace, and they most probably combined their powers to revenge themselves on their formidable assailant. The poem is coarse and personal in style, and is indiscriminate in its abuse, but by taunting Pope on his origin and figure, the noble authors knew how effectually they would wound him, and at the same time gratify all his adversaries, political and literary. The

against Lady Mary, whose conduct, he says, "no ways deserves encouragement from him or any other great persons." He appears to have dreaded the influence of Lady Mary, who was intimate with Walpole.

<sup>3</sup> See notes to Imitations of Horace. Fortescue seems to have suggested some alteration with respect to the offensive lines. Pope writes to him, March 8, 1782-3, "The affair in question of any alteration is now at an end, by that lady's having taken her own satisfaction in an avowed libel, so fulfilling the veracity of my prophecy." This shows that the "Sappho" of the satire was intended for Lady Mary, which Pope afterwards denied.

<sup>4</sup> Introduction to Lord Hervey's Memoirs.

poet wrote to Swift on the subject, April 2, 1733: "Tell me your opinion as to Lady ——'s or Lord \*\*\*'s performance: they are certainly the top-wits of the Court, and you may judge by that single piece what can be done against me: for it was laboured, corrected, pre-commended, and post-disapproved, so as to be disowned by themselves, after each had highly cried it up for the other's. I have met with some complaints, and heard at a distance of some threats occasioned by my verses: I sent fair messages to acquaint them where I was to be found in town, and to offer to call at their houses to satisfy them, and so it dropped."

The poet, however, did not suffer it to drop, but in the midst of the contest, June 7th, 1733, his mother died. She was unconscious of the warfare, for her memory was gone, and she was only awake to the attentions of her son, which he said doubled the necessity for his attendance on her, and at the same time sweetened it. He addressed a short note to Fortescue:

" June, 7, 1733.

"DEAR SIR,—It is indeed a grief to me which I cannot express, and which I should hate my own heart if I did not feel, and yet wish no friend I have ever should feel. All our passions are inconsistencies, and our very reason is no better. But we are what we were made to be. Adieu! It will be a comfort to me to see you on Saturday night. Believe me, &c."

Three days afterwards he wrote to Richardson, requesting that he would come to Twickenham and take a portrait of the deceased. "I thank God," he says, "her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, nor even a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew, and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow upon a friend, if you would come and sketch it for me. I am sure if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this, and I shall hope to see you this evening as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded." Richardson complied with the touching request; the portrait was



drawn and afterwards engraved; but whether from the effects of age too visible on the features of a countenance originally plain, or from some defect on the part of the artist or engraver, the expression of the portrait is far from pleasing. Mrs. Pope was buried in Twickenham Church, and was carried to the grave (as the poet directed his own remains should be) by six poor men of the village, to whom were given suits of dark grey cloth, and followed by six poor women in the same sort of mourning. These melancholy obsequies over, the poet's home at Twickenham became uneasy to him. He commenced a round of visits to his friends, and in the course of the next two months made journeys to Cirencester, Southampton, &c. Afterwards, a large obelisk to the memory of his revered parent was erected by Pope in the upper part of his grounds, in a retired spot, encircled with a plantation of evergreens, yews, and cedars, and on the pedestal was inscribed,

AH EDITHA !  
MATRVM OPTIMA !  
MULIERVM AMANTISSIMA !  
VALE !<sup>5</sup>

The epistle to Lord Cobham, which now forms the first of the Moral Essays, was the poet's next production. The subject is, "of the knowledge and characters of men," and the author continues and enforces his theory of the ruling passion which he had laid down in his Essay on Man. Some of his illustrations are, as usual, happy and forcible; especially the sketch of Wharton, "the scorn and wonder of our days," and the dying vanity of Mrs. Oldfield the actress:

"One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,  
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

Pope was at Lord Bathurst's in September, 1733, and he wrote from thence to Martha Blount,—“You cannot think

<sup>5</sup> This obelisk survived the destruction of most of the other poetical embellishments of the grounds, but disappeared some years since. It was contemplated at one time placing it in the gardens at Hampton Court (an appropriate resting-place, and one open to the public), but it was carried to Gopsall, the seat of Lord Howe in Leicestershire.

how melancholy this place makes me. Every part of this wood puts into my mind poor Mr. Gay, with whom I passed once a great deal of pleasant time in it, and another friend, who is near dead, and quite lost to us, Dr. Swift. I really can find no enjoyment in the place; *the same sort of uneasiness as I find at Twickenham whenever I pass my mother's room.*" In the same letter he observes: "Life, after the first warm heats are over, is all down hill: and one almost wishes the journey's end, provided we were sure to lie down easy whenever the night shall overtake us." This consummation the poet attained.

The year 1733 was closed by a reply to Lord Hervey and Lady Mary, addressed to the former, and entitled, "A Letter to a Noble Lord, on occasion of some Libels, written and propagated at Court, in the year 1732-3." This letter is dated November 30, 1733, and, according to Warburton, was printed in that year. Its publication was threatened in the following advertisement:

"Whereas, a great demand hath been made for an Answer to a certain scurrilous Epistle from a Nobleman to Dr. Sh—r—n [Rev. Dr. Sherwin]; this is to acquaint the public, that it hath been hitherto hindered by what seemed a denial of that Epistle by the Noble Lord in the *Daily Courant* of Nov. 22, affirming that no such Epistle was written by him. But whereas that declaration hath since been undeclared by the *Courant*, this is to certify, that unless the said Noble Lord shall this next week, in a manner as public as the injury, deny the said poem to be his, or contradict the aspersions therein contained, there will, with all speed, be published a most proper reply to the same. 1733."

In the *Grub-street Journal* of November 29 is another of these Popean advertisements:

"Whereas, an Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor in Divinity from Hampton Court, printed for J. Roberts, has been advertised as the work of the Right Hon. the Lord Hervey, it was thought fit to declare in the *Daily Courant* of Thursday, the 22nd inst., that *no such* EPISTLE was written by the said Noble Lord. And orders were sent the last week to most of the publishers of the news by the said Lord to forbid them to insert anything from any other person concerning the said Epistle, the same being DENIED as aforesaid."

No disavowal or retraction, so far as we can learn, was

made by Lord Hervey; yet Pope suppressed his letter. He writes to Swift, Jan. 6th, 1734: "There is a woman's war declared against me by a certain Lord. His weapons are the same which women and children use: a pin to scratch, and a squirt to bespatter. I writ a sort of answer, but was ashamed to enter the lists with him, and after showing it to some people, suppressed it; otherwise, it was such as was worthy of him and worthy of me." Horace Walpole says the letter was suppressed by desire of his uncle (*old* Horace Walpole), who had got an abbey from Cardinal Fleury for one Southcote, a friend of Pope's. "My Lord Hervey," adds Walpole, "pretended not to thank him."<sup>6</sup> Pope's habitual caution must have come in support of the recommendation. As Vice-Chamberlain, Hervey was a favourite at Court, and enjoyed the confidence of the Queen, as well as that of the Ministry; and the publication of the letter would have given deep offence to all those royal and official personages, and to many others with whom its author wished to stand well. It might even have led to an action at law, and brought the poet under the cognizance of Judge Page, who was included in the same poem with the Vice-Chamberlain.

It would have been impossible, however, for Pope to have been wholly silent, and in the *Grub-street Journal* of December 6th, 1733, was inserted a dramatic imitation, or travesty, entitled, "Advice to a Nobleman, the Author of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity, by Ben Jonson." Pope had taken the arraignment scene in Jonson's *Poetaster*, act v., sc. 1, in which Crispinus and Fannius are formally indicted, and by altering and omitting some of the expressions, and confining the accusation to one person, Fannius, he made up what he termed "a case in point" against his enemy, Lord Fanny, or Hervey. As in the original, Fannius is indicted upon the statute of calumny, "that not having the fear of Phœbus before his eyes, he had ignorantly, foolishly, and maliciously gone about to deprave and calumniate the person and writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, taxing him falsely of railing, filching by translation," &c.

<sup>6</sup> Walpole to George Montagu, June 13, 1751. It was in this year, 1751, that Pope's Letter was first published, being included in Warburton's edition of the poet's works.

And, in conclusion, the oath for good behaviour is administered to the convicted peer, in the words of the drama, and he is enjoined "not to malign, traduce, or detract the person or writings of Quintus Horatius Flaccus, or any other eminent man transcending you in merit" (so the oath proceeds), "whom your envy shall find cause to work upon, either for that, or for keeping himself in better acquaintance, or enjoying better friends; or if transported by any sudden and desperate resolution, you do that then you shall not in the next PRESENCE, or any honourable assembly of his favourers, be brought to undertake the FORSWEARING or DENYING it. Neither shall you at any time suffer the itch of writing to overrun your performance in libel, upon pain of being taken up for lepers in wit, and (losing both your time and your papers) be irrecoverably forfeited to the hospital of fools. So help you our Roman gods, and the genius of great Cæsar. *Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidia.*"

The adaptation here is close and apposite enough: "surly Ben" had been pliant to the poet's purpose, but the play of the Poetaster was too little read for the satire to be effective. Pope now tried a different style. He reprinted the scene, Horace *versus* Fannius, accompanying it with "A Most Proper Reply to the Nobleman's Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity," being an address to Lord Hervey, written in the name and character of Dr. Sherwin, Hervey's friend, and overloaded with Scriptural quotations:

"You say you are always employed in business or sport; but, under favour, you have no notion of either. Pray, my lord, what is your business? *You have no business with any man.*—Judg. xxiii. 7. Your office is to wait in the Courts. But, alas! if real business was to be transacted by such as you, you would render it a *Court for owls.*—Isa. xxxiv. 13. Therefore, I say as to business, content yourself with what you are, a *shrub growing in the court.*—1 Mac. iv. 38. And as to sport, *it is as sport to a fool to do mischief.*—Prov. x. 23. You are the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, *Am not I in sport?*—Prov. xxvi. 19. But such sport, my lord, will ruin your interest. *He that loveth sport shall be a poor man.*—Prov. xxi. 17. And you should take care, my dear lord, not to call forth your betters to make your merriment, lest it befall you as it befel the silly lords of the Philistines, who said, Call Samson, that he may make us sport; and he pulled the *WHOLE HOUSE* on their head.—Judg. xvi. 25. For

certain it is *the lords favour thee not*.—1 Sam. xxix. 6. . . . Thou shouldst be ashamed of a lie before a Prince.—Eccles. xli. 17. Yet art thou known to be of those who, if not admitted anywhere else, can still speak lies at ONE TABLE.—Dan. xi. 27. Thou hast need to tread warily, though thou seemest one of the *daughters of Sion tripping nicely*.—Isa. iii. 16. *Thou hast made thy beauty to be abhorred*.—Ez. xxv. Verily, verily, thou art a nointed cherub!—Ez. xxviii. 14. And if thou art, as thou sayest, only to one point true—viz., interest—what else can be said of thee but that thy COMELINESS is turned into CORRUPTION.—Dan. x. 8.

"I am, my good lord, your faithful monitor,

"W. SH—W—N."

"Chichester, Childermas-day, 1733."

This style of writing must have been harder than translating Homer! The "Letter to a Noble Lord," so long suppressed, is infinitely superior to these in point and vigour. Johnson (who was partial to the Hervey family) says the letter exhibits nothing but tedious malignity. It is, however, a short and by no means heavy production. The bitterness of the sarcasm is conspicuous enough, and the marks of studied and careful preparation are obvious. Every scandal and insinuation made against Lord Hervey, by Pulteney and other political opponents, is introduced in the form of inuendo or explanation; the old arrows are barbed afresh and dexterously pointed; and the letter wants only a little more compression, and less visible straining after effect, to rival the invectives of Junius. As a *defence* it is poor. Pope committed the same capital blunder he had done in his former replies. The case was another of the *poeticae fraudes*:

"I never heard," he said, "of the least displeasure you had conceived against me, till I was told that an imitation I had made of *Horace* had offended some persons, and among them your Lordship. I could not have apprehended that a few *general strokes* about a *Lord scribbling carelessly*, a *pimp*, or a *spy* at Court, a *sharper* in a gilded chariot, &c., that these, I say, should be ever applied as they have been, by *any malice* but that which is the greatest in the world, *the malice of ill people to themselves*."

"Your Lordship so well knows (and the whole Court and town through your means so well know) how far the resentment was carried upon that imagination, not only in the *nature* of the *libel* you propagated against me, but in the extraordinary *manner, place*, and presence in which it was propagated, that I shall only say, it

seemed to me to exceed the bounds of justice, common sense, and decency.

"I wonder yet more, how a *lady*, of great wit, beauty, and fame for her poetry (between whom and your Lordship there is a *natural* a *just*, and a *well-grounded esteem*), could be prevailed upon to take a part in that proceeding. Your resentments against me, indeed, might be equal, as my offence to you both was the same; for neither had I the least misunderstanding with that lady till after I was the *author* of my own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance. I may venture to own a truth, which cannot be displeasing to either of you. I assure you my reason for so doing was merely that you had both *too much wit* for me, and that I could not do, with *mine*, many things which you could with *yours*. The injury done you in withdrawing myself could be but small, if the value you had for me was no greater than you have been pleased since to profess."

He stoutly denied having ever designated Lady Mary by the name of Sappho :

"In regard to the Right Honourable Lady, your Lordship's friend, I was far from designing a person of her condition by a name so derogatory to her as that of *Sappho* ; a name prostituted to every infamous creature that ever wrote verse or novels. I protest I never *applied* that name to her in any verse of mine, *public* or *private* ; and (I firmly believe) not in any *letter* or *conversation*. Whoever could invent a falsehood to support an accusation, I pity ; and whoever can believe such a character to be theirs, I pity still more. God forbid the Court or town should have the complaisance to *join* in that opinion ! Certainly I meant it only of such modern *Sapphos* as imitate much more the *lewdness* than the *genius* of the ancient one."

This denial the poet was afterwards willing to forget, and Sappho was repeatedly alluded to in reference to Lady Mary. Lord Hervey had revived the old scandal of the poet's "undertaking" the *Odyssey* :

"And sold Broome's labours printed with Pope's name."

This charge he meets with a distinct and clear refutation :

"How can you talk (my most worthy Lord) of all *Pope's* works as so many *libels*, affirm that *he has no invention* but in *defamation*, and charge him with *selling another man's labours printed with his own name* ? Fie, my Lord, you forget yourself. He printed not his name before a line of the person's you mention ; that person himself has told you and all the world in the book itself, what part he had in it, as may be seen at the conclusion of his notes to the *Odyssey*. I can

only suppose your Lordship (not having at that time *forgot your Greek*) despised to look upon the *translation*; and ever since entertained too mean an opinion of the translator to cast an eye upon it. Besides, my Lord, when you said he *sold* another man's works, you ought in justice to have added that he *bought* them, which very much *alters the case*. What he gave him was five hundred pounds: his receipt can be produced to your Lordship. I dare not affirm that he was as *well paid* as *some writers* (much his inferiors) have been since; but your Lordship will reflect that I am no man of quality, either to *buy* or *sell* scribbling so high, and that I have neither *place, pension, nor power* to reward for *secret services*. It cannot be, that one of your rank can have the least *envy* to such an author as I; but were that *possible*, it were much better gratified by employing *not your own*, but some of *those low and ignoble pens* to do you this *mean office*. I dare engage you will have them for less than I gave Mr. Broome, if your friends have not raised the market. Let them drive the bargain for you, my Lord, and you may depend on seeing, every day in the week, as many (and now and then as pretty) verses as these of your Lordship."



ARBUTHNOT.

The spirit which dictated the suppressed letter soon blazed forth in the most animated and energetic of Pope's epistles—that addressed to Dr. Arbuthnot (published in January, 1734-5), and which the poet has termed a "sort of bill of complaint," drawn up at different times, but specially designed to rebut the aspersions of Lord Hervey. The two most perfect and powerful of all

Pope's satirical male portraits are contained in this epistle, namely, those of Addison and Lord Hervey. The dramatic

opening of the poem, and its tender and dignified conclusion, are no less striking, while lines of exquisite beauty, the most sprightly wit, and keenest satire, are interspersed throughout its pages. The interest of the piece never flags, and the poet preserves to its close the character of an elevated and injured satirist. Parts of the poem had been written many years before: part was published in the *Miscellanies*, and much was altered and corrected, but the labour is not visible; the various materials are worked up with so much care and skill, and are so fused by the passionate ardour of the poet, that it forms one complete, continuous, and irresistible poetical appeal.

Arbuthnot was then hastening to the grave, but he lived about a month after the publication of the *Epistle*. The following is his last letter to Pope:

✓  
“Hampstead, July 17, 1734.

“I little doubt of your kind concern for me, nor of that of the lady you mention. I have nothing to repay my friends with at present, but prayers and good wishes. I have the satisfaction to find that I am as officiously served by my friends, as he that has thousands to leave in legacies; besides the assurance of their sincerity. God Almighty has made my bodily distress as easy as a thing of that nature can be. I have found some relief, at least sometimes, from the air of this place. My nights are bad, but many poor creatures have worse.

“As for you, my good friend, I think since our first acquaintance there have not been any of those little suspicions or jealousies that often affect the sincerest friendships: I am sure, not on my side. I must be so sincere as to own, that though I could not help valuing you for those talents which the world prizes, yet they were not the foundations of my friendship; they were quite of another sort; nor shall I at present offend you by enumerating them: and I make it my last request, that you will continue that noble disdain and abhorrence of vice which you seem naturally endued with; but still with a due regard to your own safety; and study more to reform than chastise, though the one cannot be effected without the other.

“Lord Bathurst I have always honoured, for every good quality that a person of his rank ought to have; pray give my respects and kindest wishes to the family. My venison-stomach is gone, but I have those about me, and often with me, who will be very glad of his present. If it is left at my house, it will be transmitted safe to me.

“A recovery in my case, and at my age, is impossible; the kindest



wish of my friends is Euthanasia: Living or dying, I shall always be your, &c."

Pope's reply, though tinged with his usual self-complacency, is not unworthy to stand by the side of Arbuthnot's earnest and affectionate communication :

" July 26, 1734.

"I thank you for your letter, which has all those genuine marks of a good mind by which I have ever distinguished yours, and for which I have so long loved you. Our friendship has been constant ; because it was grounded on good principles, and therefore not only uninterrupted by any distrust, but by any vanity, much less any interest.

"What you recommend to me with the solemnity of a last request shall have its due weight with me. That disdain and indignation against vice, is (I thank God) the only disdain and indignation I have: it is sincere, and it will be a lasting one. But sure it is as impossible to have a just abhorrence of vice, without hating the vicious, as to bear a true love for virtue, without loving the good. To reform and not to chastise, I am afraid, is impossible ; and that the best precepts, as well as the best laws, would prove of small use, if there were no examples to enforce them. To attack vices in the abstract, without touching persons, may be safe fighting indeed, but it is fighting with shadows. General propositions are obscure, misty, and uncertain, compared with plain, full, and home examples : precepts only apply to our reason, which in most men is but weak : examples are pictures, and strike the senses, nay, raise the passions, and call in those (the strongest and most general of all motives) to the aid of reformation. Every vicious man makes the case his own, and that is the only way by which such men can be affected, much less deterred. So that to chastise is to reform. The only sign by which I found my writings ever did any good, or had any weight, has been that they raised the anger of bad men. And my greatest comfort, and encouragement to proceed, has been to see, that those who have no shame, and no fear of anything else, have appeared touched by my satires.

"As to your kind concern for my safety, I can guess what occasions it at this time. Some characters I have drawn are such, that if there be any who deserve them, it is evidently a service to mankind to point those men out ; yet such as, if all the world gave them, none, I think, will own they take to themselves. But if they should, those of whom all the world think in such a manner, must be men I cannot fear. Such in particular as have the meanness to do mischiefs in the dark, have seldom the courage to justify them in the face of  
y ; the talents that make a cheat or a whisperer, are not the same

that qualify a man for an insulter; and as to private villany, it is not so safe to join in an assassination as in a libel. I will consult my safety so far as I think becomes a prudent man; but not so far as to omit anything which I think becomes an honest one. As to personal attacks beyond the law, every man is liable to them. As for danger within the law, I am not guilty enough to fear any. For the good opinion of all the world, I know, it is not to be had: for that of worthy men, I hope, I shall not forfeit it: for that of the great, or those in power, I may wish I had it; but if, through misrepresentations (too common about persons in that station), I have it not, I shall be sorry, but not miserable in the want of it.

"It is certain, much freer satirists than I have enjoyed the encouragement and protection of the princes under whom they lived. Augustus and Mæcenas made Horace their companion, though he had been in arms on the side of Brutus: and, allow me to remark, it was out of the suffering party too that they favoured and distinguished Virgil. You will not suspect me of comparing myself with Virgil and Horace, nor even with another court-favourite, Boileau. I have always been too modest to imagine my panegyrics were incense worthy of a court; and that, I hope, will be thought the true reason why I have never offered any. I would only have observed, that it was under the greatest princes and best ministers, that moral satirists were most encouraged; and that then poets exercised the same jurisdiction over the follies, as historians did over the vices of men. It may also be worth considering, whether Augustus himself makes the greater figure in the writings of the former, or of the latter? and whether Nero and Domitian do not appear as ridiculous for their false taste and affectation, in Persius and Juvenal, as odious for their bad government in Tacitus and Suetonius? In the first of these reigns it was that Horace was protected and caressed; and in the latter that Lucan was put to death, and Juvenal banished.

"I would not have said so much, but to show you my whole heart on this subject; and to convince you, I am deliberately bent to perform that request which you make your last to me, and to perform it with temper, justice, and resolution. As your approbation (being the testimony of a sound head and an honest heart) does greatly confirm me herein, I wish you may live to see the effect it may hereafter have upon me, in something more deserving of that approbation. But if it be the will of God (which I know will also be yours) that we must separate, I hope it will be better for you than it can be for me. You are fitter to live, or to die, than any man I know. Adieu, my dear friend! and may God preserve your life easy, or make your death happy."

One other publication marked this year—an Imitation of Horace, the second satire of the second book, addressed to

Mr. Bethell, a Yorkshire gentleman, whom Pope highly respected, and who was intimate with the family at Mapledurham. Lord Hervey and Lady Mary are again glanced at; indeed they were never forgotten in any of the poet's satires, published subsequent to 1732, though the desire to *chastise* is certainly more apparent than the desire to *reform*. This imitation is not one of Pope's happy efforts. Its most effective and pleasing passage is a description of the poet's  
 † life at Twickenham. Johnson indirectly censures these personal and egotistic revelations of the poet. "In his letters and in his poems, his garden and his grotto, his quincunx and his vines, or some hints of his opulence, are always to be found." The mention of them, however, is seldom disagreeable. They present us with glimpses of a happy and successful life, spent in scenes and pursuits which it is pleasant to contemplate. The poet is bounded in his desires—content with his five acres of rented land; and we participate in his satisfaction when he looks around him and welcomes his friends:

"From yon old walnut-tree a shower shall fall,  
 And grapes long lingering on my only wall."

Even his enumeration of his high-born and wealthy friends is not felt to be mean or servile; for he places himself on an equality with them, and to the Prince himself he is "no follower but a friend." It is when the poet leaves the shades of Twickenham, with its comforts and elegances, and titled visitors, to expose and satirise the poverty of other authors, that he becomes supercilious and offensive. We then see that, with all his fine perceptions and marvellous acuteness, he takes but a limited view of human life and duty, and is deficient in that spirit of true humanity that stirs the deepest feelings and accompanies the noblest intellects.

Pope is said to have on one occasion declined the honour of a visit from Queen Caroline! In the summer of 1729, while the king was at Hanover and the queen residing at Richmond Lodge, her majesty joined in several pleasure parties. She hunted with Walpole at Windsor, and dined with him both at Windsor and Chelsea. She also accepted an entertainment from the Scottish Secretary Johnston at Twickenham. Pope left his house, it was reported, lest he

should be thought to wait at home in expectation of a similar honour. Swift had heard this, and in his "Libel on Dr. Delany," written in 1729, he eulogises his friend for "detesting all the statesman kind," and for "refusing the visits of a queen." But Pope, who had just laid his poem of the Dunciad before royalty, and who the year previous had solicited and obtained through Walpole the presentation to the French abbacy for his early benefactor, Father Southcote, could scarcely be gratified at being held up as detesting the minister or affronting his royal mistress. He omitted Swift's poem from the "Miscellanies" of 1732, though it "went to his heart," he said, to omit the best panegyric on himself that his own times or any other could have afforded. Had Pope been ambitious of courtly distinction he could have had little difficulty in obtaining access to the queen, who was fond of being considered the patroness of learning and genius. He did not affect such honours, but he could never have refused a proffered visit from her majesty; he would rather have exulted, dressed in his best suit of black velvet, his tie-wig and small sword, to lead the gracious Caroline round his laurel circus and through his grotto. By declining to publish the cynical praise of Swift, he virtually disclaimed it, though in deference to his friend, or from some less generous motive, he failed to give an explicit contradiction to the story.

At the same time that the Epistle to Arbuthnot appeared—advertised on the same day—came forth an imitation of Horace's satire, *Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ, &c.*, which professed to be "imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope," and is entitled "Sober Advice from Horace."<sup>7</sup> Pope

<sup>7</sup> This day is published, price 1s., Sober Advice from Horace to the Young Gentlemen about Town, as delivered in his Second Sermon, *Ambubaiarum collegia, &c.* Imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope; together with the text, as restored by the Rev. Richard Bentley, D.D. Printed and sold by J. Boreman, &c.—*Grub-street Journal*, Jan. 16, 1735. Curll inserted it in his collection of Pope's Correspondence, stating that it was sold to four booksellers for sixty guineas, as could be proved. One of the writers of the day, author of "A Letter to Mr. Pope, occasioned by Sober Advice from Horace," &c., 1735, says: "The Sermon has done you more mischief than all the Dunciad people together; or rather they have done you none, this a great deal. To forge a note under Dr. Bentley's hand, and set his name to it, was of the same nature with Sir P. Strange's crime, and ought to be expiated by the

neither acknowledged nor denied this work; but it is referred to in one of Bolingbroke's letters to Swift (June 27, 1734), and Dodsley included it in the small edition of the poet's works in 1738. The work is undoubtedly a genuine production from the pen of Pope. It is flagrantly indecent, and some notes to which the name of Bentley is affixed, are of the grossest description. When the poem was added to Pope's works in 1738, these notes were, however, omitted. From the opening lines of the satire, it must have been written after the death of Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, in 1730, and after the quarrel with Lady Mary; but we should be glad to believe that most of it was a much earlier production. Jervas, in a letter written in 1715, says, "I hear nothing of the *Sermon*; the generality will take it for the Dean's, and that will hurt neither you nor him." This early sketch may have been the groundwork of the subsequent publication, but in its present shape the *Sermon* is certainly calculated to hurt the reputation of whoever was its author, and it exposed Pope to sharp and deserved censure.

The year 1735 found the poet "neither studious nor idle, rather polishing old works than hewing out new;" in spring superintending the operations in his garden, where he was rearing the stone obelisk to the memory of his mother, and building fresh stoves and a hot-house for ananas; and in autumn renewing his visits to Oakley Bower, Stowe, and Bevis Mount, near Southampton, the seat of Lord Peterborough, which was the boundary of his excursions. His first literary labour was the publication of his epistle "On the Characters of Women," parts of which had been long written and even printed. The whole was carefully finished, but, as originally published, it wanted the piquant "characters" subsequently introduced—the portraits of Philomede, Chloe, and Atossa—which now form its chief attraction. A second volume of Pope's "Poetical Works" was next issued, including his Epistles, and also the version of Donne's Satires. This new volume of the Works was like the former, finely printed and embellished, a circumstance which the poet

loss of ears. What Chartres would not have done to get less than 500*l*., you are thought to have done to get perhaps 40*l*. or 50*l*. Your friends are quite mute; your enemies talk on."

made a pretence of apologising for, as if the costly form of publication was solely the work of rapacious booksellers.<sup>8</sup> But the most noticeable event of this year was the publication of Pope's Literary Correspondence by Curll, which Mr. D'Israeli has elevated into a comparison with the mystery of Junius's Letters. Johnson, Warton, Bowles, and, latterly, Mr. Macaulay, have all concluded that the poet was accessory to this publication, and for the obvious reason stated by Johnson, that "being desirous of printing his letters, and not knowing how to do, without imputation of vanity, what has in this country been done very rarely, he contrived an appearance of compulsion; that when he could complain that his letters were surreptitiously published, he might decently and defensively publish them himself." In other words, he stole his own letters from their secret repositories, printed them, and then raised a hue and cry against Curll, who having been fined, imprisoned, pilloried, and tossed in a blanket, was invulnerable! Mr. Roscoe thinks that such charges brought against Pope are unfounded, and tend to degrade the poet in the eyes of the public, and materially to diminish the influence which his writings are otherwise calculated to produce. The writings of Pope are safe

1735

\* Johnson states that the sale of the *Odyssey* not having answered Lintot's expectation, he pretended to have discovered something of fraud in Pope, and commenced or threatened a suit in Chancery. This, no doubt, occasioned the position which Lintot occupies in the *Dunciad*, and the change from Lintot to Giffiver as Pope's principal publisher. The following advertisement appears in the *Grub-street Journal* of 24th April, 1735:

"This day is published, the Works of ALEXANDER POPE, Esq., consisting of all he hath hitherto written, and now first collected together. L. Giffiver, &c. Whereas it hath been the practice of booksellers to print editions only in a large size, which consequently were only to be had at a high price, no greater number of this volume is printed in large folio and quarto, with expensive ornaments, than to answer the like impressions of the first volume of his works, and of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* (so printed and sold off many years since), at the same price of one guinea. There is also published with it an edition of a smaller folio at 12s., &c. And whereas Bernard Lintot, having the property of the former volume of Poems, would never be induced to publish them complete, but only a part of them, to which he tacked and imposed on the buyer a whole additional volume of other men's poems: This present volume will, with all convenient speed, be put in 12mo. at 5s., that the buyer may have it at whatever price he prefers, and may be enabled to complete any set he already has, even that imperfect one published by Lintot."

from all controversial blight. A hundred years have attested this truth; and there would be an end to literary inquiry if such a dogma were erected into a general rule of action. We may dismiss Mr. Roscoe's fears, and allow them to roll off in mist, with Dennis's thunder, while we look calmly at the facts of the case.

Pope has given two accounts of this surreptitious publication. The first is a statement drawn up at the time, and printed without his name, entitled "A True Narrative of the Method by which Mr. Pope's Letters have been published." The second is contained in the preface to the genuine edition of his correspondence in 1737. In both of these we are informed that after the publication of the Cromwell correspondence in 1727 [more correctly in 1726]<sup>\*</sup> the poet recalled from his friends the letters which he had written to different correspondents, of many of which he had kept no copies.

"He was sorry (says the Preface) to find the number so great, but immediately lessened it by burning three parts in four of them: the rest he spared, not in any preference of their style or writing, but merely as they preserved the memory of some friendships which will ever be dear to him, or set in a true light some matters of fact from which the scribblers of the times had taken occasion to asperse either his friends or himself. He therefore laid by the originals, together with those of his correspondents, and caused a copy to be taken to deposit in the library of a noble friend."

The "True Narrative" states the case somewhat differently:

"Some of his friends advised him to print a collection himself, to prevent a worse; but this he would by no means agree to. However, as some of the letters served to revive several past scenes of friendship, and others to clear the truth of facts in which he had been misrepresented by the common scribblers, he was induced to preserve a few of his own letters as well as of his friends. These, as I have been told, he inserted in two books, some originals, other copies, with a few notes and extracts here and there added. In the same books

\* "Nothing has appeared in print since your departure, unless it be some mushroomish pamphlets, beings of a summer's night. . . . I beg Mr. Pope's pardon, some of whose letters to Mr. Cromwell were surreptitiously printed by Curll; and yet, though writ careless and uncorrected, full of wit and gaiety."—Thomson to Aaron Hill, October 20, 1726.

he caused to be copied some small pieces in verse and prose, either of his own or his correspondents', which, though not finished enough for the public, were such as the partiality of any friend would be sorry to be deprived of. To this purpose an amanuensis or two were employed by Mr. Pope, when the books were in the country, and by the Earl of Oxford when they were in town."

It will be observed that there is a discrepancy between these statements, though the similarity in expression is decisive as to their common authorship, of which there is also other proof. In the Preface, Pope states that the manuscript in Lord Oxford's library was simply a copy from the originals; while in the True Narrative he represents it as composed partly of originals and partly of copies. The charge against Curll is that he published letters plundered from these MSS. whether original or copied—and here begins the first scene in the literary plot or drama, which, like the Chorus in the ancient theatres, we proceed to unfold.

It appears that in 1733 Curll, having an intention of publishing a life of Pope, solicited information by an advertisement in the newspapers; and on the 11th of October he received a communication signed P. T., which professed to be written by a person who had been well acquainted with Pope's father, and with himself, in his early days. This P. T. gives the following account of the elder Pope:

"It is certain, some late pamphlets are not fair in respect to his father, who was of the younger branch of a family in good repute in Ireland, and related to the Lords Downe, formerly of the same name. He was (as he hath told me himself, and he was very different from his son, a modest and plain honest man) a posthumous son, and left little provided for, his elder brother having what small estate there was, who afterwards studied and died at Oxford. He was put to a merchant in Flanders, and acquired a moderate fortune by merchandise, which he quitted at the Revolution in very good circumstances, and retired to Windsor Forest, where he purchased a small estate, and took great delight in husbandry and gardens. His mother was one of seventeen children of W. Turnor, Esq., formerly of Burfit Hall in the — Riding of Yorkshire. Two of her brothers were killed in the civil wars. This is a true account of Mr. Pope's family and parentage. Of his manners I cannot give so good an one; yet as I would not wrong any man, both ought to be true; and if such be your design, I may serve you in it, not entering into anything in anywise libellous. You may please to direct an answer to the Daily Ad-



vertiser this day se'nnight, in these terms—E. C. hath received a letter, and will comply with P. T."

This is nearly the same account which Pope himself gave of his family in a note on the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*, published the following year, but which has not been supported by any other testimony, and which his cousin, Mr. Pottinger, disbelieved. Curll complied with the request of P. T., and received from him a second letter dated Nov. 15, in which he states, "*apropos* to Pope's life," that there had fallen into his hands a large collection of the poet's letters from the former part of his days to the year 1727:

"They will make a four or five shilling book, yet I expect no more than what will barely pay a transcriber, that the originals may be preserved in mine or your hands to vouch the truth of them. I am of opinion these alone will contain his whole history, if you add to them what you formerly printed of those to Henry Cromwell, Esq. But you must put out an advertisement, for otherwise I shall not be justified to some people who have influence and on whom I have some dependence."

One would have expected to find Curll eagerly availing himself of the offer of the richest private correspondence that ever came within reach of his grasping hand; but he says that as P. T. did not call on him he allowed the matter to lie dormant for nearly two years—strictly, from November, 1733, to March, 1735. At the latter period, on arranging some papers, he turned up the copy of the advertisement sent by P. T., and he *sent it to Pope*, with a letter soliciting a meeting that they might "close all differences," and mentioning that he had some other papers in the hand of P. T. relating to the poet's family, which he would show him if he desired a sight of them. He also stated that as the letters to Mr. Cromwell were out of print he intended to print them "very beautifully in an octavo volume." Pope replied by an advertisement in three different journals, certifying that Mr. P. having never had, nor intending ever to have, any correspondence with E. C., gives his evidence in this manner: that he knows no such person as P. T., that he thinks no man has any such collection; that he believes the whole to be a forgery, *and shall not trouble himself at all about it*. This professed indifference of the poet concerning a matter

on which he felt so keenly, is in itself a suspicious circumstance. P. T. then writes to Curll, stating that he had seen Mr. Pope's advertisement, and complaining that Curll had betrayed him to "Squire Pope." But both of them, he said, would soon be convinced that it was no forgery; "for," he adds, "since you would not comply with my proposal to advertise, *I have printed them at my own expense*, being advised that I could safely do so. I would still give you the preference if you will pay the paper and print, and allow me handsomely for the copy." He demanded 3*l.* a score for the printed books, and that the sum of 75*l.* should be paid down. He also appointed a meeting with Curll at the Rose Tavern, when he said a person would attend and show him the printed sheets. On the day named for the meeting Curll received another letter from P. T., countermanding the interview, as he was afraid that Mr. Pope would send some of his Twickenham bravos to assault him; "but how Mr. Pope was to know of this meeting," said Curll, "was the cream of the jest." The dauntless Curll sent word that he commiserated his fears, but that for his own part he did not dread any assassination from Mr. Pope, even though it were a poetical one!

A new actor was now brought upon the stage. On the 7th of May a "short squat man," wearing a clergyman's gown, with a large lawn barrister's band on his neck—a grotesque mixture of clerical and legal costume—came to Curll's house about ten o'clock at night. He showed him a copy of the book in sheets, almost finished, *and about a dozen of the original letters*, and promised that he should have the whole at their next meeting. This pseudo-parson called himself Smythe, and said he was a cousin of P. T.<sup>10</sup> Several

<sup>10</sup> James Worsdale, a painter, seems, from the information of Dr. Johnson and George Faulkner, the Dublin publisher, to have been the messenger employed on this mission. He had been apprenticed to Kneller, but marrying Sir Godfrey's niece, without his consent, he was dismissed. "On the reputation, however, of that education, by his singing, excellent mimicry, and facetious spirit, he gained patrons and business."—*Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting*. Worsdale had gone to Ireland with another artist named Linds, and Swift, in one of his letters, terms them a brace of monsters, who were called in Dublin, in print, "blasters, or blasphemers, or bacchanalians." Worsdale declared that he was the messenger who carried, by Pope's directions, the books to Curll, but his veracity, Johnson says, was very

letters passed between the parties, in which Curll was particularly urged to advertise the volume. In one of these communications P. T. states that he obtained the letters from an old gentleman whom he thus describes :

“He is no man of quality, but conversant with many, and happening to be concerned with a noble Lord (a friend of Mr. Pope’s) in handing to the press his letters to Wycherley, he got some copies over and above. This incident first put into his head the thought of collecting more, and afterwards finding you did not comply in printing his advertisement, he went on with it by himself. Found Cromwell’s answers in the same Lord’s possession, with many others, which he printed as near as possible to correspond with the letter and paper,” &c.

At length Curll obtained fifty copies of the book, though wanting titles and prefaces. These were promised, along with the original MSS., by the two negotiators, and Curll, on the faith of what he had obtained and what was promised, issued an advertisement in his usual lofty style :

“This day are published, and most beautifully printed, price five shillings, MR. POPE’S LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE for Thirty Years : from 1704 to 1734. Being a Collection of Letters, regularly digested, written to him by the Right Honourable the late Earl of Halifax, Earl of Burlington, Secretary Craggs, Sir William Trumbull, Honourable J. C., General \* \* \*, Honourable Robert Digby, Esq., Honourable Edward Blount, Esq., Mr. Addison, Mr. Congreve, Mr. Wycherley, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Steele, Mr. Gay, Mr. Jervas, Dr. Arbuthnot, Dean Berkeley, Dean Parnelle, &c. Also letters from Mr. Pope to Mrs. Arabella Fermor, and many other ladies. With the respective answers of each correspondent. Printed for E. Curll, in Rose-street, Covent-garden, and sold by all booksellers. N.B. The original Manuscripts (*of which affidavit is made*) may be seen at Mr. Curll’s house by all who desire it.”

Not a single manuscript apparently had been delivered. On the same day that the advertisement appeared, Smythe sent for Curll to the Standard Tavern, in Leicester-fields,

doubtful. He was just the sort of person, however, to act the part of the clergyman. Worsdale was also a dramatic and song writer. Mrs. Pilkington—a kindred genius—in her Memoirs claims the credit of having furnished Worsdale with some of the pieces which he published as his own. He is described by another of his contemporaries as a very droll fellow, and Master-painter to the Board of Ordnance. Savage was probably “P. T.”

and while they were there two porters arrived with five bundles of books on a horse, which Smythe said *had come by water*. The books were ordered to Curll's house, and his wife took them in, while he himself settled accounts with his mysterious negotiator. He gave him 10*l.* in cash, a bill for 15*l.* payable in a month, and a conditional note for 5*l.* For these Smythe granted a receipt in full for three hundred copies, but Curll afterwards asserted that he received only two hundred and forty, and those imperfect. A new turn was now given to the affair, and one which was doubtless predicted by the negotiators from the beginning. Curll's advertisement was a direct infringement of a rule of the House of Lords, which prohibited the publication of any peer's letters without his consent. Pope had drawn attention to the advertisement by offering a reward of twenty guineas to R. S. and P. T. if they would come forward and discover the affair, and double the sum if they proved that they acted under the direction of any other person. The result was, that the Earl of Jersey brought the matter before the House of Lords, the books were seized, and Curll and Wilford, printer of the *Postboy* (the paper containing the advertisement), were ordered to attend. In this extremity P. T. wrote to encourage Curll, and advised him how to answer the lords. He was instructed to say that he got the letters from different hands, some of them being paid for; that he printed them as he had before done Mr. Cromwell's, without Mr. Pope's ever gainsaying it; and that as to the originals he could show many, and the rest he would have very speedily. "In short," said R. Smythe, "if you absolutely conceal all that has passed between P. T., and me and you, you win the old gentleman for ever. For his whole heart is set upon publishing the letters, not so much for this volume as *in ordine ad* to much more important correspondence that will follow, viz., with Swift, late Lord Ox—d, Bishop Rochester, and Lord Bol." The parson with the barrister's band was certainly well acquainted with the names of Pope's correspondents, and he writes them as the poet himself usually wrote them, by initials or contractions. Curll, however, was not allured by the bait. He told the lords the whole story; and one of the books being examined, it was found that, contrary to the advertisement, there was not a

single letter of any peer in it, and consequently that the rules of the House of Lords had not been violated. The bundles of books were then re-delivered, the lords declaring, as Curll states, that they had been made Pope's tools! The now-triumphant Curll addressed their lordships in a letter of thanks, which was proportionally magnificent in style, though intended at the same time to serve as an advertisement:

"Rose-street, Covent-garden, May 22, 1735.

*To the most Noble and Right Honourable the Peers of Great Britain.*

"MR LORDS,—This day se'nnight I was in the same jeopardy as Mr. Dryden's Hind—

'Doomed to death, though fated not to die.'

But, till the hour of my death, I shall, with the most grateful acknowledgements, always remember both the justice and honour your Lordships have done me on this occasion.

"Prevarication, my Lords, is a noted *finesse* of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Pope says in one of his letters, that an evasion is a lie guarded, but in another to Mr. Wycherley, he thus writes, pp. 24, 25: 'I am sorry you told the great man whom you met in the Court of Requests that your papers were in my hands; no man alive shall ever know any such thing from me, and I give you this warning besides, that though yourself should say I had any way assisted you, I am resolved notwithstanding to deny it.' An excellent proof this of the modesty of Alexander Pope, of Twickenham, Esq.

"Now, my Lords, to matter of fact. I shall this week publish a new edition of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, &c., wherein the letters to Mr. Jervas, Mr. Digby, Mr. Blount, and Dr. Arbuthnot (which were wanting in all the copies seized by your Lordships' order) shall be by me delivered *gratis*. And as I am resolved to detect, if possible, the contrivers of this gross imposition upon your Lordships, I will, by way of Supplement, print all the letters I have received from E. P., P. T., and R. S., with some other correspondences, which, as Mr. Bayes says, shall both elevate and surprise the public.

"I have engraven a new plate of Mr. Pope's head from Mr. Jervas's painting; and likewise intend to hang him up in effigy for a sign to all spectators of his falsehood and my own veracity, which I will always maintain under the Scots motto: *Nemo me impune lacessit*.

"E. CURLL."

The negotiators anticipated this threat of publishing the correspondence. They sent the whole, as is alleged, to

Cooper, the publisher, and from these documents the "True Narrative" purported to be drawn up. One fact was apparent from this narrative—Pope must have had communication with the negotiators, for how otherwise could they have obtained possession of the letter which Curll had sent to the poet? The Narrative concludes with an important "N.B."

"We are informed that notwithstanding the pretences of Edmund Curll, the original letters of Mr. Pope, with the postmarks upon them, remain still in the books from whence they were copied, and that so many omissions and interpolations have been made in this publication, as to render it impossible for Mr. P. to own them in the condition they appear."

The remedy was at hand. Next month (July 15) Pope inserted a notice in the London Gazette:

"Whereas several booksellers have printed several surreptitious and incorrect editions of letters as mine, some of which are not so, and others interpolated, and whereas there are daily advertisements of second and third volumes of more such letters, particularly my correspondence with the late Bishop of Rochester, I think myself under a necessity to publish such of the said letters as are genuine, with the addition of some others of a nature less insignificant, especially those which passed between the said bishop and myself, or were in any way relating to him, which shall be printed with all convenient speed.

"A. POPE."

Subscription papers for a guinea volume were afterwards issued, but the poet was inclined, in the mean time, to benefit by the surreptitious editions. In a letter to his legal friend, Fortescue, Pope mentions that Curll had served a process upon Cooper, "*the publisher*," he adds, "*of the letters which I told you I connived at*." Cooper's edition was a reprint of Curll's, with some additions. Johnson also mentions that copies of the printed letters were offered to Lintot, and Curll speaks of others to whom liberty to print was given by the poet.

But the original letters, with the postmarks, being still entire, and the surreptitious edition of Curll disfigured by omissions and interpolations, we turn to the genuine edition of 1737, for a faithful copy. We have also other materials to assist in forming a judgment on this point, as the original letters to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, and several of those

to Teresa and Martha Blount, still exist, and have been printed from the manuscripts. The result is, that Pope's edition of such letters as had been printed by Curll, is the same as Curll's, and that this common version differs essentially from the original! There are innumerable small alterations and omissions, the same in both. "One letter to Miss Blount," as Mr. Bowles has remarked, "is absolutely re-written and compounded, with a newly-composed beginning, two letters being tacked together, and the letter so carefully and elaborately compounded, is found *totidem verbis* in the surreptitious edition as in Pope's own." Again: "In the surreptitious edition, as in Pope's authentic edition, the names of the ladies to whom the letters were addressed are all concealed. It is only known that letter twenty (Warburton's common edition) was addressed to Lady Mary, by its being printed in her works. Is it possible that if the letter had been furnished by the hand of any one who had gained access to the original, no name would have been found?" Pope having subsequently quarrelled with Lady Mary, and bitterly satirised her in his poetry, had a motive for concealing her name in his printed correspondence, where she was represented as the object of his idolatrous admiration; but P. T. and R. S. had no such motive. Their interest lay directly the other way; for the name of a person so conspicuous for rank, talents, and beauty, would have lent attraction to their volume. Nor would Lord Oxford have cared to read such epistles to ladies, without knowing to which of his female friends or acquaintances they were addressed, and Lady Mary was a special favourite with the Countess of Oxford. In the preface to the genuine edition, Pope disclaims being held accountable for passages in the surreptitious copy, which, he says, no man of common sense would have published himself. This can only apply to the Cromwell correspondence, which was given to the press by Mrs. Thomas, and over which he had no control. There are some indecent levities in this collection, which Pope properly suppressed, and he made some omissions in other letters, but there is no doubt of the genuineness of the suppressed passages: while the correspondence with Walsh, Trumbull, Steele, Addison, Blount, and Jervas, is almost identical in both editions. The foot-notes are the same in both. Most of

these were unnecessary to Lord Oxford or to Pope himself, but they were useful to general readers. The arrangement of the letters is also similar.

Thus the identity of the letters published by Curll with the same letters as published by the poet himself—both having omissions and interpolations and being without names—is in all essential points established. It is also established that there was no theft of the letters, for the originals remained in the books from whence they were copied. There is only one other possible plea for inculcating Curll and his imputed confederates. The books in Lord Oxford's library may have consisted of copies only, the originals being retained by Pope, and in making out those copies for his noble friend, the poet may have altered the letters and omitted names. From these manuscripts, so altered, the mysterious old gentleman who acted as first purveyor, may have surreptitiously transcribed his version for the press. It appears, however, that some originals were shown to Curll to engage him in the transaction. Whence did these come, or how were they replaced in the library? It is extremely improbable that Pope should have deposited copies of such letters as those to Lady Mary without giving the name of his correspondent, or that any rogue in the form of an old gentleman should have been able to get into Lord Oxford's library, day after day, and transcribe so large a collection of letters without being detected. Where was the librarian? The amanuenses employed in filling up the books must have been known: why was their evidence not adduced? The letters to Cromwell had been corrected after their publication by Curll in 1726, and two letters from Cromwell to Pope respecting that publication, were prefixed to the surreptitious edition. Who made the corrections and supplied the two letters? Unquestionably Pope himself, who adopted the whole in his genuine edition.

Such is the result of Pope's own statements compared with part of the original correspondence and the obvious facts of the case; but recently fresh evidence has transpired. It has been proved that Pope printed letters as addressed to his deceased contemporaries, Addison, Arbuthnot, and Trumbull, which were originally written to other parties; and that he altered, added, or omitted names, dates, and incidents, in



order to serve purposes of his own. It has also been ascertained that although he had so early as 1729 deposited letters in Lord Oxford's library, he withdrew them in the spring of 1735—no doubt with a view to the publication by Curll.<sup>11</sup> This dispels the last shadow of doubt and uncertainty. The "surreptitious edition" was one of Pope's *poeticae fraudes*, intended specially to benefit himself and to gratify his innate love of stratagem. Curll seems to have been unfairly used in the sale of the original printed volumes, but his testimony is not of a character to be relied upon, and he made ample reprisals afterwards in the way of piracy. The plot on the part of Pope was of the same nature, though more complicated, than that of the Dunciad and the *Grub-street Journal*, and was not half so reprehensible as the poet's duplicity to Aaron Hill. If Swift was allowed uncensured to usher all his works into the world in mystery and disguise, and even the pious Addison to tell us that he picked up his Vision of Mirza at Grand Cairo, we need not waste our virtuous indignation on Pope for compelling himself to print his letters by force of a visionary confederacy, that was to overcome his coy reluctance, and bring him both fame and profit. Innumerable such authors' legends are upon record. Pope's differs from the rest only in the ludicrously cumbrous machinery he employed, in the air of humility under which the poet's conscious self-importance was veiled but not hidden, and in the sad and humiliating fact that it entailed upon him, through all his future life, a course of denials and misstatements to support the original deception.

We have mentioned Pope's visit to Bevis Mount, the seat of Lord Peterborough. The military success, versatile character, and romantic adventures of this singular nobleman, seem to have powerfully struck the poet's fancy. His brilliant capture of Barcelona, and his driving the Duke of Anjou and the French army out of Spain, with a force little more than a third of that of the enemy, with other instances of bravery and military genius, partake of the character of romance, and well merited what they received—the applause of foreign countries and his own. But Peterborough was also a wit, a successful versifier, a politician, and a man of gal-

<sup>11</sup> Johnson's Lives, by Mr. Cunningham, vol. iii. p. 63.

lantry. His verses on Mrs. Howard are superior to those of Pope on the same lady; and in his sixty-fifth year he carried on a sentimental flirtation with her in the style of a youth of twenty. So extravagantly encomiastic and metaphysical were the earl's letters (published in the Suffolk Papers), that the lady seems to have despaired of rivalling him, and she called in Gay to assist her in concocting suitable replies. A month previous to Pope's visit, Peterborough wrote to Mrs. Howard, "I want to make an appointment with you, Mr. Pope, and a few friends more, to meet upon the summit of my Bevis hill, and thence, after a speech and a tender farewell, I shall take my leap towards the clouds (as Julian expresses it) to mix amongst the stars; but I make my bargain for a very fine day." Pope came, but he found his friend in too debilitated a state for this elevated exploit. The poet thus writes to Martha Blount:

"Tuesday, Aug. 25, 1735.

MADAM,—I found my Lord Peterborough on his couch, where he gave me an account of the excessive sufferings he had passed through, with a weak voice, but spirited. He talked of nothing but the great amendment of his condition, and of finishing the buildings and gardens for his best friend to enjoy after him; that he had one care more, when he went into France, which was, to give a true account to posterity of some parts of history in Queen Anne's reign, which Burnet had scandalously represented; and of some others, to justify her against the imputation of intending to bring in the Pretender, which (to his knowledge) neither her ministers, Oxford and Bolingbroke, nor she, had any design to do. He next told me, he had ended his domestic affairs, through such difficulties from the law, that gave him as much torment of mind, as his distemper had done of body, to do right to the person to whom he had obligations beyond expression: that he had found it necessary not only to declare his marriage to all his relations,<sup>12</sup> but (since the person who had married

<sup>12</sup> Lord Peterborough married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, a celebrated singer, of whom Dr. Burney has given a very interesting account in his *History of Music*. The marriage was long kept secret, and, as we learn from the above letter, divulged only about this time. His Lordship did not survive this interview with his old correspondent many weeks. He persisted in going to Lisbon, but died on the passage, Oct. 15. He was born about the year 1658, and was in his seventy-seventh year when he died. At the time of his connexion with Mrs. Robinson he must have been considerably beyond his prime. She survived him fifteen years, residing in an exalted station, partly at Bevis-Mount, near Southampton (whence Mr. Pope's interesting

them was dead) to re-marry her in the church at Bristol, before witnesses. The warmth with which he spoke on these subjects, made me think him much recovered, as well as his talking of his present state as a heaven to what was past. I lay in the next room to him, where I found he was awake, and calling for help most hours of the night, sometimes crying out for pain. In the morning he got up at nine, and was carried into his garden in a chair: he fainted away twice there. He fell, about twelve, into a violent pang, which made his limbs all shake, and his teeth chatter; and for some time he lay cold as death. His wound was dressed (which is done constantly four times a day), and he grew gay, and sat at dinner with ten people. After this he was again in torment for a quarter of an hour; and as soon as the pang was over, was carried again into the garden to the

letter is dated), and partly at Fulham, or perhaps at Peterborough House on Parson's Green. (Lysons' Environs of London, vol. ii.) The only Life extant of Lord Peterborough is that by Dr. Birch, which accompanies the Earl's portrait in Houbraken's Heads. He had written his own Memoirs, which his Lady destroyed, from a regard to his reputation. Tradition says that in these Memoirs he confessed his having committed three capital crimes before he was twenty years of age. Such Memoirs may be spared.—*Becket.* A life of Peterborough has recently (1853) been written by the author of "Hochelaga," who thus describes his hero's announcement of his marriage: "The tardy act of justice was at length performed in a thoroughly characteristic manner. He appointed a day for all his nearest relations to meet him at the apartments over the gateway in St. James's Palace; those rooms belonged to Mr. Poyntz, who had married his niece, and who at that time was tutor to Prince William, afterwards Duke of Cumberland. Anastasia was also appointed to be there at the same time, but had not the least notion of the scene which her eccentric husband had prepared. When all were assembled, Peterborough addressed them with an animation worthy of his best days, and with deep feeling, worthier than he had ever known before. He described a lady who had been gifted by Heaven with every virtue and every endearing quality which woman could possess, of rare talents and accomplishments, of exemplary patience, of enduring affection, and of spotless purity. He described how he owed to her the best and happiest hours of his life; how her society had been his chiefest blessing in health, and how her tender care had been his dearest comfort in suffering and sorrow. He confessed how his heart through life had done her the justice that his weak vanity had refused; how he had loved her, and her alone, with true and abiding attachment. While he spoke, the dying man's voice at times rose with energy, at times trembled with the deepest pathos; and, as he concluded, he took Anastasia by the hand, and led her forth among the survivors of his haughty race as the woman whom he had attempted to describe, who had been for long years 'his best friend,' the wife of his bosom. The strangeness and suddenness of the announcement instantly overcame her; she fainted in the midst of the company, and was carried away insensible."

workmen, talked again of his history, and declaimed with great spirit against the meanness of the present great men and ministers, and the decay of public spirit and honour. It is impossible to conceive how much his heart is above his condition: he is dying every other hour, and obstinate to do whatever he has a mind to. He has concerted no measures beforehand for his journey, but to get a yacht in which he will set sail, but no place fixed on to reside at, nor has determined what place to land at, or provided any accommodation for his going on land. He talks of getting towards Lyons, but undoubtedly he can never travel but to the sea-shore. I pity the poor woman who is to share in all he suffers, and who can in no one thing persuade him to spare himself. I think he must be lost in this attempt, and attempt it he will.

"He has with him, day after day, not only all his relations, but every creature of the town of Southampton that pleases. He lies on his couch, and receives them, though he says little. When his pains come, he desires them to walk out, but invites them to stay and dine or sup, &c. Sir Wilfred Lawson and his lady, Mrs. Mordaunt and Colonel Mordaunt, are here: to-morrow come Mr. Poyntz, &c., for two days only, and they all go away together. He says he will go at the month's end, if he is alive. I believe I shall get home on Wednesday night. I hope Lady Suffolk will not go sooner for Stowe, and, if not, I'll go with her willingly. Nothing can be more affecting and melancholy to me than what I see here: yet he takes my visit so kindly, that I should have lost one great pleasure, had I not come. I have nothing more to say, as I have nothing in my mind but this present object, which indeed is extraordinary. This man was never born to die like other men, any more than to live like them.—I am ever yours, &c."<sup>13</sup> (No signature.)

In writing to his learned counsel, Fortescue, August 23, 1735, the poet asks, "When shall you and I sit by a fireside without a brief or a poem in our hands, and yet not idle, not thoughtless, but as serious, and more so, than any business ought to make us, except the great business—that of enjoying a reasonable being, and regarding its end? The sooner this is the case the better. God deliver you from law, me from rhyme, and give us leisure to attend to what is more important." This deliverance was never to come, but the poet indulged in a twelvemonth's abstinence from publication.

<sup>13</sup> Rescoe, v. viii. p. 481, collated with the original. The address is to "Mrs. Blount, at the Countess of Suffolk's, at Marble Hill, in Twickenham."

## CHAPTER IX.

[1736—1740.]

THE GENUINE EDITION OF POPE'S LETTERS. HIS LITERARY FRIENDS. IMITATIONS OF HORACE. CLOSE OF THE CORRESPONDENCE WITH SWIFT.

THE Letters of Pope, thus ushered into the world with dramatic preparation and effect, immediately became popular. Three editions were issued by Curll before the close of the year, and other booksellers pirated the collection. One gentleman, on reading the volume, formed so high an opinion of Pope's general benevolence and goodness of heart, that he sought his friendship, and offered to print a genuine edition of the correspondence at his own expense. This was Ralph Allen, already mentioned, the proprietor of Widcombe or Prior Park, near Bath; a man who had amassed a large fortune as a post-office contractor, and who was as generous and philanthropic as he was rich. The name of "humble Allen" will live in Pope's verse, but as durable and honourable a record of his worth is preserved in the fact that he was the original of Squire Allworthy, in Fielding's "Tom Jones." Pope declined the offer of his new friend. He would not, he said, "serve his private fame entirely at another's expense." But when he issued his subscription papers for printing the correspondence, Allen was indefatigable in promoting the success of the scheme. Fortescue was another warm admirer and zealous friend.

In order to augment his collection, or to prevent the letters falling into the hands of Curll, Pope endeavoured to obtain possession of his correspondence with Swift. He wrote to

the Dean : "I have too much reason to fear that those letters which you have too partially kept in your hands will get out in some very disagreeable shape, in case of our mortality ; and the more reason to fear it since this last month Curll has obtained from Ireland two letters (one of Lord Bolingbroke and one of mine to you, which we wrote in the year 1723), and he has printed them, to the best of my memory, rightly, except one passage concerning Dawley, which must have been since inserted, since my lord had not that place at that time. Your answer to that letter he has not got ; it has never been out of my custody ; for whatever is lent is lost (wit as well as money) to these needy poetical readers." It may be asked, why were not Swift's letters—unquestionably the most original and striking in Pope's correspondence—transferred to the books in Lord Oxford's library ? Or if there, why were they not included in the alleged theft and surreptitious publication ? The answer, we suspect, must be, that Pope intended them for a separate volume. The poet next applied to Lord Orrery, entreating his lordship to get the letters from Swift ; but all that could be obtained from the Dean was an assurance that the poet's letters were sealed up in bundles and delivered to Mrs. Whiteway, a cousin of Swift's—his "female Walpole"—who was directed to send them to his friend after his (Swift's) decease. Mrs. Whiteway denied that she had received one of the Dean's letters ; but this lady was certainly a party to the subsequent publication of them in Dublin ; a proceeding which seems for a moment to have shaken Pope's steady affection for his old friend and benefactor.

The letters were put to press, and early in 1737 appeared in folio and quarto, with a vignette portrait after Richardson, "The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope in Prose." Curll, we may remark, had not been idle in the interval. He issued successively a second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth volume (the last published after Pope's genuine edition, from which he pirated largely), but wanting his allies, the old gentleman and the clergyman with the barrister's band, "like the lost Pleiad, seen no more below," Curll was helpless. All the volumes were dignified with the title of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence," but he had been only able to pick up the two authentic letters alluded to by Pope in his communica-

tion to Swift. The remainder were letters of Lord Lansdowne, the Duke of Shrewsbury, Bolingbroke, Garth, &c. Some of the collection were even letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn!<sup>1</sup>

Pope's genuine edition must have disappointed honest Ralph Allen and the other subscribers. The guinea volume was, in truth, less valuable than the two or three shilling volume. Some letters had been withdrawn, and what was obscure in the former impressions was left in the same unsatisfactory state. The few meagre explanatory notes were not enlarged, incidents were recorded under wrong dates, and the arrangement of the letters was intricate and confused. This was, partly at least, intentional; else why should we have Mr. Caryll under three designations—as "the Hon. J. C., Esq.," "the Hon. —," and "Mr. C——?" The Cromwell letters were the most genuine. Those addressed to Wycherley, we are informed in the preface to the volume, were originally published to vindicate the memory of the deceased wit. The posthumous works of Wycherley had been published, edited by Theobald, in 1728. "It was

<sup>1</sup> Curll, in 1735, served Cooper with a writ on account of an advertisement concerning Pope's Letters. The poet acknowledged to Fortescue that he had connived at Cooper's republication, and instructed his legal friend to defend Cooper: "I am told," he says, "he (Cooper) put an advertisement into a newspaper against Curll." The poet did not require to be told this, for the advertisement appears to be from his own pen. It is in the *Grub-street Journal* of June 12, 1735:

"This day is published, LETTERS OF MR. POPE, and several eminent persons, vols. i. and ii., from the year 1705 to 1734. Printed not for Edmund Curll, but sold by T. Cooper, &c.

"N.B. This edition consists of the Letters simply, and is wholly free from the follies and impertinences of Edmund Curll's edition. And whereas he advertises a second vol. of Letters between Mr. Pope, the Lord Bolingbroke, and Bishop Atterbury, T. Cooper hereby promises to give to the said Edmund Curll a sum of Ten Pounds (as much as he gave his confederates for 240 books) for every letter, either of theirs to Mr. Pope, or Mr. Pope to him, or any other mentioned in his advertisement, for which he can produce any original or voucher. In the mean time he hopes every fair trader will give the preference to this edition, entered in the Hall Book, according to the Act of Queen Anne, which is not (as some imagine) expired, but remains unrepealed and in full force, and upon which Edmund Curll shall be prosecuted or any other pirate of this book."

It is not easy to discover Curll's ground of action in this, but it was probably a mere bravado.

thought a justice due to him," says Pope, "to show the world his better judgment; and that it was his last resolution to have suppressed those poems. As some of the letters which had passed between him and our author *cleared that point*, they were published in 1729, with a few marginal notes added by a friend." This publication of 1729 has not been met with,<sup>2</sup> but the letters of Wycherley do not bear out the assertion that he meant to suppress the poems. The last declaration of the disappointed dramatist on the subject is his desire that Pope would mark the repetitions on the margin of his papers without defacing the copy. Pope's real object was twofold—to attack Theobald, who had not only edited Wycherley but had also edited Shakspeare, and to advance his own literary and personal reputation. His desire was not to present actual letters to the public. When he tells Congreve that he had got a custom of "throwing himself out upon paper without reserve," and declares to Bethell that he had "no vanity in writing," it is impossible not to smile at the delusion, and to recal the saying (which has so

<sup>2</sup> Although no copy of the volume has been found, it was certainly advertised. The following (evidently written by Pope) appears in the *Country Journal* of Saturday, Nov. 29, 1729: "This day is published the Posthumous Works of William Wycherley, Esq., in Prose and Verse. The Second Volume, containing—1. Letters of Mr. Wycherley and Mr. Pope, on several subjects (the former at seventy years of age, the latter at seventeen). 2. Poems not inserted in the first volume, and others more correct from original manuscripts in the Harley Library. 3. *Hero and Leander*, in burlesque; written by Mr. Wycherley under ten years old.—*N.B.* In the Preface to the first volume, a second having been promised (for which Mr. Theobald entered into a bond with the booksellers, but hath failed in his promise twelve years), the publick may be assured that this completes the whole, and that nothing more of Mr. Wycherley's which is any way fit for the press, can ever be added to it. Printed for J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane." In Pope's paper, the *Grub-street Journal*, this affair of Theobald and the bond is alluded to: "He who proposed, &c., a Shakespear in 1727 had proposed also an *Odyssees* in 1717, and two volumes of Wycherley soon after (nay stood obliged for them by bond), all which he hath in a most exemplary manner left unperformed." If we may credit Curll, the Wycherley Letters were not only advertised but printed: "The plot is now discovered. Lawton Gilliver has declared that you bought of him the remainder of the impression of Wycherley's Letters, which he printed by your direction in 1728, and has printed six hundred of the additional Letters, with those to Mr. Cromwell, to make up the volume."—*Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence* vol. ii. (1735).



many putative fathers) that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts.

In a correspondence constructed upon this artificial model, favourite sentiments and phrases were likely to be repeated. A fine image or happy expression—a witty saying or pleasant description—could be made to do double or treble duty, and to amuse or delight several distant and separate friends. Pope availed himself of this license, and he occasionally transferred compliments from one admirer to another—from Teresa or Martha Blount to Lady Mary; but he did not suffer such iterations to appear in print. In other respects he was less careful to preserve consistency. Some instances of inaccuracy or mystification have already been adverted to (*antè*, pp. 123, 127, and 186), and the list might easily be extended. A letter to Congreve, dated January 16th, 1714-5, contains this passage: "My spleen was not occasioned by anything an abusive, angry critic could write of me; I take very kindly your heroic manner of congratulation upon this scandal." And a note in the early editions tells us the name of the angry critic—"Dennis, who writ an abusive pamphlet this year, entitled *Remarks on Mr. Pope's Homer*." Now the first volume of Pope's *Homer* was not published till about five months after the date assigned to this letter, and Dennis's *Remarks* were not written until a twelvemonth after the publication of the *Homer*. Pope subsequently suppressed the note referring to Dennis, but without it the text was imperfect and obscure; for in January, 1715, there was no attack of an angry, abusive critic on which Congreve could be supposed to send an heroic congratulation to his friend. A letter to Jervas presents a similar anachronism. The date affixed to it is July 9, 1716: "Your acquaintance on this side of the sea," writes Pope, "are under terrible apprehensions, from your long stay in Ireland, that you may grow too polite for them; for we think since the great success of such a play as the *Nonjuror*, that politeness has gone over the water." In reality, Jervas does not seem to have left London for Ireland before the 29th of July (Goldsmith's *Life of Parnell*), and the *Nonjuror* was not brought on the stage until nearly a year and a half afterwards. But a letter originally printed as addressed to Digby furnishes a more remarkable and complex instance of this system of manufac-

ture. The date given to it was September 10, 1724, and in all the editions of 1735 the letter contains a notice of the death of Pope's nurse, and the appearance of certain "railing papers" against the *Odyssey*. Now the nurse did not die, and the translation of the *Odyssey* was not published, before 1725. The poet then withdrew Digby's name, and reprinted the letter as addressed to "Dr. Arbuthnot on his return from France, and on the calumnies about the translation of the *Odyssey*." He omitted the date of the year (simply printing "Sept. 10"), and he omitted also mention of the nurse; but still the letter did not suit its new superscription, for Arbuthnot, instead of travelling in France in the autumn of 1725, when the *Odyssey* was assailed, was lying dangerously ill at home, and in 1726 he was also in London. The Caryll papers at length cleared up this confusion: the Digby-Arbuthnot letter was really addressed to neither, but was written and sent to Mr. Caryll, and was occasioned, not by any calumnies about the *Odyssey*, but by malicious rumours concerning the poet and Martha Blount (see *antè*, p. 227). Death had removed most of the poet's correspondents before 1735, and he sported unchecked on the epistolary field he had selected for display. The substance of the printed communications seems to have existed in actual letters, but names, dates, and incidents were transposed, altered, or omitted, at the poet's pleasure; and little or no reliance can be placed on the collection. It must be judged by its literary merits and attractions; and when the published correspondence came to be enriched by the addition of genuine letters from Swift, Bolingbroke, and Peterborough—when fresh stores were successively produced from different sources, and the poet was seen surrounded by all his illustrious and attached friends—the collection was indeed invaluable. The reader felt, as Mr. Thackeray has said, that it was "a privilege to sit in that company," to be in "the society of men who have filled the greatest parts in the world's story," and to listen to "the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures." The lapse of more than a hundred years has not abated this interest or delight.

The letters of literary men of eminence had rarely, as Johnson observed, been published in England, and even those of statesmen but sparingly. This modest reserve was

partly broken by some of the wits and courtiers of Charles II.'s time, who sought to rival Balzac and Voiture. Rochester, Saville, Etherage, &c., furnished some communications for the press; Dennis and a few other needy or vain authors followed; and Curll was ready for all such offers or wind-falls. The practice, however, up to Pope's time, was neither general nor popular, and was shunned by respectable authors. Sprat states that Cowley excelled in letter-writing; but though he himself possessed a considerable collection of the poet's letters, he declined to publish them. "The truth is," adds Sprat, "the letters that pass between particular friends, if they are written as they ought to be, can scarce ever be fit to see the light. They should not consist of fulsome compliments, or tedious politics, or elaborate elegances, or general fancies; but they should have a native clearness and shortness, a domestical plainness, and a peculiar kind of familiarity which can only affect the humour of those to whom they were intended. The very same passages which make writings of this nature delightful amongst friends, will lose all manner of taste when they come to be read by those that are indifferent. In such letters the souls of men should appear undressed, and in that negligent habit they may be fit to be seen by one or two in a chamber, but not to go abroad into the streets."

It would be difficult to find a truer or better description of what letter-writing should be than this definition of it by Sprat; but he forgot that the poet, by his works, establishes the same personal interest with his readers that ordinary mortals derive from society. We contract an intimacy with him from his development of his tastes, feelings, and sentiments, and naturally wish to follow him into the shade of private life. Wherever we have truth and nature there must be interest; it is only when men are seen in masquerade, either in their life or writings, that indifference or disgust is created; and in the case of men of genius, this sympathy—extending over all humanity—is increased a thousandfold. The unreserved familiarity of Cowper's letters is their great charm, and elevates them above all the studied description and witty repartee of ambitious correspondents. A selection from Cowley's letters would probably have placed him in a

far more important and endearing light as regards the fame he so much coveted, than all his "epic and Pindaric art." His essays afford glimpses of his retirement, and to these he owes the best half of his reputation.

Pope appears before us in most of his letters as a wit and an author. He had ample leisure, he studied fine periods, painted scenes, and wrought out similes and sentiments. He acknowledged himself that in his youthful epistles there was an affectation of wit and smartness. There was also an excess of egotism and a strain of adulation that conveys an impression of insincerity. The same charge, however, may be advanced against most of the epistolary intercourse of that period. Even Addison, writing to Craggs during his last illness, does not scruple to say that the familiarity which existed between them would be his (Addison's) *greatest honour hereafter*, and that he could not wish that any of his writings should last longer than the memory of their friendship! Such expressions could not be meant to be read literally. Every age has its own style of polite address, and the style in Pope's time was that of lavish compliment and profession. Few ventured like Swift to write in the "little language" addressed to Stella, or in the free contemporary gossip which imparts so much interest, if not value, to Horace Walpole's correspondence. Pope, however, though generally constrained and artificial, wrote, like other men, in various moods, and his letters, even when they assume the form of essays or elaborate description, possess passages of great beauty, good sense, and fine observation. He seldom suffered himself to appear in undress, but his dressed style is occasionally rich and pleasing. He has certainly more thought and genius in his letters than either Swift or Bolingbroke, though Swift is more manly and direct, and Bolingbroke more easy, graceful, and fluent. He was the centre of a brilliant *coterie*, who owe much of their fame to their association and correspondence with the satirical and moral poet.

Though mixing little in the society of contemporary authors out of his own circle, Pope was on friendly terms with Thomson, Mallet, and Young. Prior he knew, but had little regard for. Thomson's residence in Kew-lane was

convenient of access, and he frequently paid the easy, good-humoured poet a visit.<sup>3</sup> Mr. Mitford possesses an interleaved copy of the *Seasons* (of the edition of 1736), containing numerous alterations and additions in Pope's handwriting, all of which were adopted by Thomson. One of these is eminently beautiful, and leads us to regret that Pope had not cultivated blank verse. In Thomson's episode of Palæmon and Lavinia were these lines :

"Thoughtless of beauty she was Beauty's self,  
Recluse among the woods, if city dames  
Will deign their faith : and thus she went compell'd  
By strong necessity, with as serene  
And pleased a look as Patience e'er put on,  
To glean Palæmon's fields."

Pope drew his pen through these lines, and wrote the passage as it now stands :

"Thoughtless of beauty she was Beauty's self,  
Recluse among the close [deep] embowering woods.  
As in the hollow breast of Apennine,  
Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
A myrtle rises far from human eyes,  
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild :  
So flourish'd blooming and unseen by all,  
The sweet Lavinia, till at length compell'd  
By strong necessity's supreme command,  
With smiling patience in her looks she went  
To glean Palæmon's fields."

The simile of the myrtle in the "hollow breast of Apennine" is one of the finest in our poetry, and is in the vein of the *Epistle of Eloisa*. Thomson was then fast purifying and refining his taste, and the result was seen in his *Castle of Indolence* ; but he has few lines so classically correct, or so imbued with sculptural grace and beauty, as this description

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Thomas Park, in 1791, held conversations with some surviving acquaintances of Thomson. Mr. Robertson, surgeon of the household at Kew, recollected Pope's visiting his friend, the author of the *Seasons*. Thomson's hairdresser had also seen him, and said that when Pope called on his brother poet, he usually wore a light-coloured great-coat which he kept on in the house. "He was," said the barber, "a strange, ill-formed little figure of a man ; but I have heard him and Quin and Patterson talk so together at Thomson's, that I could have listened to them for ever." Pope subscribed three copies of Thomson's *Seasons* in 1780.

of Lavinia. The imaginative glow of the true poet was often obscured by the turgid and prolix versifier.

Thomson's tragedy of *Agamemnon* (1738) was also pruned and dressed by Pope, and he attended its first representation in the theatre, where he was welcomed, Johnson says, "by a general clap." Pope, Johnson adds, "had much regard for Thomson, and once expressed it in a poetical epistle sent to Italy, of which, however, he abated the value by transplanting some of the lines into his Epistle to Arbuthnot." This poetical epistle sent to Thomson has not been made public. The transplanted lines were probably those at the conclusion of the address to Arbuthnot, which seem to have been written about the time that Thomson was abroad as travelling companion to Mr. Talbot, and which originally commenced,

" While every joy, successful youth ! is thine,  
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine." <sup>4</sup>

Pope was said to have been present at the representation of Fielding's satire of *Pasquin*, but he gave the report a distinct contradiction. In his Grub-street wars the poet had encountered Fielding, whose true genius was not then manifested. He was known only as the writer of hasty, bad plays, in one of which—*The Old Debauchees*—he had committed the sin of Colley Cibber, in ridiculing the Romish priests and Church. He had also dedicated to Lady Mary and Walpole, and in his *Tom Thumb* had, with distinguished success, carried out Pope's idea of illustrating the Bathos by citing examples from the minor poets and dramatists, among whom he included Gay and Thomson. Pope parodied some of the lines of this popular burlesque, and ridiculed the expression "whispering in books"—"an art," he says, "which it seems was known to the sages in King Arthur's days : an art as ingenious as that of *painting a sound*." Fielding aimed a few light shafts at the *Grub-street Journal*, and in a pretended criticism on his *Covent Garden Tragedy*, in the style of the Grub-street oracle, he made a covert allusion to Pope : "I have long been sensible that the days of poetry

<sup>4</sup> See note to Epistle to Arbuthnot ; also Pope's letter to Aaron Hill, Sept. 3, 1731.

are no more, and that there is but one of the moderns (*who shall be nameless*) that can write either sense, or English, or grammar." Pope and his coadjutors had the best of this slight passage-at-arms, for Fielding's plays are, in every sense, loose productions; but one would like to have known what Pope thought of the two small volumes which appeared in February, 1742, entitled "*The Adventures of Joseph Andrews, and of his Friend Mr. Abraham Adams.*"

The practice of correcting was a favourite employment with Pope. He was always a critical reader. His copy of Garth's *Dispensary*, 1703, attests his habit of minute observation. At the end of the volume, in a hand as small and neat as print, he has written:

*Dispensary*, p. 13, line 1, Canto 2, seems contradictory to line 4.

P. 15, line 11, is contradictory to lines 12 and 13.

P. 83, line 9, contradicts itself.

P. 71, line 10, is taken entirely from Blackmore's *Prince Arthur*.

P. 80, line 5, &c., are hinted from Blackmore, *ibid.* p. 97.

We turn to the first of these passages, and read:

"Soon as with gentle sighs the evening breeze  
Began to whisper through the murmuring trees,  
And night to wrap in shades the mountains' heads,  
While winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds."

Certainly, if the breeze was whispering, the winds could not be hushed in their subterranean beds. The second contradictory passage runs thus:

"As th' airy messenger the Fury spied,  
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide;  
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung."

This passage might have been cited in the *Bathos*; for imparting to the *airy* messenger "blood" and "vitals" is not exceeded in absurdity by any of the tribe of flying fishes, swallows, or ostriches. The line that contradicts itself is as follows:

"Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps."<sup>5</sup>

<sup>5</sup> This interesting volume was in Mr. Rogers's collection, and had an illustrious pedigree. It was given to Pope by Garth; then by Pope to Warburton in the year 1744. By Warburton it was given to Mason in 1752;

Garth, like Thomson, adopted all Pope's corrections.

Mallet had courted Pope with the most servile adulation. His poem of "Verbal Criticism" was inscribed to Pope, for whom he professed his "inviolable esteem," and to gratify whom he attacked afresh the victims of the *Dunciad*, and insulted the learned Bentley. When Mallet's tragedy of *Mustapha* was brought on the stage (1739), Pope appeared at the theatre on the first night of its representation. All the chiefs in opposition to the Court were present, for the play was said to glance at the King and Sir Robert Walpole in the characters of *Solyman the Magnificent* and *Rustan* his vizier. The play, as Davies tells us, was acted with great applause; and at its close Pope went behind the scenes, where he had not been for some years. "He expressed himself to be well pleased with the entertainment, and particularly addressed himself to Quin, who was greatly flattered with the distinction paid him by so great a man; and when Pope's servant brought his master's scarlet cloak, Quin insisted upon the honour of putting it on him."<sup>6</sup>

Thomson and Mallet were probably both indebted to Pope for their introduction to Lyttelton, who, in 1737, became Secretary to the Prince of Wales. Mallet was made under-secretary, with a salary of 200*l.* a year, and Thomson had a pension of 100*l.* From his first entrance into public life, in 1730, Lyttelton distinguished himself by his opposition to Walpole and the Court. His politics were thus in unison with those of Pope; and in his poetry there was the same similarity of tastes, though little resemblance in power. Lyttelton tried his hand at a series of Pastorals, which Pope corrected; and occasionally the elder poet accompanied his friend to the family seat of Hagley, in Worcestershire. In

from *Mason* it descended to Lord St. Helen's; and Lord St. Helen's, shortly before his death in 1815, presented it to Mr. Rogers. Inside the cover is affixed one of the Homer receipts:—"Received of the Marquis of Dorchester Two Guineas, being the first payment to the Subscription for the Translation of Homer's *Ilias*, to be delivered in quires to the Bearer hereof in the manner specified in the proposals, A. PORZ." All the names left blank in the poem are filled up by Pope; and at the end is the full-length sketch, engraved in Warton's edition, and copied for this work, which was drawn in pen and ink by Heere of Bath.

<sup>6</sup> Davies's *Life of Garrick*, vol. ii. p. 86.



that "British Tempe" (so designated by Thomson) a favourite haunt of Pope's is marked by an urn erected to his memory by Lyttelton, with an inscription that characterises Pope as "the sweetest and most elegant of English poets, the severest chastiser of vice, and the most persuasive teacher of wisdom." An inscription on a seat in Hagley Park is no less eulogistic :

" Here Pope has rested ! Sacred be the shade ;  
Here hang your garlands every sylvan maid ;  
Here sport, ye Muses, and this sacred grove  
Henceforth beyond your own Parnassus love."

Such tributes mark the extraordinary popularity of Pope in his own day. He had, indeed, complimented Lyttelton on his patriotism and virtue, but the compliment was well merited. When Henry Fox, in the House of Commons, upbraided Lyttelton for his intimacy with an "unjust and licentious lampooner," the young statesman replied that he deemed it an honour to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet.

In Young, as a moral and satirical poet, Pope had no contemptible rival. His satires are little inferior to those of the great master, and contain many happy epigrammatic sketches of fashionable follies and of living persons. Though written in the style of Pope, they were published prior to the *Moral Essays* or *Imitations of Horace*; and Young's ridicule of false taste in ostentatious building, bibliomania, tulip-fancying, &c., in all probability suggested the more energetic and severe delineations of his illustrious contemporary. Though all his life a courtier and a place-hunter, Young is said to have been remarkable for frequent absence of mind, of which Pope relates an amusing instance :

"My supper was as singular as my dinner. It was with a great Poet and Ode-maker (that is, a great poet out of his wits or out of his way). He came to me very hungry, not for want of a dinner (for that I should make no jest of) but, having forgot to dine. He fell most furiously on the broiled relics of a shoulder of mutton, commonly called a blade-bone ; he professed he never tasted so exquisite a thing ! begged me to tell him what joint it was, wondering he had never heard the name of this joint, or seen it at other tables ; and desired to know how he might direct his butcher to cut out the same

for the future. And yet this man, so ignorant in modern butchery, has cut up half a hundred heroes, and five or six miserable lovers in every tragedy he has written."

Gray appears to have been in company with Pope. In one of his letters to Walpole is the following passage—a passage which Mr. Rogers had transcribed in a blank leaf of his copy of Warton's Pope: "I can say no more for Mr. Pope (for what you keep in reserve may be worse than all the rest). It is natural to wish the finest writer—one of them—we ever had, should be an honest man. It is the interest even of that virtue, whose friend he professed himself, and whose beauties he sung, that he should not be found a dirty animal. But, however, this is Mr. Warburton's business, not mine, who may scribble his pen to the stumps, and all in vain, if these facts are so. It is not from what he told me about himself that I thought well of him, but from a humanity and goodness of heart, ay, and greatness of mind, that runs through his private correspondence, not less apparent than are a thousand little vanities and weaknesses mixed with those good qualities, for nobody ever took him for a philosopher." In Mr. Norton Nicholl's reminiscences of Gray we have similar testimony; "Pope's translation of the *Iliad* stood very high in his estimation; and when he heard it criticised as wanting the simplicity of the original, or being rather a paraphrase than a translation, and not giving a just idea of the poet's style and manner, he always said, 'There would never be another translation of the same poem equal to it.' He liked the poetry of Pope in general, and approved an observation of Shenstone, that 'Pope had the art of condensing a thought.' He said of his letters, that they were not good letters, but better things. He thought that Pope had a good heart, in spite of his peevish temper." Pope's filial affection, his manly and liberal sentiments on religious toleration, and his contempt for infidel philosophers and affected virtuosi, were features in his character that must have won the approbation and even the love of Gray. His choice, condensed expression, and fine diction, must also have delighted one who was no less accomplished in those graces of the poet and scholar. It is to be regretted that we have no record of the personal intercourse between Gray and

Pope, alluded to above. It was probably slight, as Gray did not return from his continental tour till September, 1741, and afterwards resided chiefly at Cambridge. Walpole's charge against the poet's memory must have referred to the affair of the Duchess of Marlborough and the imputed bribe of 1000*l.*, as related in Walpole's *Reminiscences*, to which we shall afterwards refer.

Pope was chary of his praise to literary contemporaries. His notice of them so often took the form of satire, that he was represented as envious of rising merit. Welsted, in the "One Epistle," hazarded an accusation of this kind, which, we have seen, Pope indignantly repelled. The recipient of his favour, however, required to be either very popular or very submissive. He had been raised to such an elevation by the public suffrage, and he guarded his supremacy with such fretful anxiety and jealousy, that any contemporary striking out an independent path, or controverting any of his poetical or critical canons, could hardly hope to receive his countenance or regard. Let it be remembered, however, to his honour, that from admiration of Johnson's "London," he had, unsolicited, written to Lord Gower to promote the views of the then struggling and almost despairing literary adventurer.

During the summer and autumn of 1737, Pope rambled about as usual, and was at Southampton and Portsmouth, Oxford, Cirencester, and Bath. Old John Wesley, as Mr. Southey mentions, attributed much of his health and longevity to his frequent journeys and change of air; and Pope had certainly the benefit of the same salutary and agreeable succedaneum. In one of his excursions he addressed an interesting literary note to his friend Richardson the artist. The original was in the collection of Mr. Rogers, from whom we obtained a copy, which we subjoin. The letter opens with some lines which have been ascribed to Milton, and said to be written on a window at Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. Milton, it is well known, retired to Chalfont during the plague of 1665, his friend Elwood, the Quaker, having taken a residence for him in the country till the pestilence was over. Pope appears to have been struck with the merit of the lines, or with the peculiarity of their being

found written on a pane of glass; but they bear no internal evidence of being the composition of Milton; nor (apart from the fact of his blindness) could they have been written on the small diamond-paned window of the cottage at Chalfont, in which the poet resided:

*"Found in a Glass Window in the Village of Chalfont, Bucks.*

"Fair mirror of foul times; whose fragile sheen  
Shall, as it blazeth, break; while Providence,  
Aye watching o'er his saints with eye unseen,  
Spreads the red roll of angry pestilence,  
To sweep the wicked and their counsels hence;  
Yea, all to break the pride of lustful kings,  
Who Heaven's lore reject for brutish sense;  
As erst he scourg'd Jessides' sin of yore  
For the fair Hittite, when, on seraph's wings,  
He sent him war, or plague, or famine sore."

"July 18.

"DEAR SIR,—I have been in Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire these ten days, and return to Twitnam by Thursday, when I hope to see you, and to fix a day after Sunday next, or on Friday or Saturday, if you can send me word to Lord Cornbury's. The above was given me by a gentleman as I travelled. I copied it for you. You'll tell me more of it perhaps than I can.—Yours, ever, A. POPE."

That the poet was not idle is proved by the number of his publications in 1737. In that year five of his *Imitations of Horace* appeared—the first epistle of the first book, the sixth epistle of the first book, the first epistle of the second book, the second epistle of the second book, and the Ode to Venus, book iv. ode i. These were the easiest of all his productions, but they would be the most difficult to copy. Pope may be said to have "stolen the authentic fire" of the Roman poet, and to have possessed all his graces. In these popular and delightful imitations he had opportunities of expressing his sentiments on all questions social, moral, and political,—of contrasting modern with ancient manners; describing, satirising, or praising. He was also enabled to gratify his private tastes and feelings by commemorating some of those friendships which formed the solace and honour of his life. One epistle was inscribed to Bolingbroke; another was ad-

dressed to Murray, then rising rapidly into reputation at the bar; and Colonel Cotterell, the representative of an old Oxfordshire family, was distinguished in the same manner. Spence mentions a report that the Duchess of Marlborough had offered Pope a very considerable sum if he would dedicate a panegyric to her illustrious husband; and that an opulent citizen, Alderman Barber (Swift's "dear, good, old friend"), would gladly have given some thousands for even a single laudatory couplet. But the most rich and energetic of these imitations is that addressed to George II. as the Roman poet addressed Augustus. Here Pope is seen as the refined satirist and the discriminating critic. The tastes and vices of the nation, its literature, arts, and morals, are passed under review, and the satire concludes with a passage of the severest irony on the sovereign and his flatterers. A reference to Swift in this powerful epistle is said to have aroused the indignation of the government, and to have marked out Pope for prosecution. The offending couplet was this—

" And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd :  
The rights a Court attack'd, a poet sav'd."

No steps, however, appear to have been taken. Towards the close of the year, Bathurst describes Pope as running about London with his usual restlessness and activity. "He is as sure to be there in a bustle as a porpoise in a storm. He told me that he would retire to Twickenham for a fortnight, but I doubt it much." But wherever he went poetry was not neglected, and next year he issued two satirical dialogues, entitled *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*, which were afterwards adopted and named as an Epilogue to the Satires. These productions are in the same elevated strain as the Epistle to Augustus, and exhibit, as Warton remarks, "every species of sarcasm and mode and style of reasoning—ridicule, irony, mirth, seriousness, lamentation, laughter, familiar imagery, and high poetical painting." One passage relating to the death of Queen Caroline must have renewed the enmity of the Court. The poet invokes the "melancholy muse" to hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,

" And hail her passage to the realms of rest,  
All parts perform'd, and all her children bless'd."

A double sarcasm is here conveyed. The queen did not perform all parts—she did not take the sacrament in her last illness, and she did not send her blessing to her son, the Prince of Wales. Both circumstances were much canvassed at the time, and the most contradictory reports prevailed. Coxe, in his *Memoirs of Walpole*, states that the queen sent her blessing to her son, with a message of forgiveness, but the minute details given by Lord Hervey, an eye-witness, disprove the assertion, and show how much better Pope was informed than most of his contemporaries.<sup>7</sup>

But though thus attacking the Court, Pope spared the minister. The service which Walpole had rendered in procuring the abbacy for Father Southcote, was not forgotten, and the *bonhomie* which characterised the Whig chief conciliated the poet's regard. In the first of these Dialogues we have an admirable sketch of Walpole as Pope occasionally beheld him in private life :

“ Seen him I have, but in his happier hour  
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power,  
Seen him uncumber'd with the venal tribe,  
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.”<sup>8</sup>

Sir Robert, however, must have consented to the threatened prosecution of Pope, or, at least, to the necessity of admonishing him of his danger. The poet's popularity, the dread of his powerful invective, and the long array of friends he commanded, made the minister pause, and it was deemed safer to begin with a humble victim. Paul Whitehead, who had a few years before written a poem bearing the ominous title of the *State Dunces*, in 1738 produced a second poem,

<sup>7</sup> See notes to Prologue to the Satires. Lord Hervey's *Memoirs of the Court* were not published till 1848.

<sup>8</sup> The unlucky James Moore-Smythe might have claimed priority over Pope, in thus viewing the character of Walpole. In his dedication of the *Rival Modes* to the Whig minister, Smythe says he would pass over his public character, and dwell on his amiable character in private life: “I mean, sir, to view you, after the close of a day spent in the assertion of liberty, indulging freedom to those who have the happiness to be more particularly near your person—as if the direction of your own family was a model of that great plan from which your wisdom will never suffer you to vary in the support of the British Establishment.”

entitled *Manners*, in which were some passages deemed personal and virulent, particularly one verse in which Sherlock, Bishop of Salisbury, and the Church of England, were degraded to an equality with orator Henley and his gilt tub :

“ And Sherlock’s shop and Henley’s are the same.”

The bishop resented this insult both on personal and public grounds, and in his place in the House of Lords he moved that Whitehead should be called before their lordships. The satirist, however, prudently disappeared, and the indignation of the House was directed to his publisher, the modest and inoffensive Robert Dodsley. Dodsley was apprehended and placed for a short time in confinement. The Opposition peers and members of the House of Commons made so formidable a display of sympathy with the persecuted bookseller, that the proceedings against him were soon abandoned ; and Dodsley believed that his case was designed only as a hint to Pope. He informed Warton that Pope understood the prosecution in this light, and refrained from publishing a third dialogue which he had contemplated sending to the press. The *hint* was a disagreeable one to Dodsley, as, besides the annoyance and inconvenience it occasioned, his expenses amounted to seventy pounds. Pope continued in favour at the Court of the Prince of Wales, at Leicester House, but he supported it by no more political satires.

~ The correspondence between Pope and Swift was now drawing to a close. There is an affectionate letter from the former, dated May 17, 1739, in which Pope reviews the circle of their common friends, a circle now lessened by death and divided by the vicissitudes of fortune. Swift had long been sunk in health and spirits. His periodical attacks of deafness and giddiness had become more frequent and severe, his memory was decayed, the fountain of his poetry dried up, and his soul lacerated, as he said, by the corruptions and oppression he witnessed in Ireland. His misanthropy was deepened by these physical infirmities, and by his solitary life. From whim or obstinacy he refused to wear spectacles, and he was thus to a great extent cut off from the solace and pleasure of reading, which Pope valued above all conversation, and was reduced to the society of a

few flatterers and companions, who "loved wine that cost them nothing." Occasionally a flash of the old fire brightened up the sullen gloom; but these coruscations were fitful and transient.<sup>9</sup> To his early benefactor, thus shattered and dispirited, Pope writes concerning their former associates. Bolingbroke was still unsubdued:

"He has sold Dawley for 26,000*l.*, much to his own satisfaction. His plan of life is now a very agreeable one, in the finest country of France, divided between study and exercise; for he still reads or writes five or six hours a day, and generally hunts twice a week. He has the whole forest of Fontainebleau at his command, with the king's stables and dogs, &c., his lady's son-in-law being governor of that place. She resides most part of the year with my lord, at a large house they have hired, and the rest with her daughter, who is abbess of a royal convent in the neighbourhood. I never saw him in stronger health or in better humour with his friends, or more indifferent and dispassionate to his enemies. He is seriously set upon writing some parts of the history of his times."

Jervas is next mentioned. He had returned from Rome and Naples, whither he had gone in pursuit of health. "An asthma has reduced his body, but his spirit retains all its vigour, and he is returned, declaring life itself not worth

<sup>9</sup> The quality or talent of humour is often, as Pope remarked in the case of Wycherley, the last to leave a man. At the time that Swift was writing to Pope in a strain of gloom and despondency, we find this characteristic note to his cousin, Mrs. Whiteway, concerning a box of soap and a brush which had been sent to him by his cousin, Mr. D. Swift:

"Mr. Swift's gimcracks of cups and balls, in order to my convenient shaving with ease and dispatch, together with the prescription on half a sheet of paper, was exactly followed, but some inconveniencies attended: for I cut my face once or twice, was just twice as long in the performance, and left twice as much hair behind, as I have done this twelvemonth past. I return him, therefore, all his implements, and my own compliments, with abundance of thanks, because he hath fixed me during life in my old hum-drum way. Give me a full and true account of all your healths, and so adieu. I am ever, &c.

"JOS. SWIFT.

"Oct. 3rd or 4th, or rather as the butler says, the 2nd, on Tuesday, 1736."

Swift was then in his seventy-first year. An interesting account of the closing years of Swift's life and of the malady under which his noble intellect was prostrated, is given in the work of Mr. W. R. Wilde, Dublin, 1849.



a day's journey, at the expense of parting from one's friends." Jervas died shortly after his return, leaving to Pope and their common friend Eckershall a sum of 1000*l.* each should they survive the artist's widow, which Pope did not. Erasmus Lewis, Swift's faithful correspondent and prose-man, remembered him daily :

"Dr. Arbuthnot's daughter does not degenerate from the humour and goodness of her father. I love her much. She is like Gay, very idle, very ingenious, and inflexibly honest. Mrs. Patty Blount is one of the most considerate and mindful women in the world towards others, the least so in regard to herself."

Then Pope, in his interesting and characteristic style of egotism, expatiates on his own mental and bodily condition :

"You ask me how I am at Court. I keep my old walk and deviate from it to no Court. The Prince shows me a distinction beyond any merit or pretence on my part ; and I have received a present from him of some marble heads of poets for my library, and some urns for my garden. The ministerial writers rail at me : yet I have no quarrel with their masters, nor think it of weight enough to complain of them : I am very well acquainted with the courtiers I ever was or would be acquainted with. At least they are civil to me ; which is all I ask from courtiers, and all a wise man will expect from them. The Duchess of Marlborough makes great court to me, but I am too old for her ; yet I cultivate some young people's friendship, because they may be honest men ; whereas the old ones, experience too often proves not to be so ; I having dropped ten where I have taken up one, and I hope to play the better with fewer in my hand. There is a Lord Cornbury, a Lord Polwarth, a Mr. Murray, and one or two more, with whom I would never fear to hold out against all the corruption of the world.

"You compliment me in vain upon retaining my poetical spirit : I am fast sinking into prose ; and if ever I write more, it ought (at these years and in these times) to be something the matter of which will give a value to the work, not merely the manner. Since my protest (for so I call my "Dialogue" of 1738) I have written but ten lines, which I will send you. They are an insertion for the next new edition of the Dunciad, which generally is reprinted once in two years."

He next describes his health and mode of spending his time :

"The mornings are my life; in the evenings I am not dead indeed, but sleep and am stupid enough. I love reading still, better than conversation; but my eyes fail, and at the hours when most people indulge in company I am tired and find the labour of the day sufficient to weigh me down. So I hide myself in bed, as a bird in his nest, much about the same time, and rise and chirp the earlier in the morning. I often vary the scene (indeed at every friend's call) from London to Twickenham, or the contrary, to receive them or be received by them.

"Lord Bathurst is still my constant friend and yours, but his country seat is now always in Gloucestershire, not in this neighbourhood. Mr. Pulteney has no country seat, and in town I see him seldom; but he always asks after you. In the summer I generally ramble for a month to Lord Cobham's, the Bath, or elsewhere. In all of these rambles my mind is full of you and poor Gay, with whom I travelled so delightfully two summers. Why cannot I cross the sea? The unhappiest malady I have to complain of, the unhappiest accident of my whole life, is that weakness of the breast, which makes the physicians of opinion that a strong vomit would kill me. I went some years ago with Lord Peterborough, about ten leagues at sea, purely to try if I could sail without sea-sickness, and with no other view than to make yourself and Lord Bolingbroke a visit before I died. But the experiment, though almost all the way near the coast, had almost ended all my views at once. Well, then, I must submit to live at the distance which Fortune has set us at; but my memory, my affections, my esteem, are inseparable from you, and will, my dear friend, be for ever yours."

Pope's intimacy with the Prince of Wales must have been formed some years previous to the date of this letter, though it would naturally be increased by his Royal Highness's removal to Kew, after the violent rupture with the Court of St. James's, in 1737. Two years before this, as appears from Lyttelton's correspondence, Frederick had been a visitor at Twickenham,<sup>10</sup> and Glover, the poet, mentioned to Warton

<sup>10</sup> Lyttelton writes to the Prince:—"Give me leave to remind your Royal Highness of what you said at Mr. Pope's, where you was heard with such emotions of joy and gratitude by all who were present. You said you would gladly reduce yourself to live upon no more than 800*l.* a year, if you could but hope to lessen the national debt, the state of which you had set forth to us with so much knowledge, and so deep a sense of the mischiefs attending upon it." This self-denying declaration was made by Frederick, on occasion of the proposed augmentation of his income from 50,000*l.* to 100,000*l.* per annum. He affected at first to discountenance the project of

the particulars of another visit, in which the poet appears somewhat in the light of a courtier. Lyttelton asked Pope to join him in dissuading the Prince from riding a vicious horse. "I hope, sir," said Pope earnestly to his Royal Highness, "the people of England will not be made miserable by a *second* horse," alluding to the accident which proved fatal to William III. "I think," added Pope, whispering to Glover, "this speech was pretty well for me." It was certainly more than could have been expected from him, either as regards the dead king or the living prince; but the latter had one recommendation—he was in opposition to the Court. "Mr. Pope, you don't love princes," said Frederick to him one day. "Sir, I beg your pardon." "Well, you don't love kings, then." "Sir, I own I love the lion best before his claws are grown."<sup>11</sup>

Having despatched his letter to Swift, Pope seems to have set off on one of those summer rambles to which he so often alludes. In July he was at Rousham, near Oxford, the seat of Colonel Cotterell, which he describes as the prettiest place ever seen for waterfalls, jets, ponds, and beautiful scenes of green and hanging wood. Twenty years afterwards Horace Walpole echoed this praise. "Rousham," he says, "reinstated Kent (the landscape gardener) with me: he has nowhere shown so much taste; all the scenes are perfectly classic."

In the list of his new friends communicated to Swift, Pope omits the name of Warburton—a learned, turbulent, ambitious adventurer, who deserved and narrowly escaped a place in the Dunciad, but who was indirectly indebted to Pope for fame and fortune, a wife, an estate, and a bishopric. Warburton was ten years younger than Pope. He had rusted in obscurity for some years, as an attorney, in Newark, edu-

his friends, but "Fritz" had in reality no sincerity, and he keenly agitated for the augmentation. The scheme was defeated in parliament, to the infinite delight of the king and queen. Lord Hervey, who describes the royal differences *con amore*, says, that when Frederick consulted the heads of the opposition, his Majesty remarked that they would all soon be tired of the *puppy*, "for, besides his being a scoundrel, he is such a fool that he will talk more fiddle-faddle nonsense to them in a day than any old woman talks in a week."

<sup>11</sup> Walpole to Sir H. Mann, 1741.

eking himself for future warfare and distinction, when he solicited and obtained deacon's orders in the Church, being, as Churchill says,

“ — thereto drawn  
By some faint omens of the lawn.”

He adopted the old and approved expedient of selecting a patron, and dedicating to him, in a strain of lofty panegyric, a volume of translations. Sir George Sutton, on whom the experiment was tried, was susceptible. He gave a small vicarage to Warburton, and afterwards added to it a good Lincolnshire rectory. In the interval between these presentations, Warburton consorted with Theobald, Concanen, and others, whom he afterwards joined in abusing; and with equal inconsistency, he wrote to Concanen, that while Milton borrowed from pride, and Dryden from idleness, Pope borrowed from *want of genius*. Fortunately for his future prospects, this letter did not come to light till some years after Pope's death. In the mean time, the indefatigable and unscrupulous divine had established a considerable reputation by some theological works, including the first volume of his greatest performance, the Divine Legation of Moses, a treatise so learned, so novel, so paradoxical, so arrogant, and absurd, that it took the world as it were by storm, and challenged universal attention. His next effort was to defend Pope's *Essay on Man* from an attack made upon it by M. de Crousaz, the philosophic professor of Lausanne, who accused the English poet of following the system of Spinoza, and inculcating doctrines favourable to fatalism. Crousaz in his remarks displayed great logical acuteness, and his work was calculated to injure the character and popularity of Pope. Warburton's defence was voluntary. He sent a series of strictures to a periodical entitled the Republic of Letters, and when three of these communications had appeared, Pope wrote to his friendly commentator, acknowledging the value and generosity of his services. “You have,” he said, “made my system as clear as I ought to have done, and could not. It is indeed the same system as mine, but illustrated with a ray of your own, as they say our natural body is the same still when it is glorified. I am sure I like it better than I did before, and so will every one else. I

know I meant just what you explain, but I did not explain my own meaning so well as you. You understand me as well as I do myself, but you express me better than I could express myself."<sup>12</sup> Such excessive praise could only have been prompted by Pope's thankfulness at being rescued from the charge of infidelity. He was no materialist, but he had got entangled in Bolingbroke's metaphysics, or the "Characteristics" of Shaftesbury, and did not see clearly where his speculations led to. Hence his joy that Warburton had constructed an ingenious means of escape. The commentary of the divine was afterwards published in a collected form, and attached to the Essay, where, though unread and effete, it is still occasionally found chained to the living poetry. The poet and his commentator met in the spring of 1740 at Twickenham. Their first interview was in Lord Radnor's garden, close to the poet's residence, and Dodsley, who was present, was astonished at the high compliments paid by Pope to Warburton as he approached him. He looked upon him as his greatest benefactor. Warburton remained a fortnight at Twickenham. One evening, as he and Pope were in the garden, the poet opened himself unreservedly to his new friend. He declared with great sincerity, that he really thought he had been excelled in every part of writing, and on the side of invention more peculiarly. Mr. Warburton told him that he would not offend his modesty by entering into a particular disquisition of his merit, yet he would take the liberty to mention one thing in which he thought Mr. Pope was unrivalled and alone; and it was, that he is the only poet who has found out the art of uniting wit to sublimity. "Your wit," says he, "gives a splendour and delicacy to your sublimity, and your sublimity gives a grace and dignity to your wit."<sup>13</sup> How the poet acknowledged this amalgam of honours is not stated, but we need not be

<sup>12</sup> Pope to Warburton, April 11, 1739. Dugald Stewart has shown that the poet misunderstood the system of Crousaz as well as his own. In his treatise on logic, and in his academical teaching, Crousaz supported the views of Locke, whereas Pope, in the fourth book of the *Dunciad*, ranks Crousaz among Locke's opponents.

<sup>13</sup> Letter from Hon. C. Yorke to Earl of Hardwicke, June 1, 1740, in Warton's Pope.

surprised to find him remarking to Spence, that Warburton was the greatest general critic he ever knew; the most capable of seeing through all the possibilities of things. To transplant his friend from the fens of Lincolnshire to the banks of the Thames was Pope's next effort. A nobleman in his neighbourhood told him one day that he had a large benefice to bestow. "Give it to me," said Pope, "and I will promise to bestow it on one who will do honour to your patronage." The nobleman consented, but when reminded of the conversation some time afterwards, he said, in some confusion, that his steward had disposed of the benefice unknown to him or his lady. The poet's plan was thus frustrated, but indirectly he served Warburton in the most effectual manner. He introduced him to the good Ralph Allen, of Prior Park, and to Mr. Murray, afterwards Lord Mansfield. Warburton knew well how to improve such opportunities. He could crouch and fawn, as well as browbeat and dogmatise; and he flattered Mr. Allen by dedicating to him his commentary on Pope's Essay. At length he obtained the hand of Allen's niece, the heiress of Prior Park. Through the influence of Murray he was appointed Preacher of Lincoln's Inn, and through Mr. Allen's interest with Pitt he was advanced to the bishopric of Gloucester. Nor should we omit Pope's bequest to him of the sole property of his printed works, which is said to have been worth about 4000*l*. But this sum, we suspect, is greatly exaggerated.

The Hot Wells, near Bristol, were at this time in high repute, and Pope, after one of his visits to Mr. Allen, at Bath, extended his journey along the valley of the Avon, to the great shipping and mercantile city. Bristol had no attractions for him. The city itself, he said, was very unpleasant, and *no civilised company* in it: only the Collector of Customs would have brought him acquainted with merchants, of whom he heard *no great character*. Clifton, then a pretty little village, pleased him, and he delighted to gaze on its steep cliffs, and "very green valleys," and the adjacent miles of soft turf, or *downs*, stretching away with the "gentle Severn," and its high banks on one side, opening to the sea, and on the other side a vast woody vale, and all in front, beyond the Severn, the coast of Wales. His lodging at the

Hot Well commanded a fine landscape, terminating in the rocks and river, like the broken scenes behind one another in a playhouse. "From the room where I write I see the tide rising and filling all the bottom between these scenes of rocks, on the sides of which, on one hand, are buildings, some white, some red, everywhere up and down, like the steepest side of Richmond to the Thames, mixed with trees and shrubs, but much wilder; and huge shaggy marbles, some in points, some in caverns, hanging all over and under them in a thousand shapes." These pleasing scraps of description were written for the eye of Martha Blount. "I am always desiring to hear of you," he says: "pray write to me by every Thursday's post, and I shall answer on Saturday." Martha kept his letters, but her own, which would have elucidated so many points in the poet's history, have perished.

Savage was resident in Bristol when Pope was at the Wells. The queen's pension of 50*l.* had ceased on her Majesty's death in 1737, and the unfortunate author was reduced to great distress. Pope endeavoured to raise for him, by subscription among his friends, an annuity equal to the lost pension, towards which he contributed himself 20*l.* With this allowance Savage was to leave the haunts of his dissipation in town, and proceed to a poetical retirement in Wales. The powerful and affecting narrative of Johnson has made the story, the vices, and misfortunes of Savage familiar to all readers. Instead of proceeding to Wales, he lingered on in Bristol, finding the merchants more agreeable than they appeared to Pope, but wearying them by his irregularities, his imprudence, and ingratitude. Pope resolved not to see him. Savage had complained of the conduct of his London friends, and had irritated and annoyed them so much, that nearly all had withdrawn their subscriptions. The poet, however, continued his liberality, and took more pains, he said, not to affront Savage than if his bread depended on him. There was no limit to this folly, but there was a limit to the poet's indulgence and forbearance. Henley, in one of his advertisements, had mentioned "*Pope's treatment of Savage.*" This was supposed by Pope to be the consequence of a complaint made by Savage to Henley, and was, therefore, mentioned by him with great resentment. Mr. Savage returned a very solemn protestation of his innocence,

but appeared much disturbed at the accusation.<sup>14</sup> He was seized with sickness, and died shortly afterwards in prison, his funeral expenses being defrayed by the keeper. Ruffhead publishes a letter of Pope's to Savage, which, though not referring to Orator Henley's discourse, shows how much he had been irritated by Savage's misconduct:

"SIR,—I must be sincere with you, as our correspondence is now likely to be closed. Your language is really too high, and, what I am not used to from my superiors, much too extraordinary for me; at least sufficiently so to make me obey your commands, and never more presume to advise or meddle in your affairs, but leave your own conduct entirely to your own judgment. It is with concern I find so much misconstruction, joined with so much resentment in your nature. You still injure some, whom you had known many years as friends, and for whose intentions I could take upon me to answer; but I have no weight with you, and cannot tell how soon (if you have not already) you may misconstrue all I can say or do; and as I see in that case how unforgiving you are, I desire to prevent this in time. You cannot think yet I have injured you, or been your enemy, and I am determined to keep out of your suspicion, by not being officious any longer, or obtruding into any of your concerns, further than to wish you heartily success in them all, and will never pretend to serve you but when both you and I shall agree that I should."

In Pope's treatment of Savage there appears to have been great kindness, forbearance, and generosity. Whatever services the latter may have rendered in carrying on the underplots of Pope's poetical schemes, to vindicate, or to annoy, the supple dependent had long ceased to be useful. Latterly it would have been creditable to disown him, yet Pope continued his bounty; and in all Savage's misfortunes (which were caused invariably by his own misconduct), Pope evinced an active and unwearied sympathy. Even the final outbreak, when his patience and compassion were worn out by the reiterated folly and ingratitude of Savage, would probably only have been temporary, for he had directed the keeper of Newgate to inquire after the state of the unfortunate debtor's engagements.

The visit to Bristol was made in 1739. In the following year Pope condescended to the functions of an editor. He

<sup>14</sup> Johnson's *Life of Savage*.



reprinted a collection of Latin poems by Italian authors ; but, as he added no original matter, in the form of a critical dissertation, or remarks, the publication was not calculated to add to his reputation. He was probably led to it from the mere love of literary employment, as Milton, in his old age, published his "Art of Logic" and "Accidence commenced Grammar." He meditated also a history of English poetry, but was then too far advanced in life to have accomplished such a task in a manner adequate to the importance of the work, or to his own fame. He was deficient in *black-letter lore* and antiquarian research, which are indispensable towards such an undertaking, and we question whether he ever had that hearty love and relish of the old poets which would have enabled him to discriminate accurately between them, and do justice to their various and peculiar merits. He sneered at Skelton, and at "the classics of an age that heard of none," and was altogether too restricted and fastidious in his tastes to enjoy the rude satire, coarse merriment, and extravagant heroics, intermixed with touches of nature and passion, which mark the "grey fathers" of English poetry. The following is his plan of his projected history :

*Sketch for a History of the Rise and Progress of English Poetry.*

ÆRA I.

*Rymer.* 2nd Part, pp. 65, 66, 67, 77.

*Petrarch.* 78 Catal. of Provençal Poets.

1. *School of Provence.* Chaucer's Visions, Romaunt of the Rose. Pierce Plowman. Tales of Boccace, Gower.

2. *School of Chaucer.* Lydgate, T. Occleve, Walt. de Mapes, Skelton.

3. *School of Petrarch.* E. of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyat, Sir Philip Sidney, G. Gascoyn. Translator of Aristo's Com.

4. *School of Dante.* Mirror of Magistrates, Lord Buckhurst's Introduction, Gorboduc. Original of good Tragedy, Seneca (his model).

ÆRA II.

Spenser, Col. Clout, from the school of Ariosto and Petrarch, translated from Tasso.

5. *School of Spenser and from Italian Sonnets.* W. Brown's Pastorals, Ph. Fletcher's Purple Island, Alabaster, Piscatory. Ec. S. Daniel, Sir Walter Raleigh, Milton's Juvenilia, Heath-Habinton.

*Translators from Italian.* Golding, Ed., Fairfax, Harrington.

6. *School of Donne.* Cowley, Davenant, Michael Drayton, Sir Thomas Overbury, Randolph, Sir John Davis, Sir John Beaumont, Cartwright, Cleveland, Crashaw, Bishop Corbet, Lord Falkland.

*Models to Waller.* In Matter—Carew, T. Carey.—In versification—G. Sandys in his Par. of Job. Fairfax.

*Originals of Hudibras.* Sir John Mennis, Tho. Baynal.<sup>15</sup>

Pope was partial to this mode of arranging the poets in classes, and Spence gives many of his hints and conversations on the subject, disclosing, though cursorily, his critical opinions. Carew he called a bad Waller—yet Carew had some little pieces equal to any of Waller's, and unsurpassed in diction. Carew, Waller, and Lansdowne, he said, were all of one school. Crashaw was a worse Cowley, and a follower, too, of Petrarch and Marino. Herbert is lower than Crashaw, Sir John Beaumont higher, and Donne a good deal so. Cowley was a fine poet in spite of his faults—an opinion which Pope had also expressed very happily in verse. He says little of the versification of these older brethren, who, in fact, wanted only a little taste and uniformity of style to become rivals to himself in metrical harmony. Detached passages in the heroic couplet may be found in Crashaw and

<sup>15</sup> There are several mistakes in this sketch—unknown names, wrong classifications, &c., which Malone and Mitford (*Life of Gray*) have pointed out. Pope's plan, however, was a mere memorandum—a scribbled paper—and may have been carelessly transcribed. The first entry in *Æra II.* is unintelligible. There is probably some omission to the effect that parts of the *Fairy Queen* are translated from Tasso. The *Jerusalem* reached Spenser when he was engaged on his great poem, and he copied large passages from it. The *Bower of Bliss*, book ii. canto vi. is a literal transcript of the *Gardens of Armida*. Pope's sketch formed the basis of a scheme by Gray, who also proposed writing a history of English Poetry, for which his extensive learning, fine taste, and studious habits so eminently qualified him. He intended introducing an account of Celtic and Gothic poetry, and also continuing the history to the time of the "School of France introduced after the Restoration,—Waller, Dryden, Addison, Prior, and Pope, which has continued (adds Gray) to our own times." It was exploded by Cowper, but Thomson could not be called of the French school, nor Gray himself. What Pope and Gray designed, but failed to accomplish, was undertaken by T. Warton, whose history of English poetry, though not brought later than the reign of Elizabeth, is a vast storehouse of curious and interesting information. Mr. Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe carries forward our poetical annals to the close of the sixteenth century.

Beaumont as smooth and regular as any in Dryden or Pope. Chaucer and his contemporaries borrowed a good deal, according to Pope, from the Provençal poets. But this opinion has been controverted by Tyrwhit, and is now abandoned. No clear instance of imitation can be pointed out, nor is there a phrase or a word fetched from the south of the Loire. Chaucer copied the style of the Norman or Northern French amatory poets, of whom Mr. Hallam says one hundred and twenty-seven are known by name in the twelfth century, and above two hundred in the thirteenth. A perfect swarm of worshippers in the Court of Love, who sang for ever of ladies' smiles, of spring, flowers, and nightingales! The robust intellect of Chaucer required stronger food, and though he dallied occasionally with these Delilahs of the south, he wisely sought for inspiration in his own heart, and in the life and nature around him.

Among the other plans of Pope was an epic poem, to be entitled "Brutus," the hero of which was to attempt the great ocean in search of a new country, and encounter, like *Æneas*, long perils both by sea and land. There seems to have been no part of this epic written. It was a mere vision, like the poet's grand architectural designs, and was equally unattainable by his resources. He had likewise, according to Ruffhead, planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the mischiefs of arbitrary power and the folly of ambition.

A severe shock was given to Pope's most cherished feelings by the publication in Dublin of his correspondence with Swift, said to have been printed by the Dean's consent and direction. Swift's cousin, Mrs. Whiteway, assured the poet that she had used her utmost endeavours to prevent the publication, and went so far as to secrete the book in which the letters were kept, until it was demanded from her and delivered to the Dublin printer, George Faulkner. Her son-in-law, Mr. Deane Swift, insisted upon writing a preface to justify Pope from having any knowledge of the work, and to lay it upon the corrupt practices of the printers in London; but this Pope would not agree to, as contrary to the fact.<sup>16</sup> The poet had employed every means, of friendly

<sup>16</sup> Note by Pope to the last letter in the genuine edition of 1741.

agency and remonstrance, and threats of legal proceedings, to prevent this publication; but the only concession he could obtain was that Swift ordered the printer to submit to any excisions he should make: an indulgence which the poet does not seem to have exercised. "The whole thing," he writes to Mr. Allen, "is too manifest to admit of any doubt in any man, how long this thing has been working; how many tricks have been played with the Dean's papers; how they were secreted from him from time to time, while they feared his not complying with such a measure; and how, finding his weakness increase, they have at last made him the instrument himself for their private profit; whereas I believe before they only intended to do this after his death." Curll, of course, seized upon the Dublin edition and reprinted it;<sup>17</sup> and Pope, to ensure a correct copy, issued a second volume of his *Prose Works*, containing the correspondence with Swift, in a more complete form, and also the *Memoirs of Scriblerus*. This volume was published, in the style of his other works, in folio and quarto, in 1741, and was his only publication of that year. Some passages suppressed in the Dublin edition of the letters were restored, and one of these is curious. "I showed my cousin the above letter," Swift writes to Pope, August 24, 1738, "and she assures me, that a great collection of <sup>your</sup> <sub>my</sub> letters to <sup>me</sup> <sub>you</sub> are put up and sealed, and in some very safe hand." Pope remarks, "'Tis written just thus in the original"—and very puzzling and sphinx-like the original must have appeared. Swift's mental decay and loss of memory too readily and painfully supply an explanation of the case; but he was in-

<sup>17</sup> "It is well known," said Curll, in his preface to the work, "that the Dublin edition of these letters is lawful prize here; and whatever we print is the same there. The safe hand to whom Dean Swift delivered them, conveyed them safely to us; so that all the pretences of sending a young peer [Lord Orrery] to go in search of them, or the attempts of an old woman [Mrs. Whiteway] to suppress them, was arrant trifling." Pope, however, filed a bill against Curll, and obtained an injunction. Lord Mansfield said: "Dr. Swift disclaimed the publication, and was extremely angry. The only question was whether the property was in Pope, who filed the bill, or in Swift, who was no party to the suit." *Counsel*. "Mr. Pope seems to hint his suspicions of his friend; but it was allowed that a property did subsist in the writer, for the injunction was granted and acquiesced in."—See *Roscoe's Pope*, vol. i. 473.

fluenced also by the secret workings of vanity and ambition, now more prominent as his understanding declined. He had thrice requested Pope to inscribe to him one of those Epistles by which the poet conferred honour and immortality on his friends. On the 3rd of September, 1735, he wrote to him, "I have the ambition, and it is very earnest, as well as in haste, to have one Epistle inscribed to me while I am alive, and you just in the time when wit and wisdom are in the height; I must once more repeat Cicero's desire to a friend: *Orna me.*" Some months afterwards (April 22, 1736), he writes again: "I have a little repined at my being hitherto slipped by you in your Epistles, not from any other ambition than the title of a friend, and in that sense I expect you shall perform your promise, if your health, and leisure, and inclination will permit." At the close of the same year he returns to the subject, and says his acquaintance resent that they had not seen his name at the head of one of the Epistles of Morality. Pope unaccountably resisted the repeated appeals, though he promised compliance. Perhaps he found it difficult to add to the elegance of the complimentary lines addressed to Swift at the commencement of the Dunciad, and the allusions to him in his Epistles and Imitations; but Swift was fed with strong flatteries by his Irish friends, and we have no doubt he was mortified by Pope's neglect on a point so tender and so strictly personal. Swift then solicited a similar commemoration from the pen of Bolingbroke. He says (August 8, 1738), "I can hardly hope to live till you publish your history, and am vain enough to wish that my name could be squeezed in among the few subalterns, *quorum pars parva fui*: if not, I will be revenged, and contrive some way to be known to futurity, that I had the honour to have your lordship for my best patron," &c.<sup>18</sup> This thirst for posthumous fame, co-operating

<sup>18</sup> There was a general impression that three public men were then engaged in writing Memoirs of their own Times, namely, Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Carteret. His Majesty, George II., spoke very plainly as to the qualifications of the historical triumvirate. "They will all three," said the king, have about as much truth in them as the *Mille et Une Nuits*. Not but I shall like to read Bolingbroke's, who, of all those rascals and knaves that have been lying against me these ten years, has certainly the best parts and the most knowledge: he is a scoundrel, but he is a scoundrel of a

with the interested wishes and solicitations of the persons surrounding him, may have prompted Swift to sanction the publication of his correspondence; and it is remarkable that he had preserved copies of his own letters to Pope, which appeared in the Dublin edition along with those of his correspondent. His love of fame was stronger than his misanthropy! Pope's last letter to his friend, written after this injury to his feelings and his fortune, is the best proof of the sincerity of his friendship and of his warm affection for Swift. It is dated from Duke-street, Westminster (where he had called on Lord Orrery), March 22, 1740:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—When the heart is full of tenderness, it must be full of concern at the absolute impotency of all words to come up to it. You are the only man now in the world who costs me a sigh every day of my life, and the man it troubles me most, although I most wish, to write to. Death has not used me worse in separating from me for ever poor Gay, Arbuthnot, &c., than disease and absence in separating you so many years. But nothing shall make me forget you, and I am persuaded you will as little forget me; and most things in this world one may afford to forget, if we remember, and are remembered by our friends. I value and enjoy more the memory of the pleasures and endearing obligations I have formerly received from you, than the perfect possession of any other. I am less anxious every day I live for present enjoyments of any sort, and my temper and mind is calmer as to worldly disappointments and accidents, except the loss of friends by death, the only way (I thank God) that I ever have lost any. Think it not possible that my affection can cease but with my last breath. If I could think yours was alienated, I should grieve, but not reproach you. If I felt myself even hurt by you, I should be confident you knew not the blow you gave, but had your hand guided by another. If I never more had a kind word from you, I should feel my heart the same it has ever been towards you.

"I must confess a late incident has given me some pain; but I am satisfied you were persuaded it would not have given me any. And whatever unpleasant circumstances the printing our letters might be

higher class than Chesterfield. Chesterfield is a little tea-table scoundrel, that tells little womanish lies to make quarrels in families; and tries to make women lose their reputations, and make their husbands beat them, without any object but to give himself airs, as if anybody could believe a woman would like a dwarf baboon." The queen said all these three histories would be three heaps of lies, but lies of different kinds; she said Bolingbroke's would be great lies, Chesterfield's little lies, and Carteret's lies of both sorts."—*Lord Hervey's Memoirs*, ii. 360.

attended with, there was *one* that pleased me—that the strict friendship we have borne each other so long is thus made known to all mankind. As far as it was your will I cannot be angry at what in all other respects I am quite uneasy under. Had you asked me before you gave them away, I think I could have proposed some *better monument* for our friendship, or at least of better materials; and you must allow me to say, this was not my erecting but yours. My part of them is far too mean, and how inferior to what you have ever in your works set up to me! And can I see these without shame when I reflect on the many beautiful, pathetic, and amiable lines of yours, which carry to posterity the name of a man who, if he had not every good quality which you so kindly ascribe to him, would be so proud of none as the constancy and the justice of his esteem for you? Adieu! While I can write, speak, remember, or think, I am yours,  
 “A. POPE.”

— Swift could not have read this letter without strong emotion; but disease had by this time incapacitated him for correspondence. His memory was almost gone, and in the following year he was pronounced unable to manage his own affairs, and guardians were appointed to take care of him. Loss of speech followed loss of memory, and all the faculties of his soul were suspended. The last scene in the mortal career of this extraordinary man, speechless and alone,

“ Still as the silence round about his lair,”

seems to us more awful, more pathetic, than any creation in fiction.

## CHAPTER X.

[1741—1744.]

THE NEW DUNCIAD. CIBBER MADE HERO OF THE POEM. POPE'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH. THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH AND BOLINGBROKE CONCLUSION.

THE poet's acquaintance with Warburton seemed to inspire him with fresh intellectual activity, and in 1741, acting under the advice of his friend, he commenced a fourth book to the Dunciad. During the summer of this year, they made an excursion together into the country, in the course of which they visited Oxford. The Vice-Chancellor of the University sent a message to Warburton, to know if the degree of Doctor of Divinity would be acceptable to him; "to which," says the divine, "such an answer was returned as so civil a message deserved." About the same time, Pope had the offer of the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. Warburton's friends, however, were outvoted in the University, an unexpected proceeding, which was not, he says, the act of that illustrious body, but the exploit of two or three "particulars," the creatures of a man in power, and the slaves of their own passions and prejudices. Pope resolved to make common cause with his friend. As for his degree, he would die before he received one in an art of which he was ignorant, at a place where there was any scruple of bestowing a degree on Warburton, in a *science* of which he was so great a master. "In short," said Pope, emphatically, "I will be doctored with *you*, or not at all." He adhered to this resolution, and as



the majority in the University did not relax in their hostility to Warburton, the academical honour was withheld from the poet. He now sought a degree in his own legitimate field. Shortly after the friends had parted, Pope wrote, "If I can prevail on myself to complete the *Dunciad*, it will be published at the same time with a general edition of all my verses (for poems I will not call them); and I hope your friendship to me will then be as well known as my being an author, and go down to posterity—I mean to as much posterity as poor moderns can reach to; when the commentator, as usual, will lend a crutch to the weak poet to help him to limp a little further than he could on his own feet. We shall take our degree together in fame, whatever we do at the University; and I tell you once more I will not have it there without you." Whilst thus meditating a new *Dunciad*, and resolved to strike once more for fame, it is amusing to find the poet a month afterwards (October 10, 1741) writing in his reclusive, philosophical strain to the Earl of Marchmont:

"I am determind to publish no more in my lifetime, for many reasons; but principally through the zeal I have to speak the whole truth, and neither to praise or dispraise by halves or with worldly managements. I think fifty an age at which to write no longer for amusement, but for some use, and with design to do some good. *I never had any uneasy desire of fame, or keen resentment of injuries: and now both are asleep together.* Other ambition I never had, than to be tolerably thought of by those I esteemed; and this has been gratified beyond my proudest hopes. I hate no human creature; and the moment any can repent or reform I love them sincerely. Public calamities touch me; but when I read of past times I am somewhat comforted as to the present, upon the comparison; and at the worst, I thank God that I do not yet live under a tyranny nor an Inquisition; that I have thus long enjoyed independency, freedom of body and mind; have told the world my opinions even on the highest subjects, and of the greatest men, pretty freely; that good men have not been ashamed of me; and that my works have not died before me (which is the case of most authors); and if they die soon after, I shall probably not know it, or certainly not be concerned at it in the next world."<sup>1</sup>

It was not without reason that Martha Blount reproved Pope for talking too much of himself and his own motions.

<sup>1</sup> Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. 260.

The blinding effects of self-love are well known, and the poetical temperament is highly impulsive ; but the poet could never have seriously believed that he had no uneasy desire of fame, nor any keen resentment of injuries. That feather of a wit, Colley Cibber, soon put his boasted philosophy to flight, and his resolution not to publish any more during his lifetime (if it were really entertained while he wrote the words) was broken in a few months. In the conclusion of his letter to Lord Marchmont, Pope stated that he was going to Bath ; " I will return the sooner whenever you come, but at least next spring. Let not the motto be in vain which I am putting over my door at Twickenham, *Libertati et Amicitiae*." He invited Warburton to join him at Mr. Allen's house near Bath. " You will want no servant here ; your



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room will be next to mine, and one man will serve us. Here is a library, and a gallery ninety feet long to walk in, and a coach whenever you would take the air with me." A hearty welcome was promised on the part of Mr. Allen, a man sincere and plain, *antiquis moribus*. Warburton gladly complied with the request. He arrived at Mr. Allen's about the end of November, and was domesticated there for six weeks, during which time the fourth book of the Dunciad was completed. It was published in March, 1742, under the title of

"The NEW DUNCIAD, as it was Found in the year 1741." With his characteristic love of mystification, the poet, in an advertisement prefixed to the work, stated that it was "found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the library of a late eminent nobleman"—Lord Oxford's library again!—"but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detached pieces, as plainly showed it to be not only incorrect, but unfinished." Of the reception which the work experienced, and how it was estimated by one well fitted to judge, we have information in one of Gray's letters to West. "As to the Dunciad," says Gray, "it is greatly admired: the genii of operas and schools, with their attendants, the pleas of the virtuosos and florists, and the yawn of Dulness at the end, are as fine as anything he has written. The metaphysicians' part is to me the worst; and here and there are a few ill-expressed lines, and some hardly intelligible." Bolingbroke refrained from reading it for some time, as he heard it was so *obscure*; but on perusing it he found it to be the best and most finished of all Pope's writings. It has one decided advantage over the former three books. The objects of the poet's satire are worthy of his ridicule and indignation. Instead of attacking weak or starving poets, dunces, and worthless booksellers, he has directed his verse against all false pretenders to taste and science—against the half-wits and libertines who affected admiration of Italian singers, and against those "Indolents" who spend their time in studying butterflies, shells, birds'-nests, moss, &c., never proceeding beyond trifles to any useful or extensive views of nature, or of the Author of nature. He also ridicules the system pursued in public schools, of confining our youths to *words*, and keeping them out of the way of real knowledge. These passages are, as Gray remarked, as fine as anything Pope has written—as brilliant, fanciful, and musical—and combine with the rich colouring of the poet a warm moral feeling and justness of thought not excelled in any of his Moral Essays or Epistles. In some of the latter, while vindicating his own character, Pope rises to great dignity and force of expression, but still the subject is *self*: in the New Dunciad he attains to equal elevation on topics of public and national importance. Warton objects that in the fourth book the hero *does nothing*—and that the subjects introduced do not harmonise with the previous parts

of the work. We may admit that the splendid passages would have been better wrought into a separate moral or critical poem, leaving the Dunciad with its machinery complete in three books. In reality, however, this critical objection is not felt by the reader. The satire is dignified and correct, the subjects various, and the poem altogether greatly elevated and enriched by the addition made to it. There is good sense in Johnson's advice to Crabbe: "Never fear putting the strongest and best things you can think of into the mouth of your speaker, whatever may be his condition." That years had not dimmed the poet's fancy, or his power of painting in words, may be seen by turning to his description of the carnation and butterfly, or to that still finer passage, where he makes Dulness lead her fashionable and degenerate votary to France and Italy—

"To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,  
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;  
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,  
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:  
To happy convents, bosom'd deep in vines,  
Where slumber abbots, purple as their wines:  
To isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,  
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:  
To lands of singing or of dancing slaves,  
Love-whispering woods, and lute-resounding waves.  
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,  
And Cupids ride the lion of the deeps;  
Where, eased of fleets, the Adriatic main  
Wafts the smooth eunuch and enamour'd swain."

Colley Cibber was again brought forward by his implacable satirist. He had given some show of provocation in his *Apology for his Life*, published in 1740, wherein he referred to Pope's hostility, but admitted that the poet could not have more pleasure in writing his verses than he had in reading them, notwithstanding that he found himself, as Shakspeare terms it, *dispraisingly* spoken of. "When I find my name at length in the satirical works of our most celebrated living author, I never look upon those lines as malice meant to me (for he knows I never provoked it), but profit to himself. One of his points must be to have many readers; he considers that my face and name are more known than those of many thousands of more consequence in the kingdom; that,

therefore, right or wrong, a lick at the laureate will always be a suit *ad captandum vulgus* to catch him little readers; and that to gratify the unlearned by now and then interposing those merry sacrifices of an old acquaintance to their taste, is a piece of quite right poetical craft." In retaliation, Pope introduced Cibber into the New Dunciad as attendant on the goddess of Dulness while she is seated on her throne:

"Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines."

In the notes he was more personal. Cibber was soon ready with a smart reply—"A Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, inquiring into the motives that might induce him in his satirical works to be so frequently fond of Mr. Cibber's Name." In the Apology for his Life, Cibber says he had treated Pope like a gentleman, but finding from the New Dunciad that this course had not the desired effect, his friends insisted that it would be thought dulness, indeed, or a plain confession of being a bankrupt in wit, if he did not immediately answer those bills of discredit the poet had drawn on him. His answer is partly serious and partly ludicrous. In the former he is poor, for Cibber was no reasoner; but he relates the anecdote of Pope's enmity on occasion of the revival of the *Rehearsal*, when he introduced the incident of the mummy and crocodile, and he mentions the poet's dislike to his play of the *Nonjuror*. He then makes a general charge against Pope, on the ground of what he calls his ruling passion, that is, "a low avarice of praise, which prejudices or debases that valuable character which his works, without his own commendatory notes upon them, might have maintained." But the most galling part of Cibber's reply was a ridiculous story, accompanied with a print of a scene which occurred "when Button's coffee-house was in vogue, and so long ago as when he (Pope) had not translated above two or three books of Homer," that is in 1714 or 1715. According to the graceless Cibber, a late young nobleman [Lord Warwick] who had a good deal of wicked humour, and who, though fond of having wits in his company, was not so restrained by his conscience but that he loved to laugh at any merry mischief he could do them; this noble wag, in his usual *gaieté de cœur*, with another gentleman, seduced Mr. Pope as a wit, and Colley himself as a

laugher, into a house in the Haymarket, where the poet appeared in the character of a gallant; but Cibber says he snatched away the "Tom Tit," conceiving that Homer would have been too serious a sacrifice to their evening merriment. "Now, as his Homer has since been so happily completed, who can say that the world may not have been obliged to the kindly care of Colley that so great a work ever came to perfection?" This loose and disgraceful anecdote (which Pope declared to Spence was "an absolute lie as to the main point") set the laughers against Pope, and made him resolve to take the most signal vengeance. Horace Walpole predicted that it would "notably vex him;" but who could have imagined that, for such a cause, the poet would have re-cast and altered the whole of the *Dunciad*, and have substituted Cibber for Theobald as hero of the poem? To this task, however, he now bent his fading energies, and some sad and serious reflections must have stolen across his mind as he reviewed the long file of his victims. Death had been busy with dunces as with wits. Dennis, the earliest object of his hatred, was gone. Poor Corinna, sinned against and sinning, Gildon's "venal quill," Tickell's classic rivalry, James Moore's plagiarism, Blackmore's epic ambition, and Bentley's ripe scholarship, were buried in the dust. The wretched Budgell and Arnall had disappeared self-destroyed. Lord Fanny was sinking to the grave, and he died about two months after the publication of the new edition. Lady Mary was a wanderer in foreign countries, destined to return the wreck of her former self, old and wretched. New names required to be substituted for some of the "ragged regiment" who had long been dead and forgotten—fresh bitterness had to be infused respecting such as were alive and prosperous. Welsted was happy in an appointment in the Ordnance Office, Concanen was Attorney-General in Jamaica, Namby Pamby Philips held an important office in Ireland, and sat in the Irish Parliament. For these there still burned "the vestal fire of undecaying hate." For all there was a determined and unconquerable spirit, with a passion for literary labour and fame, that was to continue till the last throb of existence. The poet again invoked the assistance of Warburton:

"A project has arisen in my head to make you, in some measure,

the Editor of this new edition of the Dunciad, if you have no scruple of owning some of the graver notes, which are now added to those of Dr. Arbuthnot. I mean it as a kind of prelude, or advertisement to the public, of your Commentaries on the Essay on Man and on Criticism, which I propose to print next in another volume proportioned to this. I only doubt whether an avowal of these notes to so ludicrous a poem be suitable to a character so established as yours for more serious studies. It was a sudden thought since we parted, and I would have you treat it as no more; and tell me if it is not to be suppressed, freely and friendly. I have a particular reason to make you interest yourself in me and my writings. It will cause both them and me to make the better figure to posterity. A very mediocre poet, one Drayton, is yet taken some notice of, because Selden writ a few notes on some of his poems."<sup>2</sup>

In another letter to the same friend (March 24, 1743) he passes an opinion, and a just one, which posterity has confirmed, with respect to his Epistles or Moral Essays: "I have lived much by myself of late, partly through ill-health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined. When the Dunciad may be published I know not. I am more desirous of carrying on the best, that is, your edition of the rest of the *Epistles* and *Essay on Criticism*, &c. *I know it is there I shall be seen most to ad-*

<sup>2</sup> Pope to Warburton, Nov. 27, 1742. In the above notice of Drayton the old poet is placed below his real rank, considering the time in which he lived. Coleridge says of him—"Drayton is a sweet poet, and Selden's notes to the early part of the *Polyolbion* are well worth perusal. There are instances of sublimity in Drayton. When deploring the cutting down of some of our old forests, he says, in language which reminds the reader of Lear, written subsequently, and also of several passages in Mr. Wordsworth's poems:

'Our trees so hacked above the ground,  
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crowned,  
Their trunks like aged folks now bare and naked stand,  
*As, for revenge, to Heaven each held a wither'd hand.'*

That is very fine." Southey, Campbell, and Hallam are no less zealous in commendation of the old bard; but it is only a poetical student of strong nerve and resolution that will get through the 30,000 Alexandrine verses which compose the *Polyolbion*. We may remark that Coleridge, or more likely the reporter of his "Table Talk," is mistaken in supposing that Lear was written subsequently to the *Polyolbion*. The latter was produced between 1613 and 1622; Lear was published in 1608.

*savage*. But I insist on one condition, that you never think of this when you can employ yourself in finishing that noble work of the *Divine Legation* (which is what, above all, *iterum, iterumque monebo*), or any other useful scheme of your own."

This devotion to Warburton approaches to servility. The commentator, however, did yeoman's service. He first contributed an introductory discourse of Ricardus Aristarchus, the hero of the poem, which contains some admirable grave humour, and a display of curious learning, resembling the writings of Arbuthnot. As the constituent qualities of the greater epic hero are wisdom, bravery, and love, from whence springs heroic virtue, it is assumed that those of the lesser epic hero should be vanity, assurance, and debauchery, from which happy assemblage results heroic dulness, the never-dying subject of the poem. Having laid down this position, Warburton traces all these characteristics in Cibber's character and conduct, quoting largely from the Apology for his Life, in which Colley's vanity and carelessness laid him open to ridicule and misrepresentation. There is, of course, no recognition of the merits of Cibber's "Apology," which is one of the most delightful gossiping works in the language, and exhibits no inconsiderable portion of discrimination and acuteness in the delineation of character. In altering the poem to instal Cibber as its hero, Pope had little difficulty. His first emendation was to substitute "Bayes's monster-breeding breast" for Tibbald's, which, as both were dramatic authors, violated no rule of critical propriety. But when he described Bayes as dashing his pen on the ground, and

"Slaking from thought to thought a vast profound,"

every reader saw that the resemblance to the gay, vivacious laureate, who was never thoughtful nor profound, nor ever affected to be so, was lost. Still more unsuitable was the description of Bayes's Gothic library, the shelves of which groaned under dry bodies of divinity, the commentaries of De Lyra, and the translations of Philemon Holland, with black-letter treatises from the presses of Caxton and Wynken de Worde. Such a library might have been collected by Theobald, a professed antiquary, but was wholly foreign to the tastes, character, and pursuits of Colley Cibber. This capital error was irredeemable. Cibber might as well have



actress of this new edition of the *Dunciad*. if you ~~mean it as~~ <sup>mean it as</sup> in ridicule of one of Theobald's translations, the poet, in describing the altar of Dulness, had this allusion :

" And last a little Ajax tips the spire."

To make the allusion applicable to Cibber one happy touch sufficed :

" A twisted Birthday Ode completes the spire."

Where new lines were necessary to mark the individuality, the *dovetailing* will be found executed with equal success. Thus, in the second book, we had Theobald on his gorgeous seat :

" Great Tibbald nods ; the proud Parnassian sneer,  
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,  
Mix on his look. All eyes direct their rays  
On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze,  
Not with more glee," &c.

Cibber was fond of boasting of his acquaintance with lords, and this foible was not forgotten in the new version :

" Great Cibber sate. The proud Parnassian sneer,  
The conscious simper and the jealous leer,  
Mix on his look : all eyes direct their rays  
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.  
His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,  
New edge their dulness and new bronze their face.  
So from the sun's broad beam, in shallow urns  
Heaven's twinkling sparks draw light and point their horns.  
Not with more glee," &c.

Having sent his work to the press, the poet sought recreation at the country-seats of his noble friends. In September he accompanied Chesterfield to the Duchess of Marlborough's at Windsor, whence they proceeded to Lord Cobham's at Stowe. The complete poem, in its new-adapted and revised state, was published in October. Cibber must have been astonished to find himself hero of the satire. He acknowledged the distinction in a second pamphlet, published with the voluminous title of "Another Occasional Letter from Mr. Cibber to Mr. Pope, wherein the new hero's preferment

# ALTERATIONS IN THE MUSICAL

more. But I must be so content, that we may  
 have a better  
 of the



POPE AT LORD COBHAM'S, AT STOWE.

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to his throne, in the Dunciad, seems not to be accepted, and the author of that poem his more rightful claim to it is asserted. With an expostulatory address to the Rev. Mr. W. W—n, author of the new Preface, and adviser in the curious improvements of that satire. By Mr. Colley Cibber." The title-page also bore this motto :

" Remember Sawney's fate,  
Bang'd by the blockhead whom he strove to beat."  
*Parody on Lord Roscommon.*

This second epistle is decidedly inferior to the first, but it no doubt had the effect of irritating and annoying the poet, which was the object Cibber had chiefly, if not solely in view. "I am told the laureate is going to publish a very abusive pamphlet," Pope writes to Warburton. "That is all I can desire; it is enough if it be abusive, and if it be his. He will be more to me than a dose of hartshorn." Johnson gives a comment on this. He had heard Richardson relate that he attended his father the painter, on a visit at Twickenham, when one of Cibber's pamphlets came into the hands of Pope, who said, "These things are my diversion." They sat by him while he perused it, and saw his features writhing with anguish; and young Richardson said to his father when they returned, that he hoped to be preserved from such diversion as had been that day the lot of Pope. The *diversion* was similar to the *mirth* excited by Dennis's first attack, and must have been recollected by Sheridan when he drew Sir Fretful Plagiary. But Pope soon rallied after such fits: the pen was his ready and never-failing resource.

In the summer of this year (1743) the poet was again at Bath. He met Lord Chesterfield—then the only person at the fashionable resort whom he knew—and the peer, he says, made him dine *en malade*, though Pope's physician prescribed garlic. He visited, as usual, at Prior Park, and Martha Blount was invited to meet him. A quarrel unfortunately took place between Mrs. Allen and her female visitor, which for a time alienated Pope from his benevolent and excellent friend. Ruffhead, on the authority of Warburton, ascribes the misunderstanding to Miss Blount's arrogant and unbecoming deportment. Another account (but evidently an erroneous one) represents the disagreement as arising from a

request on the part of Miss Blount to have the use of Mr. Allen's chariot to convey her to the Roman Catholic chapel at Bath, a request which the host declined to comply with, as he then filled the office of mayor of the city, and could not with propriety permit his carriage to be seen at the door of a place of worship to which, as a magistrate, he was restrained from giving a public sanction.<sup>3</sup> Pope took the whole blame on himself. He left Prior Park in indignation, leaving Martha Blount behind him. In the Mapledurham collection is the following letter addressed by her to Pope :

"I hope you are well—I am not. My spirits are quite down, though they should not, for these people deserve so much to be despised. One should do nothing but laugh. I packed up my things yesterday; the servants knew it; Mr. and Mrs. Allen never said a word, nor so much as asked me how I went, where, or when. In short, from every one of them much greater inhumanity than [than] I could conceive anybody could show. Mr. Warburton took no notice of me. 'Tis most wonderful; they have not one of them named your name, nor drunk your health since you went. They talk to one another without putting me at all in the conversation. Lord Archibald [Lord Archibald Hamilton] is come to Lincoln [Lincombe]. I was to have gone this morning in his coach, but unluckily, he keeps it here. I shall go and contrive something with them to-day; for I really do think these people would shove me out, if I did not go soon. I would run all inconveniences and drink the waters, if I thought they would do me good. My present state is deplorable. I'll get out of it as soon as I can. Adieu. My compliments to Mr. Br——[illegible].

Pope instantly replied, entreating Miss Blount also to quit the house :

"So strange a disappointment as I met with," he says, "the ex-

<sup>3</sup> Hawkins. Mr. Allen was mayor up to September, 1743; but the affair of the chariot would have been alluded to in Pope's letter, if it had formed the ground of offence. It is probable, however, that Martha's rigid Catholicism may have aggravated if not caused the dispute. In the collection of letters at Mapledurham, is one written from Bath, in 1747, by Mr. William Chapman, the priest of the Catholic chapel there, and addressed to Martha Blount, who had been visiting at the house of Mr. Edwin, connected with Mr. Allen: "I believe," he says, "I shall never forget that remarkable instance of the true Catholic spirit you then displayed; and I must frankly own that this, and indeed the whole of your behaviour that evening, has left such tender and affectionate concern for your eternal interest in my mind, that it has often vented itself since in the most earnest application to Heaven in your behalf."

treme sensibility which I know is in your nature, of such monstrous treatment, and the bitter reflection that I was wholly the unhappy cause of it, did really so distract me, while with you, that I could neither speak, nor move, nor act, nor think. I was like a man stunned or stabbed, where he expected an embrace; and I was dejected to death, seeing I could do or say nothing to comfort, but everything rather to hurt you. But for God's sake know that I understood it was goodness and generosity you showed me under the appearance of anger itself. When you first bid me go to Lord B.'s from them and hasten thither, I was sensible it was resentment of their conduct to me, and to remove me from such treatment, though you stayed alone to suffer it yourself. But I depended you would not have been a day longer in the house after I left you last; and of all I have endured, nothing gave me so much pain of heart as to find by your letters you were still under their roof. I dread their provoking you to any expression unworthy of you. Even *laughter* would be taking too much notice. But I more dread your spirits, and falling under such a dejection as renders you incapable of resolving on the means of getting out of all this."

He then prescribes a mode of extrication. The difficulties attending a lady travelling alone, or Martha's peculiar timidity, with an indication of the state of the roads, are seen in this passage: "If you would go directly to London, you may, without the least danger, go in a coach and six of King's horses (with a servant on horseback as far as Marlborough, writing to John [Searle] to meet you there) for 6*l*. or 7*l*., as safe, no doubt, as in any nobleman's or gentleman's coach."<sup>4</sup>

He resolved, he said, never more to set foot in the house, and he implored Martha to leave them without a word. This hasty and passionate letter the poet enclosed under cover to a Mr. Edwin, because, as he significantly adds, "I should not wonder if listeners at doors should open letters. W. is a sneaking parson, and I told him he flattered." W. was no doubt Warburton, who was then at Prior Park, and who was treated with double complaisance, as Martha Blount told Spence, to render their ill usage of Mr. Pope more apparent. It is highly improbable that Mr. Allen, who so often entertained the poet, and who so cordially admired him

<sup>4</sup> Roscoe, viii. p. 508, collated with the original.

genius, should have treated his visitor with rudeness. The lady of the mansion had probably looked askance on Miss Blount, and the deportment of the latter was by no means conciliatory.<sup>5</sup> The storm, however, soon blew over. Pope and Allen were again friends, and Warburton was reinstated in his friendly and confidential office of critical adviser and commentator.

The preparation of a complete, correct, and annotated edition of his works was the latest care and anxiety of the poet. Warburton revised the Preface and Essay prefixed to Homer, and supplied comments and notes to the different poems. The Essay on Man and Essay on Criticism, with Warburton's commentaries, were published in a quarto volume in 1743, "in the same paper and character to be bound up with the Dunciad," and the rest of the author's original poems were announced as in preparation. Pope was lavish of compliments to his coadjutor. "You have," he wrote, "not only monthly, but weekly of late, loaded me with favours of that kind which are most acceptable to veteran authors; those garlands which a commentator weaves to hang about the poet, and which are flowers both of his own gathering and painting too—not blossoms springing from the dry author." Warburton wandered far in quest of these editorial flowers, and sometimes gathered thistles! He explored the recesses of his curious and multifarious erudition, brought forward paradoxes to illustrate doubtful and to obscure obvious truths, and he racked his invention to find analogies which were visible only through his "critical telescope." The poet writes again on the same subject, conscious that his increasing weakness rendered it necessary to work while it was yet day:

"Whatever little respites I have had from the daily care of my malady have been employed in revising the papers "On the Use of

<sup>5</sup> In one of the letters of Lady Hervey to the Countess of Suffolk there is an allusion to Miss Blount, couched in the form of a medical allegory: "I am sorry our poor little friend was forced to go to the Bath for so unpleasant a distemper; for I am informed it was to get rid of some *proud flesh* that is grown to his side and makes him extremely uneasy. It is thought it will prove a mortification."







POPE ON THE THAMES, AT TWICKENHAM.

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Riches," which I would have ready for your last revise against you come to town, that they may be begun while you are here. I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one in a full resignation of my being to be disposed of by the Father of all mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example), I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, or so well turn their best side to the day, as your own. This obliges me to confess I have for some months thought myself going, and that not slowly, down the hill—the rather as every attempt of the physicians, and still the last medicines more forcible in their nature, have utterly failed to serve me. I was at last, about seven days ago, taken with so violent a fit at Battersea, that my friends Lord M. and Lord B. sent for present help to the surgeon; whose bleeding me, I am persuaded, saved my life, by the instantaneous effect it had; and which has continued so much to amend me, that I have passed five days without oppression."

While at Battersea he addressed a note to his printer, Bowyer, in Whitefriars, which illustrates his unwearied care and anxiety, even in his last days, with respect to his works. The original is in the British Museum:

"Nov. 3 (1743).

"I am for a few days at Battersea, at Lord Marchmont's, whither I've left orders with the waterman to bring me everything from you. I doubt not you'll be upon the watch, or set any other, in case of any piracy of the *Dunciad*, to inform me, who shall be ready to prosecute. As to the little edition, they have still not separated it aright. The second volume must (as the title you'll see implies) contain the fourth book, as well as the memoirs and index. Pray close your account with Mrs. Cooper of the octavo's second volume (no more of which should now be sold), and make all that remain correspond with the present edition, ready to be republished, as we shall find occasion, the two together. And let me know when you have vended 500 of the quarto. I thank you for all your care, and shall be ever your affect. humble servant, A. POPE."

In his latter years, when rowed up and down the river, Pope usually sat in a sedan chair, in which he was carried to the boat; and so late as 1813 an aged boatman on the

Thames ("Old Horne") survived to talk of "Mr. Pope," whom, when a boy, he had often seen, and well remembered.

On the 12th of December, 1743, the poet made his will. (See Appendix.) A sum of 1000*l.* was left to Martha Blount, with all his household effects, and the residue of his estate after debts and legacies were paid. The produce of the latter being invested in proper securities, and paid half yearly to Miss Blount, was to descend on her death to Mrs. Rackett and her family. To this lady he devised a sum of 300*l.*, and a bond of 500*l.*, due by one of her sons; and to two other sons he left 100*l.* each. To his sister he also left the family pictures and other memorials, of which the final destination is not known. The amount of Pope's fortune seems to have been under 5000*l.*

Short visits to Battersea were still occasionally indulged in. To Bolingbroke and Marchmont he writes :

"Sunday night, Twickenham.

"MY DEAR LORDS,—Yes, I would see you as long as I can see you, and then shut my eyes upon the world as a thing worth seeing no longer. If your charity would take up a small bird that is half dead of the frost, and set it a-chirping for half an hour, I will jump into my cage, and put myself into your hands to-morrow at any hour you send. Two horses will be enough to draw me (and so would two dogs if you had them), but even the fly upon the chariot-wheel required some bigger animal than itself to set it a-going. *Quadrigitis petimus bene vivere* is literally true when one cannot get into good company without horses; and such is my case. I am faithfully to you both a most cordial, entire servant, A. POPE."

When the frost had broken up, a new difficulty to locomotion occurred. The authority of a royal proclamation now prescribed limits to the declining poet's excursions. The threatened invasion of England by the French, accompanied by the young Pretender, caused a general alarm throughout the kingdom, and all Roman Catholics were prohibited from appearing within ten miles of London. The enemy was actually seen off our coast; there was a fleet of fifteen ships of the line and five frigates; and some transports, containing

<sup>6</sup> Marchmont Papers, vol. ii. p. 291.

"Caesar and all his fortunes,"—or Charles Edward and seven thousand troops, under Marshal Saxe, who had embarked at Dunkirk. The English Channel fleet, commanded by Sir John Norris, came within a league of the Brest squadron. Walpole says the coasts were covered with people to see the engagement; but at seven in the evening the wind changed, and the French fleet escaped. A violent storm shattered and wrecked the transports, and the expedition was glad to put back to Dunkirk. This was on the 25th of February. Bolingbroke, who must have felt peculiarly awkward and perplexed at the seemingly approaching contest, seeing he had served both the Courts of St. James and St. Germain's, and was trusted by neither, wrote to Marchmont, "The crisis is terrible, much to be feared, little to be hoped. God help us!" In the same note, however, the versatile peer showed that he was not so absorbed in politics as to forget the claims of friendship. "In all events," he says, "I will be at Twickenham on Sunday morning, and I confess I should be for letting Ward see Pope and prescribe to him." The poet himself had consulted a quack practitioner, Dr. Thomson, a man who had, according to Johnson, by large promises and free censures of the common practice of physic, forced himself into sudden reputation. Thomson recommended the use of waters, and the regular medical attendants conceived that such a prescription was unsuited to a patient suffering under dropsical asthma.<sup>7</sup> About this time the poet received a letter announcing a visit from his old friend Allen. "I thank you very kindly," Pope replied; "I am sure we shall meet with the same hearts we ever met." The government proclamation was an obstacle to their meeting in London. "The utmost I can do I will venture to tell you in your ear. I may slide along the Surrey side (where no Middlesex justice can pretend any cognisance) to Battersea, and

<sup>7</sup> Thomson's prescriptions were satirised in a poem published immediately after Pope's death, entitled "One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty-four, a Poem, by a Great Poet lately deceased." The piece concludes with this couplet:

"Dunces, rejoice, forgive offences past,  
T——, the dunce, has done your work at last!"

there cross the water for an hour or two, in a close chair, to dine with you or so. But to be in town I fear will be imprudent, and thought insolent. At least hitherto, all comply with the proclamation."

Mr. Allen came to Twickenham on the 22nd of March, and Pope communicated to Martha Blount an account of the visit, and of his attempt to clear up the misunderstanding at Prior Park. As this is apparently the last letter written by the poet to his life-long friend and inseparable companion, we subjoin it entire:<sup>8</sup>

"DEAR MADAM,—Writing is become very painful to me, if I would write a letter of any length. In bed, or sitting, it hurts my breast; and in the afternoon I can do nothing, still less by candle-light. I would else tell you everything that passed between Mr. Allen and me. He proposed to have stayed only to dinner; but recollecting the next day was Good Friday, he said he would take a bed here, and fast with me. The next morning I desired him to come into my room before I rose, and opened myself very freely upon the subject, requiring the same unreserve on his part. I told him what I thought of Mrs. Allen's conduct to me before you came, and both hers and his after. He did pretty much what you expected; utterly denied any unkindness or coolness, and protested his utmost desire, and answered for hers, to have pleased you; laid it all upon the *mutual dissatisfaction* between you and her, and hoped I would not be altered toward him by any *misrepresentation* you might make; not that he believed you would tell an untruth, but that you saw things in a mistaken light. I very strongly told him you never made any such; nor, if he considered, was it possible, since all that had passed I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears. I told him I did not impute the unkindness shown me, in behaving so coldly, to him originally, but to Mrs. Allen; and fairly told him I suspected it to have proceeded from some jealousy she had of some designs we had upon his house at Hampton, and confirmed it by the reports I had heard of it from several hands. But he denied this utterly too. I pressed then, that she must have had some very unjust or bad thing suggested to her against you; but he assured me it all rested upon a *mutual misunderstanding* between you two, which appeared in two or three days,

<sup>8</sup> Mr. Roscoe dates this letter 1742. It was clearly written in 1744, as the quarrel at Prior Park did not take place till 1743. We may remark that the house at Prior Park, built by Mr. Allen and afterwards occupied by Warburton, was accidentally destroyed by fire (at least the greater part of it) in 1886. At this time it was occupied by Dr. Baines, a Roman Catholic bishop.

and which he spoke to his wife about, but found he could make her not at all easy in; and that he never in his whole life was so sorry at any disappointment. I said much more, being opener than I intended at first; but finding him own nothing, but stick to this, I turned to make slighter of it, and told him he should not see my behaviour altered to Mrs. Allen so much as hers had been to me (which he declared he did not see); and that I could answer for it, Mrs. Blount was never likely to take any notice of the whole, so far from misrepresenting any particular.

"There were some other particulars, which I may recollect, or tell when we meet. I thought his behaviour a little shy; but in mine, I did my very best to show I was quite unconcerned what it was. He parted, inviting himself to come again at his return in a fortnight. He has been very ill, and looks so. I don't intend to see them in town. But God knows whether I can see any body there; for Cheselden is going to Bath next Monday, with whom at Chelsea I thought to lodge, and so get to you in a morning.

"My own condition is much at one; and, to save writing to you the particulars, which I know you desire to be apprised of, I enclose my letter to the Doctor.

"I assure you I don't think half so much what will become of me, as of you; and when I grow worst, I find the anxiety for you doubled. Would to God you would quicken your haste to settle,\* by reflecting what a pleasure it would be to me just to see it, and to see you at ease; and then I could contentedly leave you to the providence of God in this life, and resign myself to it in the other. I have little to say to you when we meet, but I love you upon unalterable principles, which makes me feel my heart the same to you as if I saw you every hour. Adieu.

"Easter day [March 25, 1744].

"Pray give my services to Lady Gerard; and pray get me some

\* Pope breathes a similar wish in another letter. "I could wish you had once the constancy and resolution to act for yourself, whether before or after I leave you," &c. He had much trouble in adjusting Miss Blount's affairs, and seldom had the satisfaction to please her.—*Boules*. There is in reality no trace of dissatisfaction. By *settling*, Pope evidently means that she should take up housekeeping and have an establishment of her own. She seems at this time to have been much with Lady Gerard, alluded to in the postscript to the above letter. This lady was, we suppose, of the Catholic family of Gerard, of New Hall, Lancashire, the widow of Sir William Gerard, the sixth baronet, who was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Clifford of Lytham, Lancashire. Dr. King, mentioned in the same postscript, was Dr. William King, the Jacobite, Principal of St. Mary Hall, Oxford. In anecdotes of his contemporaries, written by Dr. King, it is said that Pope hastened his death by indulging in high-seasoned dishes and by dram-drinking.

answer to Dr. King, or else it will cost me a letter of excuse to have delayed it so long. I do not understand by your note, nor by Mrs. Arbuthnot's, whether you think of coming hither to-morrow, or when Mr. Murray's depends on his recovery, which is uncertain; and Lord Bolingbroke, the end of the week."<sup>10</sup> (No signature.)

On the following day, Pope addressed another note to Marchmont and Bolingbroke:

"Easter Monday.

"MY DEAR LORDS,—When I see a finer day, or feel a livelier hour, I find my thoughts carried to you, with whom, and for whom chiefly I desire to live. I am a little revived to-day, and hope to be more so by the end of the week, since I think that was the time you gave me hopes you would pass a day or two here. Mr. Murray, by that time, or sooner, if he can, will meet you. I hope Lord Bolingbroke has settled that with him in town. Mr. Warburton is very desirous to wait on you both. If he comes to Battersea in a morning, pray furnish him with my chaise to come on hither, and let the chaise be left here, of whose earthly part I shall make use in my garden, though not of its aquatic. My faithful services wait on Lady Marchmont."

<sup>11</sup>

The same day, on a scrap of paper, with a pencil, he wrote, to his trusted friend Richardson, "You had seen me had I been well. Ill news I did not care to tell you, and I have not been abroad this month, not out of my chamber, nor able to see any but nurses. My asthma seems immovable, but I am something easier. God preserve you!" His last letter to Warburton was written in the following month:

"April, 1744.

"I am sorry to meet you with so bad an account of myself, who should otherwise with joy have flown to the interview. I am too ill to be in town; and within this week so much worse, as to make my journey thither, at present, impracticable, even if there was no Proclamation in my way. I left the town in a decent compliance to that; but this additional prohibition from the highest of all powers I must bow to without murmuring. I wish to see you here. Mr. Allen comes not till the 16th, and you will probably chuse to be in town chiefly while he is there. I received yours just now, and I writ to hinder — from printing the comment on the *Use of Riches* too

<sup>10</sup> Roscoe, viii. p. 504, collated with the original.

<sup>11</sup> Marchmont Papers, ii. p. 381.

hastily, since what you write me, intending to have forwarded it otherwise, that you might revise it during your stay. Indeed my present weakness will make me less and less capable of any thing. I hope at least, now at first, to see you for a day or two here at Twickenham, and concert measures how to enjoy for the future what I can of your friendship. I am," &c.

About three weeks before his death, Pope sent copies of his *Ethic Epistles*—the revised edition, probably, which was then in the course of printing—as presents to his friends. "Here I am, like Socrates," he said, "dispensing my morality among my friends just as I am dying." Spence rejoined, "I really had that thought several times when I was last at Twickenham with you, and was apt now and then to look upon myself as Phædo." "That might be," said Pope, "but you must not expect me now to say anything like Socrates." His friends were unceasing in their attentions. Marchmont and Bolingbroke evinced the most anxious solicitude, and Spence seems to have been rarely absent. Ruffhead charges Martha Blount with indifference and neglect; and Johnson relates that as the sick poet was one day sitting in the open air with his two friends, he saw his favourite Martha Blount at the bottom of the terrace, and asked Lord Bolingbroke to go and hand her up. Bolingbroke, not liking his errand, crossed his legs and sat still; but Lord Marchmont, who was younger and less captious, waited on the lady, who, when he came to her, asked, "What! is he not dead yet?" Much depends on the tone and manner in which words of this kind are uttered; but the anecdote, as thus related, seems incredible. Martha Blount could not be ignorant whether Pope was dead or alive; and even worldly prudence would have prevented such an unfeeling exclamation, for, if Pope was able to sit with his friends in the open air, he was fit also to alter the terms of his Will, and deprive Miss Blount of her legacy. She well knew that the poet was too sensitive to brook either neglect or affront, and too proud not to resent it. Spence says nothing of this indifference and want of feeling, but on the contrary, he quotes a remark of Warburton's, that it "was very observable during Pope's last illness, that Mrs. Blount's coming in gave a new turn of spirits or a temporary strength to him." Pope's



letters to Fortescue show the interest he took up to the close of his life in all matters affecting the pecuniary affairs and comfort of his fair friend. On the whole, therefore, we may assume that a story so inconsistent with the tenderness which had so long subsisted between the parties, and so foreign to the female character at any time of suffering or distress, is destitute of foundation. Of the same nature, we suspect, is a memorandum quoted by Steevens, from Dr. Farmer's Papers, that Pope offered, *in articulo mortis*, to marry Miss Blount. The only allusion in the Mapledurham MSS. to the subject of marriage occurs in a letter from one of Martha's friends, Mr. L. Schrader, Hanover. In reply to a suspicion thrown out by his female correspondent, this gentleman says, "I did not hear a word of a match between you and Mr. Pope. *You once told me that no such thing could ever happen.*" And apparently it never did.

On Sunday, the 6th of May, Pope appears to have been delirious, and four days afterwards he said to Spence (in what we may call the *old vein*), "One of the things that I have always most wondered at is, that there *should be any such thing as human vanity*. If I had any, I had enough to mortify it a few days ago, for I lost my mind for a whole day."

He afterwards complained of that *odd phenomenon*, as he called it, of seeing everything in the room as through a curtain, and of seeing false colours on objects. "He said to me," continues Spence, "'What's that?' pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down on me and said with a smile of great pleasure, and with the greatest softness, 'Twas a vision.'" Lyttelton visited him on the 15th, and as the doctor had previously been congratulating his patient on some improvement in his case, Pope observed to his friend, "Here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms." He suffered most, he said, from finding that he could not think. Bolingbroke wept over his dying friend, exclaiming several times, interrupted by sobs, "O great God, what is man!" Spence says that when he was telling his lordship that Pope, on every recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly either of his present or his absent friends, as if his humanity outlasted his understanding, Bolingbroke replied, "It has so! I never in my life knew a man that had



POPE SURROUNDED BY HIS FRIENDS, A SHORT TIME BEFORE HIS DEATH.

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so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than——" sinking his head and losing himself in tears. A short time before his death, Pope said, "I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition;" and Ruffhead mentions that one morning, at the early hour of four o'clock, he rose from his bed and went into his library, where he was discovered by a friend (Warburton) very busily writing. He was persuaded to desist, and the paper on which he had been engaged was found to be an *Essay on the Immortality of the Soul*, according to a theory of his own, in which he spoke of those material things which tend to strengthen and support the soul's immortality, and of those which weaken and destroy it.<sup>12</sup> Bolingbroke was of a different stamp—all his views were material; and when Cheselden, the surgeon, remarked, "There is no hope for him (Pope) here; our only hope for him must be——" Bolingbroke broke in with "Pshaw!—we can only reason from what is; we can reason on actualities, but not on possibilities." He was a stranger to the "still small voice" which had at length reached the dying ear of Pope.

On the 27th the poet quoted two of his own verses on his whole life having been divided between carelessness and care; the passage occurring in his *Imitation of Horace*, addressed to Colonel Cotterell:

"I, who at some times spend, at others spare,  
Divided between carelessness and care.  
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;  
Another, not to heed to treasure more."

The same day he requested to be brought to the table where his friends were sitting at dinner. His dying appearance was remarked by all present, and Miss Ann Arbuthnot

<sup>12</sup> It appears from Spence that in this *Essay*, or rather memorandum, Pope said something about generous wines helping the immortality of the soul; whereas spirituous liquors served only to mortalise it. This extraordinary idea must be ascribed to temporary delirium—the wandering of the mind; but it probably glances at the poet's habit of dram-drinking, which seems to have grown upon him, and the ill effects of which he must have been conscious of.

(with a touch of her father's spirit) exclaimed, "Lord have mercy upon us! this is quite an Egyptian feast!" Next day Pope sat in his garden in a sedan-chair for three hours. This was his last survey of a scene in which he had taken so much interest and delight—a scene then in the flush of May beauty, and consecrated by poetry, taste, and friendship.<sup>13</sup>

The day preceding his death he took an airing in Bushy Park. Hooke, the Roman historian, a zealous Catholic, though attached to the mysticism and quietism of Fenelon, now approached the poet, asking him whether he would not die as his father and mother had done, and whether he should not send for a priest? Pope said, "I do not suppose that is essential, but it will look right; and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it." The priest who discharged the last office came out from the dying man, as Hooke said, penetrated to the last degree with the state of mind in which he found his penitent, resigned, and wrapt up in the love of God and man.<sup>14</sup> Warton adds, that such was the fervour of the poet's devotion, that he exerted all his strength to throw himself out of bed that he might receive the last sacrament—kneeling on the floor. Recollection of the death-bed of his parents, as well as visions of immortality, had at that moment "fired the glazing eye" of Pope, and inspired him with pious and penitential fervour. He said afterwards, "there is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and, indeed, friendship itself is but a part of virtue." Hooke whispered this to Bolingbroke at table, and the peer answered, "Why, to be sure, that is the whole duty of man."

<sup>13</sup> Dugald Stewart mentions among the trivial yet interesting incidents which marked the last weeks of Robertson the historian's life, his daily visits to the fruit-trees in his garden, which were then in blossom, and the smile with which he contrasted the interest he took in their progress with the event which was to happen before their maturity.

<sup>14</sup> Warton relates that the priest had scarcely departed from Pope's house, when Bolingbroke, coming over from Battersea, flew into a great fit of passion and indignation on the occasion of his being called in. Lord Chesterfield's comment on the incident is of a similar complexion. "He (Pope) was a Deist, believing in a future state. This he has often owned himself to me; but when he died he sacrificed a cock to Esculapius, and suffered the priests who got about him to perform all their absurd ceremonies on his body."

We shall see how soon and how signally Bolingbroke forgot this paramount duty.

Pope died on the evening of Wednesday, the 30th of May, 1744, so easily and imperceptibly, that his attendants did not know the exact time of his departure. He had exactly completed fifty-six years and nine days—a term of life not short, as Johnson has remarked, when we remember his irregular conformation, and his diligence of study and meditation. His life was one long disease, but the mind triumphed over every material obstruction. In his will the poet had directed that he should be buried near the monument to his parents in Twickenham Church, and that his remains should be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom he ordered a suit of mourning. He was interred on Tuesday, the 5th of June, and a stone in the middle aisle of the church, inscribed with the letter P, marks the spot.

Among the numerous verses, epitaphs, and criticisms called forth by Pope's death, were some lines by his old victim and antagonist, Colley Cibber. To quote Cibber's verses on any occasion is to show his weak side, but the reader may be interested by observing the feeling with which the Laureate approached a subject fraught to him with so many recollections :

“ Our pious praise on tombstones runs so high,  
Readers might think that none but good men die.  
If graves held only such, Pope, like his verse,  
Had still been breathing and escaped the hearse.  
Though fell to all men's failings but his own,  
Yet to assert his vengeance or renown,  
None ever reached such heights of Helicon !  
Even death shall let his dust this truth enjoy,  
That not his errors can his fame destroy.”

Walpole extracts some better lines from one of the papers of the day : the greater part, he said, expressed Pope's true character, and such seems to have been the opinion of most of his contemporaries :

“ Here lies, who died, as most folks die, in hope,  
The mouldering, more ignoble part of Pope ;  
The bard whose sprightly genius dared to wage  
Poetic war with an immoral age ;

Made every vice and private folly known  
 In friend and foe—a stranger to his own;  
 Set Virtue in its loveliest form to view,  
 And still profess'd to be the sketch he drew.  
 As humour or as interest served his verse  
 Could praise or flatter, libel or asperse;  
 Unharming innocence with guilt could lead,  
 Or lift the rebel patriot to a god;  
 Give the censorious critic standing laws—  
 The first to violate them with applause;  
 The just translator and the solid wit,  
 Like whom the passions few so truly hit:  
 The scourge of dunce whom his malice made—  
 Th' impious plague of the defenceless dead:  
 To real knaves and real fools a sore—  
 Beloved by many but abhor'd by more.  
 If here his merits are not full express'd,  
 His never-dying strains shall tell the rest."

There was one conspicuous person who regarded the death of Pope with a peculiar interest. This was Sarah, the old Duchess of Marlborough. Before the remains of Pope were committed to the grave, Sarah was eager in her inquiries after his unpublished papers. She was then in her eighty-fourth year, and in a few more months she was destined to follow Pope to the tomb; but even at this advanced age she retained not only what Walpole terms "a few of those sallies of wit which fourscore years of arrogance could not fail to produce in so fantastic an understanding," but all her restlessness, her worldly management, and active curiosity regarding living characters and passing events. Pope had studied her closely, had been frequently in her company, and had delineated her character under the name of Atossa in that famous satire which now forms part of his epistle on the Characters of Women. The satire was not published during the life of either the poet or the Duchess, but it was no doubt one of the reserved portraits which, in a note to the epistle, he said related to "vice too high" to be exposed in that age. Warburton informed Spence that Pope read his character of the Duchess to herself as if intended for the Duchess of Buckingham, but she spoke of it afterwards, and said she knew very well whom he meant. Walpole had heard the same story. The poet, he says, communicated his character of Atossa to each Duchess, pretending it was

levelled at the other. "The Buckingham believed him: the Marlborough had more sense, and knew herself, and gave him a thousand pounds to suppress it; and yet he left the copy behind!"<sup>15</sup> Warton also advanced this charge against Pope on the authority of the Duchess of Portland, adding that the poet accepted the thousand pounds to suppress the satire by the persuasion of Martha Blount. Warton's statement appeared first, in 1797; Walpole's, though written in 1789, was not published until 1798. They were separate and independent testimonies. Another was added by the publication of the Marchmont Papers in 1831. Immediately on the death of Pope, the Duchess applied to one of his executors, Lord Marchmont, with the view of ascertaining whether the poet had left behind him any satire on the Duke or herself. Marchmont consulted Bolingbroke, to whom Pope had assigned the care and disposal of all his manuscripts and unprinted papers. Bolingbroke writes:

"I continue in the resolution I mentioned to you last night upon what you said to me from the Duchess of Marlborough. It would be a breach of that confidence which Pope reposed in me to give any one such of his papers as I think no one should see. If there are any that may be injurious to the late Duke or her Grace, even indirectly and covertly, as I hope there are not, they shall be destroyed, and you shall be a witness of their destruction. Copies of any such, I hope and believe, there are none abroad;<sup>16</sup> and I hope the Duchess will believe I scorn to keep copies when I destroy originals."

In a few days the secret transpired. A week after the date of the previous note, Bolingbroke again wrote to Marchmont:

"Our friend Pope, it seems, corrected and prepared for the press, just before his death, an edition of the four epistles that follow the Essay on Man. They were then printed off and are now ready for publication. I am sorry for it, because if he could be excused for writing the character of Atossa formerly, there is no excuse for his

<sup>15</sup> Walpole's Reminiscences.

<sup>16</sup> "The Duke of Marlborough's character, intended for the fourth epistle of the Essay on Man, I never transcribed but for one great personage."—*Warburton*, in *Spence*, p. 366. Mr. Cunningham states (*Johnson's Lives*, iii. 78) that this suppressed character of Marlborough exists, and is in Mr. Croker's hands. The essence of it is no doubt given in the highly-finished satire on the Duke in the fourth epistle of the Essay on Man.



design of publishing it after the favour you and I know; and the character of Atossa is inserted. I have a copy of the book. Warburton has the propriety [or property] of it, as you know. Alter it he cannot by the terms of the will. Is it worth while to suppress the edition? or should her Grace's friends say (as they may from several strokes in it) that it was not intended for her character? and should she despise it? If you come over hither, we may talk better than write on the subject."<sup>17</sup>

It might be matter of question, whether the favour here alluded to was a specific and important obligation, or merely personal courtesy and hospitality extended to Pope in the latter years of his life. But at the bottom of the original letter Lord Marchmont's executor, Mr. George Rose (the well-known politician and President of the Board of Trade in Pitt's Administration), wrote in pencil "1000*l.*," and this sum Mr. Rose's son, the editor of the Marchmont papers, says "Lord Marchmont stated to be the favour received by Pope from the hands of the Duchess of Marlborough." Lord Marchmont could not be mistaken, and unless an unwarranted use of his name has been resorted to, the transaction as related by Walpole and Warton is substantially confirmed. The gift may have been unconditional, for neither party is likely to have stooped to a bargain: Pope may have considered it as applicable only to the satire on the Duke, which he *did* suppress; but its acceptance implied forbearance, if not amity and friendship towards the house of Marlborough, and Pope's conduct, judged by the evidence we possess, is unjustifiable.

Yet surely such an act is contrary to the tenor of the poet's life, if not of his moral character. It was his boast that he was "unplaced, unpensioned, no man's heir or slave." He had rejected offers of Treasury grants from Halifax and Craggs; he had even, as Warburton asserts, declined making use of a subscription for 1000*l.* of South Sea stock which Craggs would have pressed upon him. To his noble friend Bathurst and others, he was a lender, not a borrower, and his annuities secured him against any heavy reverse of fortune.

<sup>17</sup> Marchmont Papers, ii. 334. Bolingbroke's notes are undated, but must have been written before the 18th of June, when he had left England and was in Calais.

It was only late in life apparently that the intimacy sprang up between Pope and the Duchess of Marlborough. In 1739 he tells Swift that she was making great court to him. She was, indeed, flattering and favouring all the leaders of the Opposition, and in 1740 she made a present of a thousand pounds to Lord Marchmont on the occasion of his father's death. She stood in terror of Pope, and in 1742 she begged of Marchmont that when he talked of her to the poet he would endeavour to keep him her friend. She would always be pleased, she said, to see his lordship or Mr. Pope whenever they would be so "bountiful" as to give her any part of their time. But Pope evidently looked upon her with aversion. In July, 1743—only ten months before his death—he wrote to Marchmont: "There are many hours I could be glad to talk to, or rather to hear, the Duchess of Marlborough. . . . I could listen to her with the same veneration and belief in all her doctrines, as the disciples of Socrates gave to the words of their master, or he himself to his demon (for, I think, she too has a devil, whom in civility we call a genius). *I will judge of nothing till I see her.*" It must have been about this time, if ever, that the bribe was offered and accepted. The poet may have become avaricious for another, if not for himself. There are indications of a love of money in his publication of the licentious version of Horace, "Sober Advice," and in the subscription edition of his Letters. The former was injurious to his fame, and the latter was not necessary towards it, as the cheap editions of the Letters were in every one's hands. But Pope was strongly and passionately desirous to see Martha Blount settled in easy and independent circumstances for life. Her mother had died at the beginning of this year (March 31, 1743), and he had agreed to purchase for her, at a cost of 315*l.*, the remainder of the lease of a house in Berkeley-row.<sup>18</sup> He had some time before engaged Fortescue to procure an annuity for life for 1000*l.* in behalf of a lady of their acquaintance, evidently Miss Blount.<sup>19</sup> And thus we may con-

<sup>18</sup> See letter from George Arbuthnot to Miss Blount in the Appendix.

<sup>19</sup> Roscoe, ix. 420. This must have been before 1742, as the letter contains an allusion to "Sir R. W.," or Walpole, who was elevated to the peerage in that year.

ceive that the poet, blinded by affection and impelled by what seemed a generous and unselfish feeling, yielded to the temptation, and was ultimately induced, as Warton reports, by female persuasion, to accept of a "favour" from the haughty Duchess who would gladly have purchased his friendship or his silence at any price, and whose wealth was known to be almost boundless.

Shortly afterwards, Bolingbroke's attention was drawn to what he considered another act of perfidy on the part of Pope. Some years previous to the poet's death (most probably in 1738, the date affixed to the "Patriot King"), the noble lord had commissioned his friend to get printed for him a few copies, for private distribution, of some political treatises, "Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, on the Idea of a Patriot King, and on the State of Parties." The letters were addressed to Lord Cornbury, and printed copies were also given to Wyndham, Bathurst, Marchmont, Murray, Lyttelton, and Pope. The poet, it is said, had shown his copy to Ralph Allen, who admired it so much that, as in the case of Pope's Letters, he offered to defray the expense of printing an edition of the work. It is certain that instead of confining himself to the limited number of copies for distribution to friends, Pope had privately ordered an impression of 1500 copies, which were kept by the printer until the poet's death, after which Lord Bolingbroke was informed of the transaction. He thus writes to Marchmont on the subject :

" Battersea, Oct. 22nd, 1744.

" MY DEAR LORD,—Since you will take the trouble of receiving from Mr. Wright [the printer] the edition of that Paper, which our late friend caused so treacherously to be made; and since I mean to have it only to destroy it, the bringing it hither would be useless. Be so good, therefore, as to see it burned at your house, to help to dry which is the best use it can be put to. If your lordship pleases to speak earnestly to Wright of the necessity that no copy be left, and of your desire and mine, that he would be attentive to discover whether any be left, and to give notice of any the least apprehension of a publication by that means, you will oblige me extremely."<sup>20</sup>

<sup>20</sup> Marchmont Papers; vol. ii. p. 338.

This injunction was not literally complied with, for Marchmont had all the copies carried out to Battersea, and burned on the terrace there. Next year there appears to have been some talk of Warburton undertaking a Life of the poet, and Bolingbroke wrote to Mallet :

“ Battersea, July 25, 1745.

“They say that War. talks very indecently of your humble servant, and threatens him with the terrible things he shall throw out in a Life he is writing of our poor deceased friend Pope. I value neither the good nor the ill-will of the man ; but if he has any regard for the man he flattered living, and thinks himself obliged to flatter dead, he ought to let a certain proceeding die away in silence as I endeavour it should.”<sup>21</sup>

It is to be regretted that Bolingbroke did not abide by this resolution. Pope had committed a breach of trust, but the public were ignorant of it, and no advantage was to be gained by the exposure. The probable motives to the act were also to be considered. But Bolingbroke was not without an author's vanity and irritability, and in 1749 he contrived to gratify these, and at the same time to heap odium on the memory of his departed friend. He delivered to Mallet a corrected copy of the suppressed work, in order that it might be published, and prefixed to it was an advertisement written in a mean, offensive, and malignant spirit as regards the deceased poet. In this advertisement, we are told that “the original draughts were entrusted to a man on whom the author thought he might entirely depend, after he had exacted from him, and taken his promise, that they should never go into any hands except those of five or six persons, who were then named to him.” Again : “But *this man* was no sooner dead, than he-(Lord B.) received information that an entire edition of 1500 copies of these papers had been printed ; that *this very man* had corrected the press, and that he had left them in the hands of the printer, to be kept with great secrecy till further order. The honest printer kept his word with him better than he kept his with his friend, so that the whole edition came at last into the hands of the author, except some few copies which *this person* had

<sup>21</sup> Bolingbroke MSS. in British Museum.

taken out of the heap and carried away." The burning of the impression is then related, and the writer adds, what no doubt was the great aggravation of the case in Bolingbroke's estimation, "The *man* who had been guilty of this breach of trust, had taken upon him further to divide the subject, and to alter and omit passages according to the suggestions of his own fancy." It would have been quite impossible for Pope to have had any manuscript in his possession without retouching or correcting it: to this he was driven, as it were, by a law of his nature; but the manner in which the transaction is thus described five years after its occurrence, when any immediate resentment caused by Pope's conduct must have been long extinct, shows how hollow and insincere was the friendship of Bolingbroke. His name did not appear as editor of this volume. Mallet is believed to have assumed the character, and he is said to have received 150*l.* from the bookseller for the copyright of the work. This was motive enough for him (though he was not poor) to asperse any friend, or undertake any despicable office. He was as ready to insult the memory of Pope, as he had been to fawn upon him and flatter him when living. But what defence can be urged for Bolingbroke? Horace Walpole says that the peer gave the work to Mallet to buy himself out of the abuse in the Duke of Marlborough's Life, or to buy himself into the supervision of it. Mallet was believed to be then engaged on a Life of Marlborough, having received by the Duchess's will the sum of 1000*l.* for undertaking such a work; but it is well known he did nothing but accept the money, and display in the affair a refinement of knavery characteristic of his whole life. Even Walpole's statement, if we assume it to be correct, will not excuse the grossly indecent manner in which, under the anonymous disguise of an editor, Bolingbroke traduced the poet in this advertisement. The revulsion of feeling must be attributed to some other cause, and not, we suspect, to a pecuniary cause, for avarice was not one of Bolingbroke's vices. The most probable supposition is, that, in addition to mortified vanity, arising from Pope's unauthorised corrections and alterations, he was indignant at the poet having bequeathed to Warburton the copyright of all his printed works, which not only withdrew them from his own control, but ensured their being in future accompanied with commen-

taries directly opposed to the spirit of his philosophy. Warburton he hated as a priest and despised as a critic, yet Pope, long his disciple, had preferred Warburton to Bolingbroke! The priest, too, was understood to be preparing a life and justification of the poet, in which he, Bolingbroke, would be cast down from the high and glittering eminence to which Pope had elevated him. Thus the "guide, philosopher, and friend," was transformed into the coarse and cowardly assailant, shooting his arrows from behind a mask, to destroy the reputation of the poet, who had through every vicissitude of fortune and opinion been fondly attached to him, who had embalmed his name in never-dying verse, and regarded his person and talents with a veneration approaching to idolatry.

The publication of this work called forth a reply from Warburton, "A Letter to the Editor of the Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, &c." This is an able and spirited vindication, and places Pope's conduct on its true basis, "an excessive and superstitious zeal for Lord Bolingbroke's glory." It could not proceed from avarice, for the infirm health of Pope rendered it in the highest degree improbable that he would outlive his friend; it could not be a love of fame, for what reputation could be gained by printing the work of another? As little could Pope have dreamt that his conduct would be construed as treacherous, for he must have known that the impression would come into Bolingbroke's hands, the printer having been made acquainted with the name of the author. "His last illness was long and tedious," says Warburton, "and was known by him, as well as by his physicians, to be fatal: he might therefore have burned these fifteen hundred copies with a secrecy equal to the ostentation with which they were all destroyed in one common fire." No doubt Pope expected to be able to overcome the false modesty of his friend, and obtain his concurrence to the publication; but even if he did not succeed in this, here was the invaluable treatise secured for the honour and justification of his noble friend, "treasured up for a life beyond life," for the benefit of mankind! It matters not that the work did not contain one sentence that the world could be the better for: Pope and Ralph Allen thought otherwise.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Horace Walpole, though no lover of Pope, took the same view of the

Bolingbroke felt called upon to answer Warburton's effective reply. He immediately published, in the disguise of a third person, a scurrilous pamphlet which bore a happy title that long amused the public, "A Familiar Epistle to the Most Impudent Man Living." There was little or no attempt at argument in this abusive production, and nothing that relieved Bolingbroke from the odium of being the traducer of Pope. Mallet was supposed to be the writer of it, and he was answered with equal asperity, in "A Letter to the Lord Viscount B——ke, occasioned by his treatment of a deceased Friend." This letter was popularly ascribed to Warburton, but it is doubtful whether it proceeded from his pen.<sup>23</sup> "An Apology for the late Mr. Pope," "The Impostor

case. "As to his printing so many copies, it certainly was a compliment, and the more profit (which, however, could not be immense) he expected to make, the greater opinion he must have conceived of the merit of the work. If one had a mind to defend Pope, should not one ask, if anybody ever blamed Virgil's executors for not burning the *Æneid*, as he ordered them?" — *Walpole to Sir H. Munn*, May 17, 1749. Martha Blount told Spence that she had heard Pope speak of the work, and could take her oath that the printing was done out of his excessive esteem for Bolingbroke and his abilities.

<sup>23</sup> The writer says Mallet believed that Warburton was engaged on a Life of Pope, and as they were together in company one day, Mallet related an anecdote illustrative of his own absurd vanity. "I was sitting one day with Mr. Pope in his last illness, who, coming suddenly out of a reverie and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon me: Mr. M. (said he), I have had an odd kind of vision. Methought I saw my own head open and Apollo come out of it; I then saw your head open and Apollo went into it; after which our heads closed up again." Warburton replied: "Why, sir, if I had an intention of writing *your* life, this might perhaps be a proper anecdote; but I don't see that in Mr. Pope's it will be of any consequence at all." Among the Bolingbroke MSS. in the British Museum is a paper in Bolingbroke's handwriting, and also a copy in that of Mallet, referring to this Apollo vision. The first part we conceive to be a copy of a letter addressed to some one by Warburton:

"With regard to Mr. Mallet's declaration, there is only one way to convince me he is not the author of that infamous libel [A Familiar Letter to the Most Impudent Man Living?], which is by taking an opportunity of disowning it publicly. I think my honour is concerned that it be publicly known I had no hand in the letter to Lord B. [A Letter to the Lord Viscount B——ke] merely on account of the Apollo story, and I shall do it on the first occasion. If Mr. M. does not do the same with regard to this libel, I shall consider him as the author of it, and act in consequence of that

detected and convicted," and other pamphlets and newspaper attacks, continued for some time this acrimonious discussion.

Bolingbroke affected a lofty disdain of these controversial missiles, hurled at him so unsparingly. "They are of the lowest form," he wrote to Marchmont, "and they seem to be held in the contempt they deserve. There I shall leave them, nor suffer a nest of harnets to disturb the quiet of my retreat. If these letters of mine come to your hands, your lordship will find that I have left out all that was said to our friend Lyttelton in one of them. He desired that it might be so; and I had at once the double mortification of concealing the good I had said of one friend, and of revealing the turpitude of another." But though attacked by Whig, Tory, Trimmer, and Jacobite, he consoled himself with the alliance of Truth. "If I have Truth, that is stronger than them all, on my side, and in her company, and avowed by her, I have more satisfaction than their applause and their favour could give me!" Such support and satisfaction required no ungenerous aspersions or virulence to vindicate their superiority. But Bolingbroke's truth never

belief. Sir, I desire you would let Mr. Millar know, and if he chooses let him have a transcript of what I here say."

Then follows this postscript:

"N.B. I never took the slightest notice of this impudent, silly-threatening from Warburton. The writer I had no reason to be afraid of—the man I abhorred. A head filled with paradoxes, unproved and unprovable; a heart overflowing with virulence and the most slanderous malice."

Then another postscript:

"N.B. I never wrote a pamphlet, nor a sentence in any pamphlet, concerning this wrong-headed and dogmatical pedant."

To the copy in Mallet's hand, his signature is affixed. Bolingbroke had probably written the denial for his friend; and Mallet could honestly adopt it, for the "Familiar Letter" imputed to him was written by Bolingbroke: Mr. Cooke, the biographer of the latter, says (*Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 218) that he has the MS. in Bolingbroke's handwriting. Mallet's widow presented the Bolingbroke papers to the British Museum. Among them is the original manuscript of the Advertisement prefixed to the "Patriot King" so abusive of Pope. It is, like the other MSS., prepared for the press in the handwriting of an amanuensis, but corrected by Bolingbroke. Mallet was merely the passive instrument engaged in seeing the works published.



gave stability to his conduct, nor virtue to his principles; nor did it confer happiness. His old age was a scene of fretful, undignified querulousness and discontent. It was prolonged for only a short period after this last public humiliation, as he died on the 15th of November, 1751, in the seventy-fourth year of his age.

The other noble and conspicuous friends of Pope have found places in history. Murray and Lyttelton rose to deserved



LORD LYTTELTON.

eminence. Chesterfield became the best Viceroy and the wisest counsellor Ireland had ever seen. Marchmont and Bathurst enjoyed each a long life of respect. The latter united a sort of French vivacity to English principles, and mingled freely in society till past ninety, living to walk under the shade of lofty trees which Pope and he had planted, and to see his son Lord Chancellor of England. Warburton was made a bishop. The faithful Joseph Spence obtained a prebend's stall in Durham Cathedral, besides a rectory in Buck-

inghamshire; and he received from Lord Lincoln a house and grounds in Surrey, where he tried to rival Pope as a landscape gardener. The good Ralph Allen took Pope's old gardener, John Searle, into his service, and doubled the poet's legacy of a hundred pounds. But Allen did more: he lived to be the munificent patron of Fielding, and the protector of his orphan children. There are two other members of the Pope circle whom the reader may wish to follow to the end, Teresa and Martha Blount. Martha removed from Welbeck-street to Berkeley-street, and occupied till her death the house which Pope had taken on lease—"the last house on the end next Berkeley-square"—which apparently still remains. Her intimacy with the surviving friends of the poet continued undiminished. Teresa died on the 7th of October, 1759, and was buried on the 11th, in St. Pancras churchyard, long a favourite burying-ground with

Roman Catholics; she was then in her seventy-first year. Martha survived till the 12th of July, 1763, when she was seventy-three years of age. By her will, she constituted her "dear nephew," Michael Blount, of Mapledurham, her executor; and a Catholic clergyman in Worcester (the Rev. Thomas Phillips, author of the *Life of Cardinal Pole*), in a letter of condolence addressed to Mr. Blount on the death of his aunt, speaks warmly in praise of Martha. "I may truly say," he observes, "the death of few persons would have been so sensible to me as that of Mrs. Blount. I had known her intimately for ten years, and found I had reason to value her in proportion as I was acquainted with her. Her conversation was not entertaining only, but improving in a very uncommon degree. It is hard to say if she was more estimable for good sense and universal knowledge, or being exempt from all affectation and desire of appearing to have any other merit than what generally falls to women of her rank."<sup>24</sup> Martha, it is evident, died a good Catholic, at peace with the Church and her own family, and we may allow her, unapproached, "sleep out the Sabbath of the tomb."

On the east wall of Twickenham Church, over the gallery, Pope had placed the monument to his parents, which he has described in a note on the *Epistle to Arbuthnot*. On the north wall, seventeen years after the poet's death, when he could write himself bishop, Warburton erected a monument to Pope, with a medallion portrait, and the following inscription:

<sup>24</sup> Mapledurham MSS. Mr. Swinburne, the traveller, who frequently visited his relation, Martha Blount, described her to Warton as "a little, neat, fair, prim old woman, easy and gay in her manner and conversation, but seeming not to possess any extraordinary talents." Horace Walpole, shortly after Pope's death, saw Martha, and by a few touches of his graphic pen places her distinctly before us. "I was standing at my window," he says, "after dinner, in summer, in Arlington-street, and saw Patty Blount with nothing remaining of her immortal charms but her blue eyes, trudging on foot, with her petticoats pinned up, for it rained, to visit 'blameless Bethell,' who was sick at the end of the street." Mr. Bethell, by his will, left Martha a legacy of 50*l*.

## ALEXANDRO POPE.

M. H.

GUILIELMUS EPISCOPUS GLOCESTRIENSIS

AMICITIE CAUSA, FAC. CUR.

MDCCXII.

BOMTA LOQUITUR.

*For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.*

Heroes and kings your distance keep!  
 In peace let one poor poet sleep;  
 Who never flattered folks like you:  
 Let Horace blush and Virgil too!

The bad taste evinced in parading these careless and petulant lines on the walls of a church, near the poet's grave, is too glaring to require comment. Any such inscription was a direct violation of the wishes and feelings of Pope as expressed in his will.



MONUMENT TO POPE IN TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

And now the curtain has dropped on this little life-drama, with its range of familiar incidents and characters, its plots and entanglements, its exits and its entrances. A crowd of critics and biographers succeed, eminent men, from Johnson to Byron, who did homage at the shrine of Pope, and the variety of their worship shows that it was neither servile nor insincere. Johnson, from his intimacy with Savage, and having passed the early part of his literary career among Pope's contemporaries, was well informed as to the poet's life and habits, and indulges in unwonted minuteness of detail on the subject. He almost anticipates Boswell in circumstantial narrative and close portrait painting. It is obvious, however, that he drew Pope only as he appeared in his latter years. The extreme weakness and helplessness, which required perpetual female attendance, and rendered him almost unable to stand upright till he was wrapped in his fur-doublet and encased in stays, did not exist when the poet played the boon companion and rode on horseback with Gay, Jervas, and Arbuthnot, even accomplishing the journey to Oxford in one day. All his life, Pope appears to have been fond of locomotion, and was constantly flying from one friend's house to another. So late as 1735, when he was in his forty-seventh year, Spence records an instance of his activity and humanity. The Professor of Poetry was lolling in a coffee-house in Oxford, half asleep, he says, when an ostler-boy came to him with a scrap of paper, not half an inch broad ("paper-sparing Pope"), containing the words, "Mr. Pope would be very glad to see Mr. Spence at the Cross Inn just now." Away went Spence delighted with the summons, and found the poet in his inn. He had been at Lord Peterborough's, and proceeded to Oxford in a chariot of his lordship's that held but one person. When he had got within three miles of the city, he saw a party, consisting of a lady and two gentlemen, sitting by the roadside. Their carriage had been overturned, and was useless, and the lady had an arm broken. The poet alighted, put the poor lady into the chariot, and himself walked on to Oxford, three miles, on a close, sultry day. And the same evening he was able to proceed to Colonel Dormer's, at Rousham.

The poet's constitutional infirmities increased considerably after he had passed his fortieth year. His excursions

on horseback were abandoned; he became a troublesome visitor, calling up servants at all hours, but recompensing them liberally; and he stimulated himself by high-seasoned dishes and liqueurs. Mr. Berkeley (afterwards the husband of Lady Suffolk) describes a journey made by a party of which Pope was one in the summer of 1734. Writing from Shotover, near Oxford, Berkeley says, "We performed our journey hither with great ease, only little Pope was very ill the whole day. Pope grew better at supper, and, of course, very irregular, and laughed at me for the care I pretended to take of him." The *pretence* had been too obvious. Some of the poet's friends treated these sicknesses as imaginary, setting them down to what Johnson calls "the unpleasing and unsocial qualities of a valetudinary man." Lady Hervey—no very friendly observer—remarks, "He always loved applying himself to all the quacks he could meet with; and when he was in perfect health, was always fancying or feigning himself ill, often changed his physician, and frequently would have three or four at a time; but they all found him out, and the moment they felt his pulse, declared him only the *malade imaginaire*." Alas, Lady Fanny, blessed with health, and beauty, and domestic happiness—the world all sunshine with her (and she deserved it)—could ill understand the solitary, irritable, studious poet, his constant headaches and morbid nervous temperament! He snatched at every passing enjoyment, eager for relief, and paid a heavy penalty for what would have harmed no other person. "You do well," said Bathurst to Mrs. Howard, "to reprove him (Pope) about his intemperance; for he makes himself sick at your most moderate and plain table in England. Yesterday I had a little piece of salmon just caught out of the Severn, and a fresh pike that was brought me from the other side of your house out of the Thames. He ate as much as he could of both, and insisted upon his moderation, because he made his dinner upon one dish." And, no doubt, he rewarded his moderation with some choice cordial from one of the long-stalked glasses that were handed round at Oakley Bower.

Mr. Rogers remembered an old shopman of Cadell the publisher relating the following incident, illustrative of Pope's personal appearance in his latter years. "One morning,

as I was visiting a friend at Twickenham, and walking in one of the lanes there, we met a thin little man in a suit



FAC-SIMILE OF THE ONLY FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT OF POPE.

of rusty black and cocked hat, who walked with difficulty. My friend's son, a boy, who was with us, exclaimed, 'Poor

man!" "Poor man!" interrupted the senior, "that is no poor man; it is the great Mr. Alexander Pope." He was always at Twickenham called Mr. *Alexander* Pope, probably because there was some other Mr. Pope in the village." Like Dryden, Pope took snuff; but we are not told that he was so particular about this luxury as the elder bard, who prepared it himself after some peculiar fashion of his own. In his epistle to Bolingbroke, Pope says,

" You laugh, half beau, half sloven, if I stand,  
My wig all powder and all snuff my band."

But when he went abroad or received company he was as particular and precise in his dress as he was in his poetry. With regard to his small person, that fertile topic with his enemies, the dunces and censors (including even Lady Mary), we need only quote Pope's own description of it in his history of the Little Club, in the *Guardian*: "Dick Distich we have elected President, not only as he is the shortest of us all, but because he has entertained so just a sense of his stature as to go generally in black, that he may appear yet less; nay, to that perfection is he arrived that he stoops as he walks. The figure of the man is odd enough; he is a lively little creature, with long arms and legs: a spider is no ill emblem of him; he has been taken at a distance for a small windmill." He was protuberant both behind and before, and one of his sides was contracted. But though he could bring himself occasionally to jest on his little misshapen figure, Pope was exceedingly sensitive regarding the caricatures by his enemies. No injury was held more atrocious than

" The libell'd person and the pictured shape."

His "effigies" were generally in the form of a monkey in a library, holding a pen in his hand, and leaning on a pile of books. None of them, however, defrauded him of his best feature, the quick, piercing eye. The portraits of Kneller and Jervas have made us familiar with Pope's fine, thoughtful countenance—thin and pale—and showing a smooth, capacious forehead.

The poet's household was managed with exemplary care and economy. Prudence has been pronounced a pharisaical

virtue not much in favour with poets; but Pope was an exception to the careless irregularity of the tuneful tribe. His income was about 800*l.* per annum, arising from life annuities, chiefly purchased after the Homer subscription, from three or four thousand pounds left him by his father, and from the sale of his works. He is said to have given away 100*l.* a year in charity. To his relatives he was generous. His liberality to Savage has been already mentioned, and Johnson states that he assisted Dodsley, when the latter commenced bookseller, with a hundred pounds. He loved to entertain his friends at Twickenham, though, if we may credit Johnson's information, there was something of ostentatious meanness in his hospitality—"as when he had two guests in his house he would set at supper a single pint of wine upon the table, and having taken himself two small glasses, would retire and say, 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.'" This statement receives some countenance from an expression in one of the Duchess of Queensberry's letters to Swift: "The Duke," she says, "is very much yours, *and will never leave you to your wine.*" Swift, who indulged liberally in the use of wine, had probably complained of his host at Twickenham, though he loved him with the affection of a brother.

Notwithstanding his frequent country excursions and long visits to his friends, Pope preferred reading to conversation. He loved to be alone, Swift said, and had always some poetical scheme in his head. This may have been peculiarly the case at the time of Swift's residence with his friend, when we know he was engaged with the *Miscellanies* and *Dunciad*, but Chesterfield, who had been with him a week at a time at Twickenham, and thus saw his mind in its undress, describes him as an agreeable and instructive companion. In general society, however, Chesterfield admits that Pope was seldom easy or natural. "He seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably." He was never seen to laugh, even when he had set the table in a roar. His physical weakness, and his custom of early rising, made him a bad after-dinner companion. "He nodded in company," says Johnson, "and once slumbered at his own table, while the Prince of Wales was talking of poetry."



This drowsiness was an early peculiarity, characteristic of him in society before he was thirty ; but Frederick's disquisition on poetry was probably soporific enough to set any poet asleep. To see Pope to advantage he must have been seen in the morning, warmed by the genial rays of the sun—"the load of yesterday left behind"—after receiving a letter from Martha Blount, or while conversing with a chosen few ("envy must own I live among the great") in his own laurel circus and winding walks, or in the gardens and pleasure-grounds of his distinguished friends.

The most striking virtues of Pope as a man were his devotedness to his parents, his fondness and steadiness as a friend, and his unceasing cultivation of his intellectual faculties. In these his life is at once endearing and instructive; and society is benefited by the example of pre-eminent genius and the highest popularity, united to homely, domestic, and personal qualities, which all can emulate and attain. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu asserted that Pope courted the company of old men that he might obtain legacies. The assertion is wholly destitute of proof, and is contradicted by known facts. His attachments grew warmer as he advanced in years; and among his most cherished friends were, Gay, from whom he could expect nothing; Swift, after he knew that the fortune of the latter was to be applied towards endowing an asylum in Ireland; and young men whom he could not expect to survive, as Cornbury, Lyttelton, Murray, and Marchmont. Political disgrace or public obloquy never cooled the poet's regard for his associates. They were the same to him in all fortunes; and he eagerly embraced every occasion of investing them with those poetic honours which he dispensed with such inimitable art and taste. That his expressions towards his friends are often exaggerated, and that he was too apt to confine all virtue within his own circle, may be admitted without detracting from his sincerity. His bodily weakness induced a morbidly delicate organisation, and made him feel tenderly and acutely his dependence upon others. Professions of regard and attachment would seem natural in Pope that would have appeared absurd and ironical in Swift, or any other person of robust frame and manly constitution. To the same cause we would attribute in part his dissimulation and artifice,

which form the greatest stains on his character. No man with a sound mind in a sound body, possessing far inferior mental powers, could ever have stooped to such petty arts and manœuvres as those which characterised this eminent poet. His whole life was a series of plots. He condescended, as Lady Bolingbroke in a French phrase remarked, "to play the politician about cabbages and turnips." "He could not drink tea without a stratagem," was the observation of another lady; and this defect in his daily life marked his conduct in literature. It is seen in the circumstances attending the publication of the *Dunciad* and the *Correspondence*, in his connexion with the *Grub-street Journal*, and in many of his satirical portraits. "Mr. Pope always told me," said Warburton, "that when he had anything better than ordinary to say, and yet too bold, he reserved it for a second or third edition, and then nobody took any notice of it." This is an illustration of his caution as well as management. The sarcastic lines on Queen Caroline's death, a couplet fixing the character of Bufo on Lord Halifax, and the characters of Chloe, Philomédé, and Atossa, were after-additions to the poems in which they appear, and numerous examples of the same artifice occur in the notes. In the cases of Lady Mary, the Duke of Chandos, and Aaron Hill, he was, as Johnson says, "wanton in his attacks and mean in his retreat." Lord Hervey he defied. With Addison he represents himself as behaving boldly: he detected his secret hostility, and wrote to him, telling him fairly of his faults and allowing his good qualities; but Pope's statement was not made till long after Addison's death, and unfortunately it wants confirmation.

The extreme irritability and sensitiveness of Pope have become proverbial. "Touch me and no Minister so sore," was his own admission; and perhaps no Minister ever laboured more assiduously or adroitly to maintain his power and influence. As a literary diplomatist he was unrivalled, for nearly all his schemes were successful. It may therefore be questioned whether his peculiarly susceptible temperament did not confer upon him as much positive enjoyment as pain. Literary occupation is in itself a source of pleasure; and from the success of his various plots and efforts to awaken public attention to his works, to gratify his self-love, and to

punish his adversaries, we can conceive Pope to have derived a secret but exquisite satisfaction. We probably as yet know only a part of his anonymous labours, but they seem all to have been skilfully devised, and to have answered his immediate object.

This is to exhibit only the lower part of his nature. The love of virtue and the feeling to appreciate and admire moral excellence he possessed in a degree unknown even to his illustrious prototype, Dryden. In attacking the Court and ridiculing the follies of the great, he probably conceived that he was discharging a duty to society, and fulfilling Arbuthnot's injunction to chastise that he might reform. His denunciations of vice and corruption present him as the lofty moral satirist.   
 x His fame, however, rests more securely on his Essays and Epistles, which constitute his chief claim to be regarded as a public benefactor. Wounded vanity and personal resentment dictated the greater portion of his withering invectives and ridicule; and he must have smiled himself if asked what chance he had of reforming Theobald, the harmless plodding commentator, of transforming Cibber into a grave and decorous citizen, or making Lady Mary and Lord Hervey repent and be silent. He wrote, like the youthful Byron, to show his wit and wrath, and he certainly made his enemies tremble.

There was a purer atmosphere above all this murky strife which Pope longed for, and flattered himself that he had attained. He claimed to be more moral in his life and conduct than most of the wits of his day—to be indifferent to fame or riches—and to regard poetry as secondary only to Christian and moral duty. There was no virtue which he did not desire his friends to believe that he possessed; but in truth this self-portraiture was a mere mirage or delusion, continued from habit. After what has been recorded in these pages, it would be absurd to descant on his morality.   
 —His model of female excellence was Mrs. Howard, the king's mistress, and Bolingbroke he esteemed as the most transcendent of mortals. The boasted philosophic indifference of the poet had never any real existence. Vanity and imagination supplied all the colours and combinations of the fascinating picture. Yet the severest censor must admit that when no personal jealousy or rivalry was interposed, Pope was a kind and beneficent man—zealous in the service of his

friends, an affectionate relation, and good citizen. There was also an elevation of principle, combined with steadiness of purpose, in his resolution to trust to literature, and preserve himself independent of party. There appear to have been no deep convictions that would have prevented him from embracing Protestantism, and accepting an office from Lord Oxford; "but I could not," he said, "make myself capable of it without giving a great deal of pain to my parents, such pain, indeed, as I would not have given to either of them for all the places he could have bestowed on me." He remained faithful to his old creed, without bigotry, and his mother's blessing was never mixed with regret.

In the controversy which, about thirty years since, was waged with characteristic bitterness concerning the principles of poetry and the position of Pope, Mr. Bowles clearly and accurately defined the poet's literary character. "I sought not," he said, "to *depreciate* but to *discriminate*, and assign to him his proper rank and station in his art among English poets—below Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton in the highest order of imagination or impassioned poetry; but above Dryden, Lucretius, and Horace in moral and satirical. — Inferior to Dryden in lyric sublimity; equal to him in painting characters from real life, such as are so powerfully delineated in *Absalom* and *Achitophel*, but superior to him in passion; for whatever equalled, or ever will approach, in its kind, the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*? In consequence of the exquisite pathos of this epistle I have assigned Pope a poetical rank far above Ovid. I have placed him above Horace in consequence of the perfect finish of his satires and moral poems; but in descriptive poetry, such as *Windsor Forest*, beneath Cowper or Thomson." In *originality*, it may be added, Pope was inferior to Dryden; but had Mr. Bowles always expressed himself as clearly and justly regarding Pope as in the above estimate, he would have saved himself a good deal of sharp controversy and personal odium. In the war that ensued, though he had Byron as an opponent, we think he was decidedly the victor. His "invariable principles" were the true principles. It would now be readily granted to him that the passions of the human heart which belong to nature in general are more adapted to the higher species of poetry than those which are derived from

incidental and transient manners. Such a position cannot be disputed by any one who ranks Shakspeare above Pope; but Mr. Bowles had so many subtle distinctions and reservations, and was so tremblingly sensitive and afraid of making any concession in favour of Pope, that he marred his own argument, and laid himself open to misconstruction and ridicule. His pamphlets, however, deserve to be reprinted, at least in part, as they form a repertory of fine thoughts and valuable critical observations, illustrated by appropriate examples, which no poetical student can read without benefit and delight. Campbell, in attacking some of Bowles's extreme positions, took the general ground of praise (which in reality was not denied by Bowles, nor excluded from his definition), that "Pope's discrimination lay in the lights and shades of human manners, which are at least as interesting as those of rocks and leaves." He adds, "In moral eloquence he is for ever *densus et instans sibi*. The mind of a poet employed in concentrating such lines as these, descriptive of creative power, which

" 'Builds life on death, on change duration founds,  
And bids th' eternal wheels to know their rounds,'

might well be excused for not descending to the minutely picturesque. The vindictive personality of his satire is a fault of the man, and not of the poet. But his wit is not all his charm. He glows with passion in the Epistle of Eloisa, and displays a lofty feeling much above that of the satirist and the man of the world in his Prologue to Cato and his Epistle to Lord Oxford. I know not how to designate the possessor of such gifts but by the name of a genuine poet." To all who would dispute Pope's title to the name of a poet, the most compendious answer would be to *read aloud* the prologue and epistle cited by Campbell in his eloquent criticism, or that eagle flight of Pope's genius, the conclusion to the Dunciad. But even the most prosaic of his epistles, where in general he keeps to the level of conversation in refined and intellectual society, are irradiated with lines and images which place them in the rank of poetry. It may be difficult to grasp or define the ethereal element, but its presence is always felt.

The equanimity of spirit which Pope aspired to possess was perhaps injurious to him as a poet. He seemed afraid

to launch into any bold imaginative conception, and ashamed to own a generous enthusiasm or admiration. The *nil admirari* of Horace, strained beyond its just meaning and application, he adopted as his guide in literature as in life; and it is fatal both to heroic virtues and to heroic verse. To attain to finished excellence in composition rather than originality of invention and design, was the object of his incessant care. Every page he read, and every thought he entertained or heard expressed, that could germinate into poetry, was noted down for future use; and never before was so much genuine poetry eliminated by such a process of gradual accumulation and repeated touches. Cowper has said,

"There is a pleasure in poetic pains,  
Which only poets know."

And Pope has described the pursuit of a poetical image: "We grasp," he says, "some more beautiful idea in our own brain than our endeavours to express it can set to the view of others, and still do but labour to fall short of our first imagination. The gay colouring which fancy gave at the first transient glance we had of it, goes off in the execution, like those various figures in the gilded clouds, which while we gaze long upon to separate the parts of each imaginary image, the whole faints before the eye, and decays in confusion." But with him no particle was lost. The fragments were recompounded and set anew, in different forms; a touch, a word, imparted grace or strength; and the Promethean fire of the poet, though long withheld, breathed life and animation over all.

No poet ever enjoyed greater popularity, or had more influence on the taste of his age. In versification this was immediate and direct. His style was copied by innumerable imitators, until the public ear was cloyed with the everlasting echo of the heroic couplet. In his own didactic poems Pope was too uniform in his pauses and construction. The reader is apt to be fatigued with the regular recurrence of terse and pointed lines, the balanced verse and striking antithesis, unless attention be closely fixed on the weighty truths, the admirable sentiments, and marvellous felicity of diction which are compressed within these brilliant couplets. But, besides harmonious versification, Pope taught correctness and precision of thought, and brought slovenly execution into irredeemable disgrace. Thomson would not have thrice

corrected, and almost rewritten his *Seasons*, improving them on each revision, if Pope had not raised the standard of public taste with respect to poetical composition. It has been said by one who is himself a true poet, Professor Ayteun, that Pope founded no school of poetry, or if he did it was soon extinct, driven out by Percy's *Reliques*, by Cowper, and Burns. The attempt to rival Pope on his own peculiar ground was hopeless. Where were disciples to be found possessing at once rare good sense, knowledge of the world, refinement of manner, judgment, satire, ethics, and metaphysics, all combined with the power and animation of the poet? The outward form of the Pope worship was easily copied, but the fire that burned within the altar burned only and expired at Twickenham.

The individual character of Pope was never lost in his works. He adopted the style of Dryden because it was best adapted to his powers. He knew that the universal mind of Shakspeare, and the epic majesty of Milton, were unattainable; he therefore abstained from all imitation of them. He undertook such works as he felt he could accomplish; his invention was limited, though in the *Rape of the Lock* he displayed the airiness, the grace, and winged fancy of a brilliant imaginative poet. He thought deeply and earnestly; he busied himself in mental analysis, corrected carefully, and polished highly. He studied his art with intense devotion; but he aimed at no peculiar system or theory of poetry. He was, unfortunately, too fond of satire, and his constitution, moral and physical, was defective. In satire, however, he was a great master, and he was a master, also, in didactic verse (as in the *Essay on Criticism*), in refined pathos, and select description. His poetry may be said to be identified with the national character of the English people, and with the Anglo-Saxon race in every quarter of the globe. His imagery, wit, and sense, his critical rules and moral reflections, have made us rich in expression. His maxims on life and manners form part of our daily speech and involuntary thought; nor have the most profound or acute of our moralists enunciated finer axioms than are to be found in his *Essays* and *Epistles*.

Poetry, like the material world, has undergone a great revolution since the days of Pope. There is no danger of our going back to the artificial style of the early part of the last

century, even should such a poet as Pope arise again amongst us. The fountains of passion and imagination have been opened; nature and the old masters, the interpreters of nature, are more closely studied; and there is a higher and juster appreciation of the poet's art and mission as a fellow-worker in the cause of humanity and pure intellectual advancement. Our freedom, however, may run to prodigal excess and extravagance unless properly guarded, and it is important to point to one classic standard, limited in design, but unrivalled in execution, in which correctness is combined with poetical vigour and beauty, and the patient toils of genius are seen resulting in works of consummate taste and elegance.



**BUST OF POPE BY ROUBILIAC, TAKEN THREE YEARS BEFORE THE POET'S DEATH, AND NOW IN THE GALLERY OF SIR ROBERT PEEL, BART.**





## APPENDIX.

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### MAPLEDURHAM MANUSCRIPTS.

AFTER the death of Martha Blount in 1763, a mass of letters and other papers which she had left, came into the possession of the family at Mapledurham; and among them was part of the correspondence carried on by Pope with the sisters so intimately connected with his personal history. All the poet's letters and those addressed to the ladies by other friends were, it is believed, submitted by the late Michael Blount, Esq. (who died in 1821), to the publishers of Mr. Bowles's edition of Pope's Works, which was brought out in 1806. Mr. Bowles appears to have seen them, but Mr. A. Chalmers selected such as were deemed fit for publication, adding a few explanatory notes. The letters were then in a loose state, and many were lost, in passing through different hands, or were never returned to Mr. Blount. Such as were preserved were bound together, and now remain at Mapledurham, forming three quarto volumes. The Pope letters are mostly comprised in the first volume, the two others being filled with letters from other correspondents at home and abroad. No attempt at arrangement appears to have been made; and in enumerating them we shall simply follow the order in which they are placed, referring the reader to the pages of this volume in which some of the letters will be found, and for the others to Roscoe's Pope, vol. viii., edit. of 1824:

1. Pope to Martha, May 25, 1712; *ante*, p. 65, Roscoe, 387.
2. Do. Sept. 13, 1717; *ante*, p. 84, and Roscoe, 437.

3. Do. Aug. 6, 1718; *ante*, p. 186 (copy addressed to Lady Mary).
4. Lines on Martha's Birthday, Jan. 15, 1723.
5. Pope to Martha, Aug. 25, 1735; *ante*, p. 329, Roscoe, 481.
6. Do. Dec. 27; Roscoe, 484.
7. Do. June 3; Roscoe, 401.
8. Do. Stowe, July 4; Roscoe, 497.
9. Do. London, Tuesday; Roscoe, 436. [Addressed to Mrs. B., at "Mr. Thos. Reeves, in Sion Rowe, Twickenham."]
10. Do. Tuesday night; Roscoe, 452.
11. Do. (No date); *ante*, p. 142, Roscoe, 420.
12. Do. (No date); *ante*, p. 378, Roscoe, 507.
13. Pope to Miss Blounts, no date, addressed "A Mademoiselles Therese & Marth. Blount, *Pres.*" Roscoe, 425.
14. Pope to Teresa ("Mrs. Blount"), no date or sig. Roscoe, 445.
15. Pope to Martha, no date or sig.; *ante*, p. 149, Roscoe, 423.
16. Pope to Miss Blounts, Thursday; *ante*, p. 112, Roscoe, 402.
17. Do. "DEAR LADIES,—If you'll take an airing this fine morning in Kensington Gardens, I'll carry you thither at eleven o'clock, by which time my visit to the D. of B. will be performed. I have sent the bearer for the haunch of venison, so you may spare George's gravity that trouble. I am faithfully yours, A. POPE."
18. Do. No date or sig.; *ante*, p. 129, and Roscoe, 407.
19. Do. No date or sig.; Roscoe, 448.
20. Letter of James Moore-Smythe, signed "Alexander," and by mistake marked as from Pope.
21. Pope to Martha. "MADAM,—I cannot but put you once more in mind of your appointment on Sunday; but I find I cannot return with you, and therefore let you know it, that you may, if you like it, fill up your number in the coach with anybody you would bring; as any one you like must, of course, be agreeable to, madam, your most obliged and obedt. servt., A. POPE.—*Tuesday*. If you can drink nothing but claret, you must bring a bottle with you."
22. Do. No date, signed "A. P." Roscoe, 455.
23. Do. Stowe, Saturday. Franked by Cobham, and addressed to "Mrs. M. Blount, at Mrs. Blount's, Welbeck-street," &c. Roscoe, 500.
24. Do. Easter-day; *ante*, p. 384, Roscoe, 504.
25. "DEAR SISTERS,—Jeremy Taylor says in his Holy Living and Dying," &c. In surreptitious editions published as "To a Lady in the name of her Brother." The letter gives a description of a monster then exhibiting in London. We may venture to quote one passage as containing a touch of Pope's humour: "Mr. Poole looks upon it as a prodigy, portending

some wonderful revolution in the State, and to strengthen his opinion produces the following prophecy of Nostrodamus, which he explains politically:

“ ‘ Whenas tway sexes join in one  
 Shall in the realm of Brute be shown,  
 Eke factions shall unite (if I know)  
 To seek a Prince *jure divino*.  
 Thilke prodigy of common gender  
 Is neither sex but a Pretender,  
 And so God shield the Faith's Defender! ”

Pope made several verbal alterations on this letter, in transcribing it for the press, one of which is characteristic. “The Priest, you may be sure, was in his heart most an infidel.” This is printed, “The Priest, you may *maliciously fancy*,” &c.

26. Pope to Miss Blounts. Roscoe, 394. The original begins: “Fair Ladies (I would call you Dear Ladies if I durst),—I returned home as slow and as contemplative after I had parted from you as my Lord B. himself retired from the Court and glory to his melancholy country seat and wife a week ago.” Signed, “Your admirer and humble servt., A. POPE.” With this postscript, “My faithful service to Mrs. Blount, Mr. Blount, and Mr. Holman.” The address is, “Au Made-moiselles, Mademoiselles de Mapledurham.”
27. Pope to Martha. Sunday; Roscoe, 454.
28. Do. Bristol, Monday; Roscoe, 491. Mr. Roscoe dates this letter 1742, but this must be wrong, as Pope sends remembrances to Cleland, who died in 1741.
29. Do. June 22. Account of Sherborne; Roscoe, 411.
30. A fragment; see *ante*, p. 68.
31. Pope to Martha. Bath, Oct. 6; Roscoe, 398.
32. Do. No date. “Most Divine,” &c.; see *ante*, p. 72, and Roscoe, 390. Considerable passages are necessarily left out of this letter. The concluding words, “God keep her husband,” are erroneously printed “God *help*,” &c.
33. Do. “It is usual with unfortunate young women to betake themselves to romances, and thereby feed and indulge that melancholy which is occasioned by the want of a lover. . . . I presume it may be so far your present case as to render the five volumes of the Grand Cyrus no unreasonable present to you. My dear madam, if you are disposed to wander upon adventures, suffer the unhappy Artamenes to be your companion. Great as he afterwards was, he would rather have chose to rule your heart than the empires of Persia and Medea. Let your faithless sister triumph in her ill-gotten treasures; let her put on new gowns to be the gaze of fools and pageant

of a birthday, while you with all your innocence enjoy a shady grove and dwell with a virtuous aunt in a country paradise. . . . . I have been at home besieged with fifty Greek books. . . . . As soon as I am able to attend to the things of this world I'll consult the elders of the city concerning her [Teresa's] profits in the Mammon of iniquity, and I will then write to her on the grovelling subject," &c. (No sig.)

34. Pope to Miss Blounts. See *ante*, p. 73.
35. Do. Oakley Bower, Oct. 8; *ante*, p. 154, Roscoe, 431. Some passages necessarily omitted.
36. Do. "LADIES,—I have repented, and can't find in my heart to go, if you care to let me see you again to-day. Whatever company you thought of having I shall be glad to make one, provided you'll promise not to be confined from any on my account. If Mrs. Scrope be come, pray give me a word's notice, and I'll call first at her door to pay her a visit. I'll write to-night by candlelight what I should have writ to-morrow, and finish it to-morrow night at Chiswick. From Dr. Arbuthnot's."
37. Pope to Martha, at Bath. "Tuesday, the ——" Roscoe, 472. Mr. Roscoe reads this as addressed to both Martha and Teresa, but it is evidently to the former only. As Lady Suffolk is mentioned (not Mrs. Howard), the letter must have been written after she succeeded to the title in 1731.
38. Do. Letter from Bristol. Saturday, the 24th. See *ante*, p. 357, and Roscoe, 494.
39. Pope to Miss Blounts. Thursday morn. Roscoe, 441, and *ante*, p. 74.
40. Do. "DEAR LADIES,—If you are inclined to go to-morrow to Sir Richard Child's I shall be very glad to attend you; otherwise I would take Mr. Fenton with me to Chiswick very early. To-day I have been in the utmost engagements of business, and as soon as I can get from Mr. Dormer's, where I dine at three, must be with my architect. If you send a note to-night to my lodging I'll take all other necessary cares upon me. I hope you are both well. I am sincerely yours, A. P."
41. Pope to Martha. Friday. Roscoe, 419. Pope desires Martha and her sister to accept a present of a fan each; but there is no authority for Mr. Bowles's statement that "these were the fans on which the verses were written, 'To a Lady with a present of a Fan.'" Pope had desired Jervas to purchase two of the best fans—the date apparently 1714 or 1715. See *Hearne's Supp.*, p. 6.
42. Pope to Teresa. "MADAM,—I ought to acknowledge so much civility when my sincerity so little deserves it. My mother has been in racking pains of the rheumatism, has had no rest

but by landamm, and no spirits but by drops and hartshorn, these five days. This is the first morning we have thought her better. If your echo be like other echoes, words without meaning, I need not take notice of it. If it be otherwise, we are both in the right, and I hope you will continue so in regard to, madam, your humble servt. (No signature.) Pray tell your sister how much you think me her servant." Addressed to Teresa, in Bolton-street.

43. Do. "Two o'clock. DEAR MADAM.—I am glad my righteous labours at last proved effectual—the lady will be to-night at the play. I'll not fail to mention your confinement by a town cold. I hope for my reward about seven in the evening in finding you at home. I am, very honestly, dear madam, ever yours, A. POPE." Addressed as above.

44. Do. "DEAR MADAM,—I am going to Kensington, which makes me desire you'll let George secure a coach and four of your neighbour, Angel, against to-morrow. I must tell you in fullness of heart I am with much gratitude, yours." (No signature.) Pray let me know to-night your hour. I'll try for Mrs. Glanvil to-night. I can't avoid going out of town to-day. Put a wafer into the enclosed, and return it to the bearer."

45. Do. "DEAR MADAM,—Understanding you are yet unfurnished of a ticket, I beg you will oblige me in the acceptance of this. I had sent it before if I had not understood you were sure of one. Pray let me make use of this opportunity of assuring you I am as much, and as truly as ever I was, your most faithful and ever obedt. servt., A. POPE."

46. Do. "Twittenham, Dec. 11, 1720." Pope sends a Christmas present of brawn; Roscoe, 451. A passage in this note of Pope's necessarily omitted.

47. Do. "DEAR MADAM,—I am agreeably waked by your billet, and shall be extremely pleased and obliged to you both if you will give me this evening. If in this you sacrifice any other company it is really too much, and I beg you to add them to ours by appointing anybody else to meet us. I'll call this morning, however. My faithful service to your sister. I am sorry I have not the packet, but if the enclosed will save you any trouble, I send 'em to be in the way. I am, to both of you, most truly your servant, A. P."

48. Do. See *ante*, p. 69, and Roscoe, 458.

49. Do. Roscoe, 424.

50. Do. Roscoe, 457.

51. Do. Chiswick, Dec. 31. See *ante*, p. 76, and Roscoe, 444.

52. Do. Feb. 21st. Roscoe, 455.

53. Do. (No date.) Roscoe, 450.

54. Do. Aug. 7 [1716]. Roscoe, 428.

55. Do. No date. "MADAM,—Since you prefer three hundred pounds to two true lovers, I presume to send you the following epitaph (unfit for publication). I hope you have had with this four letters from me. Don't I write often enough?"
56. Pope to Mrs. Knight. Short note requesting Mrs. K. to defer her appointment with Mrs. Blount (Martha) until he should see her, as he was compelled to go out of town on business the following week.

The foregoing are all the Pope letters in this collection. A copy of the epigram on Bentley is also in the poet's handwriting (See "Epigrams" in Miscellaneous Poems), and the following statement of the unfortunate affray in which Savage was engaged in 1727:

"CASE OF RICHARD SAVAGE AND GREGORY.

"The case of Mr. Richard Savage, Marchant, and Gregory, &c., in an affray that happened at Robinson's Coffee-house, between them and Nuttal and Sinclair, since dead—Marchant having no sword.

"It appeared on evidence on the trial that the quarrel began by Marchant's throwing down the table in the coffee-room, on which nothing stood, nor anybody sitting round it, Nuttal and his company having just left the table, and were paying their reckoning. Upon throwing down the table four swords were drawn. *It appeared their all four swords were drawn before any wound was given.*

"It was sworn by Nuttal and his w——, that Mr. Gregory past Mr. Sinclair's sword when Savage gave him the wound. But it appeared from the evidence of the defendant, that both these were perjured, for the w—— swore she never had been but *once before in her life* at the said Robinson's Coffee-house, and that she never saw Nuttal but *once before*, which last *he* also swore. The woman of the coffee-house attested that she had lived with her *above nine months*. And another evidence swore that Sinclair, Nuttal, and Jane Leader all cohabited together for *three months* in one house in Southwark. One Lembury, who was of their company, swore that he saw Savage give the wound, and did not see Gregory at the same time, his back being toward Gregory and his face to Savage and Sinclair. Lembury had no sword.

"Great numbers of gentlemen appeared to the character of Savage and Gregory, as men of a peaceable disposition and fair credit. Several witnesses of good repute were produced as to the infamous characters of Nuttal and Sinclair, but they were not allowed to enter into any particulars.

"*Judgment.*—The Court was of opinion that a coffee-room, although

a public room *by day*, was not so in the *night* when a set of company was drinking in it.

"N.B.—It appeared that the unhappy gentlemen were shown into a room without any fire in it first, which occasioned their going into the coffee-room as the others paid their reckoning.

"The Court also was of opinion that when an unlawful act is done and murder ensues, all the company are equally guilty; that these men had no right to go into the coffee-room, and that the original of this quarrel proceeded from Marchant's throwing down the table.

"The Court directed the jury to bring them in all three guilty of murder. The jury brought in a verdict that Marchant was guilty of manslaughter, and Savage and Gregory of wilful murder."

This account of the transaction by Pope is hurried and confused, but it is needless entering into a case so well known, and familiar to all from Johnson's *Life of Savage*. There is no doubt that Savage gave the death-wound to Sinclair, but it was in a confused midnight brawl, without premeditation. Page, the judge who tried the case, immortalised by Pope—

"Hard words or hanging if your judge be Page"—

treated Savage with heartless insolence and cruelty, but the unhappy poet was pardoned by the Queen at the intercession of the Countess of Hertford.

In the library at Mapledurham are several works which had formed part of Pope's bequest of sixty volumes to Martha Blount. None of them have marginal remarks by the poet, or possess value as rare or original editions. There is no copy of any of Warburton's annotated editions. Glover's "*Leonidas*," quarto, is marked by Pope, "*Auctoris Donum, A. Pope, 1737.*" Martha Blount had possessed portraits of the poet—one a three-quarters picture by Jervas, still at Mapledurham; another is thus described in a letter apparently written to Teresa by the Rev. W. Key, Rector of Ackworth, near Pomfret, Yorkshire, and dated October 3, 1744: "I beg my compliments to Madam Martha, and pray tell her I did a thing by her which in cool blood I am ashamed of. She made me so happy in the two pictures of Mr. Pope, and gave me my choice of them, that, being in too great a hurry to wait for meeting her at her house, I called alone and chose 'em. I have since repented of the action



(which you know is all a man can do even to his Maker) and left the pictures behind me, that she may see them before their departure into the country."

#### LETTER OF TERESA BLOUNT.

We have given the only letter by Martha Blount in this collection (*ante*, p. 378). The following is also the only one from the pen of her sister Teresa. It is addressed to her nephew, "Michael Blount, Esq., at Winchester in Hants," and was written on a melancholy occasion, the death of her brother. Teresa is always said to have possessed wit and abilities superior to her sister; but she certainly could not write or spell so well. We have not thought it necessary to preserve the original orthography of these letters, which only confuses the reader; and, in fact, even the greatest men of that period—Swift, Pope, Addison, &c.,—were careless and irregular in their orthography:

"DEAR SIR,—In sorrow like ours it's impertinent to talk of comfort. God in proper season knows when it's fit for us to feel it. The death of your father was so heavy a shock to me that I can never again have the equal. I loved him more than I can tell, or than he ever could imagine—unalterable to him had God spared him to the oldest age of man. I loved none so well on earth, unless my dear old mother. On her I hope to double my love—happy if I can in any way supply the loss of her son. You, my dear child, also (I trust in God) will be a comfort to her old age; but, for me, I can have no expectation to find any to take a brother's part in what concerns me. I beg you'll excuse me if I am not myself at this time, when perhaps you are as deplorable as I. We wait the news of my brother being buried—I beg you let me know where and when. His happy death, I hope, has made him happy; but such a death makes us more sensible how valuable a creature is taken from us. My mother bids me say she prays for my sister's comfort. Till she is a little more reconciled, she stays not to trouble her too soon, nor more than is needful, with repetitions of condolence. When over, you'll let me hear from you, or whenever you'll think me capable of serving either my sister or you. I beg, dear children, you'll believe me a kind and tender friend to you both. My heart aches for you. I have your interest at heart equal with my own. Your father's merits will always make you dear to me. I have only yourselves to be anxious for—God direct you in the hazardous age you are now in! My sister Patty will write to you

next post. I wait with impatience to have a letter from you. My dear child, ever yours, TERESA BLOUNT.

"November the 10th, 1789."

There is *heart* in this letter. Teresa's nephew, to whom it is addressed, was then in his twentieth year, and the brother whose loss she deploras, died at the age of forty-six. The latter almost ruined the estate by gambling. Her mother lived to the age of eighty, and died March 31, 1743.

In the library at Mapledurham is a copy of Pope's Works, vol. i., 1717, richly bound in morocco, and inscribed in Pope's hand, "Teresa Maria Blount, given by the Author." On another blank leaf at the end of the volume is written; "Sent to the Widow Blount by her affectionate sister, Maria Teresa Blount." The Christian names are here reversed.

A few more letters from the Mapledurham collection will not be unacceptable to the reader :

MRS. HOWARD (COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK) TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

Swift said that Martha Blount was a good courtier at Richmond; but here we have Mrs. Howard making the first advances. These letters were, of course, written during the time that Mrs. Howard was one of the bedchamber women at the brilliant little court of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Richmond. The first of the letters must have been written after 1718, when the Prince made the lodge at Richmond his summer residence; and the second after 1725, when Mrs. Howard's house, Marble Hall, was built. Mrs. Howard's calm good sense and discretion are seen in these, as in all her other letters :

"Richmond Lodge, July 8.

"MY DEAR MRS. BLOUNT.—I have this instant received your letter, but I beg it may be the last with formal 'Madam' at the top, or so respectful a distance kept afterwards. Civility and good-breeding may make the ties of friendship most lasting, but ceremony is incompatible with it. I never proposed this correspondence out of any sort of vanity whatever, but only as a help in absence to accomplish what I have so very much at heart—the settling a friendship between us; and there is an absolute necessity to banish everything that may retard the progress. You tell me you can't help being a stranger with me, though your inclinations are in my favour. This is owing

to a fault that has many beauties (and little known where I live), and if you persist in the particular, I can lay no claim to the character without the greatest apprehensions that you like me less than I neither wish or can be satisfied you should.

"A Court is indeed a large field abounding with variety of subjects to write upon; and time will encourage me to speak freely to you upon such things as occur to me. But even our little tattle is so often attended with ill-natured consequences, that I had rather you should hereafter know my opinion of persons and things as proofs of the confidence I have in your discretion than say anything now, when it can only look as if I were fond of scandal. For believe me, dear Mrs. Blount, twenty women don't live together without a great deal. You must not think from what I have said I have any diffidence of you; upon my word my inclinations would carry me strongly another way if I did not guard against your thinking me imprudent if I pursued them too soon, and perhaps you would suspect the sincerity of so early a confidence, and believe yours was the reception of every other acquaintance. But I hope I shall, in the continuance of ours, give you proofs of a very particular esteem.

"You very obligingly tell me an account of myself will be acceptable, which will encourage me to talk upon so ill a subject. I have not had a fit of the headache since I saw you, but I have been very much out of order for two days past. But great pains or misfortunes make the less of either kind very supportable. I hear going out of town is absolutely necessary for your health; why should that be neglected? I approve your prudence in other things, but cannot allow your compliance to other people's humour in this particular as any mark of this distinguished part of your character. It is impossible to answer the last paragraph of your letter otherwise than by repeating what Mr. Pope has so often told me, that you was so very sincere that you never said what you did not think. But I have a great many very good reasons to give, if I was not afraid you would be uneasy to hear them, why I am so very much your affect. humble servt.—H. HOWARD."

"Richmond Lodge, Aug. 25.

"I have been absent from the Lodge since I saw you, or else I should certainly have writ to you, my dear Mrs. Blount; for I do assure you, I don't care to have a week pass without hearing from you; and I find I must not yet hope you will write to me but in answer to those I write to you. John Gay has told me you got well to town. I find his journey's still undetermined. The family [the Duke of Queensberry's] talk of going, but he has yet received no orders, so that I begin to hope they will leave him behind; and since he will not come into the resolution of quitting them, I wish him gone

from them even this way, though I own it the worst, rather than he should continue in their family.

"I am now in waiting; and if Mr. Pope has returned from Lord Cobham's I hope you will settle a day for my seeing you here. I have inquired about Lord Thomond's house, and am informed they design to come to it themselves very soon. I cannot help wishing the nuisance your family complained of may continue, since 'tis the only prospect I have that you will pass any time in the country. May everything that is pleasant and agreeable attend you! And everything that is otherwise attend those who don't consult your health and happiness in every circumstance! I am sure I have not cursed myself nor my neighbour cross the water. I am very impatient for us three to have a party at Marble Hall. It's a very distant prospect; but I shall never think I can at all judge of man or womankind if some years hence we are not as glad to meet each other. I will answer for myself, I shall then be as I am now, dear Madam, your very faithful, humble servant." (No signature.)

MISS ANN ARBUTHNOT TO MARTHA BLOUNT.

Ann Arbuthnot had something of the spirit of her father. So said Pope, and the subjoined communication attests the truth of the remark:

"DEAR MADAM,—Though I have ever esteemed the satisfaction of writing to a friend the very next in degree to that of seeing one, I do not believe just now that you would have had the trouble of answering this, had there not been added to it a violent curiosity to gratify. You must know I am now at Mr. Mauvillain's, at Morden. Yesterday comes half a buck directed to me, with orders to a Mrs. Bellingham to inquire at Mrs. Blount where I lived. I suppose an inquiry was made, and my people at home sent it to me. Now, I can by no means in the world find out who could send me half a buck that knew so little of me as not to know my place of residence, especially as I have lived in it six years. Half a buck is a present to send to a dear and only child—the utmost proof of esteem and regard. One that would do that is within an inch of sacrificing their lives for one. Don't wonder now at my curiosity. I'm certain the venison will never digest on my stomach till I know the giver; besides the ingratitude of eating such a quantity without drinking the donor's health, by name or title, is what I cannot bear. The family I am with feel nothing of this but joy in the gift, and bless bounteous Heaven, never asking nor seeking the human second cause that conveyed it to us. Now, dear madam, let this be inquired after from Mrs. Bellingham, and if you write me a letter by the penny post, directed to

Mr. Manvillain, at Morden, near Mitcham, Surrey—I say, madam, if you take the pains to gratify me in this, I will take care of your calico for you—otherwise, depend upon it, no gown this year for you! Don't wonder at the haughtiness of the threat: I never succeed so well as when I mix a layer of entreaties with a layer of threatenings together. Madam, I am, with the utmost regard and esteem, your humble servant,—ANN ARBUTHNOT.

“Morden, August the 27th, 1742.”

### BIDDY FLOYD.

Among the most intimate of the friends and correspondents of Martha Blount was Bridget Floyd, the companion of Lady Betty Germain, and the subject of one of Swift's happiest complimentary effusions. Her letters to Miss Blount express the warmest affection and confidence. In the spring of 1723, Lady Betty and Miss Floyd went to France, where they resided above a twelvemonth, and the latter seems to have kept up a close correspondence with Miss Blount. A few extracts are subjoined:

“*St. Germain's*, 21st May, 1723.—I often wish for you, though I fancy you would not like the life here. But that you may be able to judge I will tell you what we do from morning till night. We rise early, and the devout pray most part of the morning, so I have that time to myself. We dine at half an hour after one, and then Lady Betty either comes to me or I go to her, and so we work together till six, when we pray again, and then go a-walking till half an hour after nine, at which time we sup and go to bed. . . . . Twenty nightingales are singing round me.

“The want of you is, without a compliment, one of my chiefest regrets, except the loss of those I must never hope to see again—I mean my poor father and mother. And for my joys, they will never be great till I can meet you at Oliver's Mount, which I had rather see than all the fine things here, though I have been last week at Versailles. Poor Mr. Caryll was there, and was so good as to invite me thither. It is very fine, even beyond what I had imagined, but still Oliver's Mount for my money!”

“*St. Germain's*, August 17, 1723.—I have made Lady Betty mightily acquainted with you, and I believe you would be pleased with her. She is the best creature in the world. I own I did not much like her at first; I really do now, and she is the only one here that I live with. I say *live with*, because we never are asunder but when we sleep. I hear Lord Peterborough is at Paris. I wish he had brought Mr. Pope. Pray my humble services to him. I am much

obliged by his kind remembrance of me, and shall be very glad if he take me in his way to Italy, where he talked of going."

"*July 11th, 1724.*—I was last Friday to see a clothing [entering a nun] at Poissy, and almost cried my eyes out—not for the nun, for I think them the happiest people in the world; but for her father, who was ready to break his heart to part with his child. The abbess invited us again to a profession next Friday. I am as impatient as a child till the day comes for these sort of things, which hit my fancy much. They are at present pretty busy about converting me—poor Mr. Caryll began it. If they succeed you will see me no more but through a grate; but I believe there is no danger."

In 1731 Miss Floyd was again in France, on her way apparently to Italy. She writes to Martha Blount: "I cannot condole with you for the loss of Madam Hervey's friendship, because it is long since I thought it not worth having. I hear her brother has changed his religion, and got a commission in the Foot Guards, a sign Lady Wortley has no longer any influence upon him." It may interest some of our lady readers to know that Miss Floyd purchased for her friend a new gown in Paris, which cost 286 livres, a sum "under ten pounds."

## MRS. NELSON.

We have mentioned this lady as a sort of Blue-stocking friend of the poet's, and we transcribe one of her letters to Teresa Blount. Such epistles, though trifling, afford glimpses of past manners and customs:

"Not all the hurry I am in, nor those other excuses I might make if I had the inclination, shall prevent my saluting my dear Empress the first packet I send to Mapledurham; and perform my promise of finding all the little occurrences of love and news I can pick up here. I am just come from viewing the necklace and pendants, which would have shone much brighter about your fair neck; but by a random turn of fate have just now gone to your rival. The day of marriage is not yet fixed; but had I been at home to-day when Mrs. Weston purposed me a visit, I should have been able to give you a better account of the whole affair. I am told both sisters and the brother attend the bride and bridegroom to Sherborne for one week; but whether they part there, or go all to High Meadow, I cannot yet learn. Mr. Gage has made himself a black coat, which came into his lodging when a friend of mine was by. He asked him whether he would mourn at his wedding? 'No,' he told him; 'but

he would wear his wedding suit upon the day, but mourn a month after, because he was married.' I hear he makes no new liveries or equipage of any kind but a coach. He told his brother the other day he would keep a house in town, and two in the country, and computed his number of servants to be forty! My Lady Goring is not yet well, though she goes out, and I fancy will be in town all winter. The Marquis d'Ami proves to be a man of quality, but not one groat of substance. The reason why the French Ambassador refused to protect him was his debts, and the want of any possibility of paying them, and his inclination to get credit of all tradesmen who would trust him. . . . The elections for members in the City have lasted nine days, and are carried so high that since I came to town my Lord Mayor received a blow in the court, and swords were drawn several times. This, Madam, is all my time will permit to night. Some of it, I hope, will be news; but I should be extremely concerned if it should be any to you that I am, with the utmost sincerity and inclination, Madam, your obliged, humble servant,

"M. NELSON.

"Oct. 23rd."

There are several letters from Mr. and Mrs. Gumley, written from Bengal, and from Mrs. M. Beckford, dated from Fort George, New York, and Jamaica; also from Sir Edward and Lady Swinburne, 1712, and Matthew Swinburne, 1754 to 1763. Mr. L. Schrader, attached to the Court of Hanover, 1726, was also a frequent correspondent. He seems to have had some direction in the studies of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and among other tasks he set the Prince to read Pope's Homer: "I read some lines with him. Having got the taste of it, he read on; and the next day, coming into his room, without his perceiving me, I caught him with Homer. He has now finished the 14th Book. Most part of it he has read himself. He does not understand all, but he fancies he does. I have read Mr. Pope's preface to Shakspeare with him, that he might see how men of great sense do judge of books and learning. I want to have him to form his taste right, and get the judgment of an honest, sensible, experienced man; to mistrust and slight wit, and to make much of sense. I tell him every day that he must live and die by sense. . . . I gave him a copy of the famous letter of Sir Walter Raleigh to Prince Henry; he likes it so much that I believe he knows it by heart."

All Martha's correspondents address her in affectionate

and confiding language—a proof of the respect and esteem in which she was held—and they generally introduce some compliment or inquiry concerning her friend the poet.

## THE HON. ROBERT DIGBY TO POPE.

This was probably the last letter addressed to Pope by his amiable friend Robert Digby, who died April 19th, 1726:

“ Home Lacy, near Hereford, July 2nd, 1725.

“DEAR SIR,—Whilst we were reflecting last night on our late entertainment with yourself and John Gay at Riskins [Lord Bathurst’s] I received your double letter. Your unexpected coming in upon us and making part of our company when we thought you a hundred miles off, made the rest of the night very joyful to us. I must do an odd thing for once, and give you an account of your own reception; for though we knew ourselves to be in company with you, yet you knew not the same of us. There was as general a joy, and your names were echoed in the same manner as is usual at the first entrance of a candidate for Member of Parliament into a borough. We drunk your healths often and heartily, and commended much your not forgetting us who so often remembered you, and have made you part, though an invisible one, of our society. Observing in your letter that you have joined hands, I will not separate you, but will write to you as one person; and I shall think myself obliged to do so till I see you divorced from the same pen and paper. Though you may say you shall think of us at Riskins, yet we know the company, whoever they are, that you shall wait on thither, will wipe out of your memory that of which we were part. New pleasures in the temple, in the greenhouse, and grotto, will only hereafter be remembered by you with those fair faces that accompanied them.

“How rural we are! is an exclamation should have come hence to you, for from you to us it sounds not serious. If you are really fond of all which that word signifies, you must come away with the innocence you rejoice in hither a hundred miles into the country, where I am authorised by the lady of the place to tell you you will be more welcome, and where I will say you are both more wished-for than a gondola by Lord Bathurst. Had I been with you and John Gay when the ducks lately invaded you, my stomach would have been more up, I find, at such an enemy than his, and I think I should have given in to the kitchen an account of some prisoners. The salmon he expected Old Thames should bring into the kitchen, I should have expected from him who calls himself a fisherman. How indolent does he picture himself to us active spirits here, where his art may take, if fortune cross him not, some huge salmon of dimensions



worthy to be recorded by his own pencil on the kitchen wall, and where it may remain a trophy of his skill in fishery. So shall his name be as great among the cooks and fishermen as Caesar's among the men of war! He knows not how, in this sphere of life, such works as these immortalise a man.

"I hope Lord Bathurst, whose intentions were soon to survey these parts, will seduce you both to come with him. Yet I would not wish Gay so far from Richmond, to the ruin of any interest he may have begun to make there by a close attendance. You must expect when you come here profound tranquillity. There is no noise of coaches, horses, or chariots—the silence of the fields and woods surpasses imagination. Pray, when you next see Mrs. Howard, give my humble service to her, and ask whether she knows that a scene like this is properly the country when she wishes to live in it; or whether she loves the country as you do, and would exclaim with you, How rural we are at Twickenham! I send you no news hence; for though the fooleries of the town are good entertainment, those of the country are not. I find the Mrs. Blounts are in possession of their Richmond house, and find all imaginable pleasure there. I shall ever remember your good mother, Mrs. Pope, and have you in my heart, whose health and prosperity in all things, with the same hearty wishes to John Gay, shall conclude this, that already is too long, and a sincere adieu to both of you from your friend and servant,

"R. D.

"My brother is well at Paris."

#### DAVID MALLET TO POPE.

The two following letters appear to have been written by Mallet when he held the office of travelling tutor to the son of Pope's friend, Mrs. Newsham, the sister of Craggs. Of the first, Pope writes to Mrs. Newsham: "I had the most entertaining letter imaginable from Mr. Mallet from Wales. I sent it to our friend Patty, and she (if she is not stupid) will keep it, to show to you when we all meet." (Roscoe, ix. 447.) The sketch of Sir Arthur Owen, his house and garden—an establishment as unique as Commodore Trunnion's—is humorous and original:

"Chester, 2nd August [1784].

"DEAR SIR,—After a tedious ramble of six weeks through South and North Wales, I am just arrived at Chester; from whence I do myself the pleasure to send you some account of my travels. I wish it may not prove altogether uninteresting to you, since it is to me a real refreshment to converse with you even at this distance.

"I have seen nature and human nature, both in their undress; and, to say truth, the latter especially is infinitely the better for a little culture. If the golden age was stocked chiefly with such animals, I heartily thank Heaven for having reserved me to these iron times.

"The ordinary women in Wales are generally short and squat, ill-favoured and nasty. Their head-dress is a remnant of coarse blanket, and for their linen . . . they wear none, and they are all barefooted. But then they are wonderfully good-natured.

"The persons I have seen are beyond all description astonishing. One of them, who has a living of no less than 140*l.* a year, having been asked by his patron the day he was ordained priest, why we observe the 30th of January, answered seriously, On account of our Blessed Lady's Purification. Though the story is incredible, it is true. But then he kills more red game and hollas louder to a pack of hounds than any other man in the country. A second, whose face no Dutch painter could deform by a caricature, had the impudence lately to attempt a rape on the body of his clerk; for, what is as odd as the rest, the clerk of this parish is a woman. The Squires are rather more admirable than they are in England, and distinguished by the same attributes—a gun on their shoulder, a leash of dogs at their heels, and three or four scoundrels for their bosom friends.

"I saw nothing remarkable in South Wales except Tenby and Milford-Haven. Tenby is a little seaport town of a situation most delightfully romantic. It is built in form of a crescent on a very deep cleft, the sides of which towards the sea are all overgrown with ivy, as the bottom is washed by the tide. In the rock which runs out farthest into the sea, are several natural arches of great height, and curiously adorned with all the variety of fretwork and shells. Here, indeed, to atone for the rest of her countrywomen, I met with the greatest beauty I ever saw, and yet this plebeian angel, this goddess of low degree, was doing the humble office of a jack, or in plain English, turning a spit. Milford-Haven is certainly a very noble harbour, and several hundred ships of burden may ride safe at anchor in its numerous bays and windings.

"In this country I became acquainted with Sir Arthur Owen, Knight and Baronet, who, by his own authority, is Admiral of the haven and Viceroy of Pembrokeshire. He is for ever building and planting, and as he is his own gardener and architect his performances are uncommon. Oriulton, his mansion-house, is an enormous pile, built, I cannot say in a false taste, for there is no shadow of any taste at all. It has a very little porch, reaching one story high, and removed as far from the middle as possible, which is just such another beauty as the nose to a human face would be within half an inch of the left ear. The ceilings of his rooms are inverted keels of ships, painted black and brown. The fortress is defended by twenty pieces

of cannon, which are fired on all rejoicing days; for the knight is a passionate lover of the Court and of a great noise. As he walked over his grounds, he ever and anon turned his head to survey it from the several points of view, Heaven only can tell with what secret delight. You remember when Sancho was going to his government how he would be looking back every moment to steal a glance at his beloved Dapple, when the grooms had made him so fine with ribbons and Brussels lace. The plantations are all detached without regularity or design. They consist of about two acres each, and are each of them strongly confined within stone walls. One part of his garden is wonderful. It is a grove of near an acre and a half; and here Sir Arthur desired me to mount my horse, as he did his, because, he said, it would take us an hour and a quarter to traverse it all: as, indeed, it did, for he rode two-and-thirty courses on it. You must know this grove is cut into thirty-two walks, to answer the number of points in the mariner's compass, with a tree in the centre which he calls the needle. Each of these walks may be about six foot in length, and near two in latitude. Our horses and we threaded every one of these, and this, he told me, was boxing the compass.<sup>1</sup>

"This letter has already run unto so great a length that I will say nothing of North Wales, but conclude at once with my best wishes for your health and happiness; and with assuring you that I am, in all places and on all occasions, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant, D. MALLET."

[1735.]

"DEAR SIR,—It seems strange that I should write less frequently to you than to my other friends, though I esteem and love you more than all of them. And yet it is true, for this only reason, that I have hardly met with anything in the course of my travels hitherto which I think deserves your attention; and the design of this letter is more to have news from you of Twitenham and of your own health, than to send you any accounts of Paris or Geneva. It is but a very poor compliment to assure you that the former will give me infinitely more satisfaction than you can receive from the latter.

"I will say nothing of Paris, because, though I lived in it three weeks, I saw that great city—that metropolis of dress and debauchery—only, as it were, in a dream.

"Geneva is a pretty town, but of no great extent. It is well fortified on all sides, and entertains a garrison of about seven hundred men, which, however, in case of an assault, would be found not near sufficient to man the walls. It is true that the little republic de-

<sup>1</sup> Sir Arthur Owen, as appears from Burke's *Peerage and Baronetcy*, succeeded to his father in 1699, and died in 1753.

pendents chiefly for its security on the mutual jealousy of the French king and the Duke of Savoy. The city is built on a rising ground in the middle of a fine plain, agreeably diversified with vineyards, meadows, and little villas. I need not tell you that the famous Leman lake is one of its greatest ornaments. Though everything looks green and gay in the valley before and behind us, where the spring is in full bloom, yet the tops of the high mountains which surround us in a double range at the distance of about a league and a half, are still white with snow, and even in this season afford a beautiful winter-piece.

"As all public spectacles are forbidden, our amusements are few. These honest burghers lead a plain, uniform life, which, if it is not enlivened by many pleasures, is not ruffled by strong passions; a little commerce, a little love, and a very little gallantry, make up the business and ambition of the place. The whole town dines regularly at half an hour after twelve. About two they form themselves into parties, which they call societies, for cards, where, if a man is in an ill run of fortune, he may lose three or four shillings. This continues till six; and then all the little *beau monde* of Geneva appears either on the bastions of their fortifications or in a public walk which they call the Treille. The women simper at the men, and the men say silly things to the women, till half an hour after seven, when every one returns to his own home to supper and to bed.

"The women (who are neither handsome nor ugly) dress disagreeably, though against their own inclination, for the mode is fixed by a reform of the commonwealth, which forbids them likewise to wear any gold or silver lace on their clothes. But that fashionable superfluity is indulged to strangers, because the inhabitants find their account in it. They do not paint, as the French women do, to a degree that at first very much shocks an English eye. In Paris a lady's quality may be guessed at by the quantity of red she lays on—the cheek of a duchess being in a higher state of colouring than that of a countess.

"You see what valuable experience one gains by travelling! To be serious, I have learned by it to prize you more than ever, and to reckon as the greatest happiness of my life the friendship you have shown for, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

"D. MALLET."

HUGH BETHELL.

Hugh Bethell was an early friend of Pope. He seems to have been very intimate with the Mapledurham family, and through this connexion formed an acquaintance with the poet. In the published correspondence and the poetry of

Pope, Mr. Bethell appears as a grave and somewhat aged person, suffering from asthma. In the following letter we see him lively and vigorous—"Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:"

"TO MRS. TERESA BLOUNT.

"Wigginton, August the 28, 1716.

"MADAM,—You might begin to think I had forgot (which is not possible) the promise I had made you of sending you the receipt of the snuff for the headache, which you should have had much sooner, but that I staid with my sister in Gloucestershire longer than I intended, and only got here three days ago. When I came to York, it happened to be just at the time of the races, and there was so much company that, instead of being got to the country, I began to fancy myself in London; and our Palais Royal wanted nothing to make it not inferior to the Spanish Ambassador's but the two Mrs. Blounts. Among the rest, I was agreeably surprised to meet with our friend Wich, who, not content with his conquests in the south, comes to triumph over us in the north. Many a country squire who, before that he arrived, was happy in the affections of his mistress, and thought a pretty fellow, is now discarded, and called an awkward creature, and there is no bearing of him. For which reason they intend to give orders for the future that he shall have no ticket given him to go to their assemblies, and except against his coming there, as they except against certain horses that are looked upon as an overmatch for the rest. That he might do the greater execution, he took lodgings in a boarding-house; but having a cousin there, and out of charity to my countrywomen, I let them know the danger they were in, and, forewarned forearmed, by the caution I gave them, I do not hear of any accident that happened, as I am told he went away by broad daylight, and carried nobody off in his chaise with him beside his man Jack, for which I think all the husbands and mothers in the town should sing Te Deum. I shall not have room for my receipt if I do not conclude, which I shall in assuring you how much I am your most obedient servant,

"HUGH BTHELL."

JAMES MOORE-SMYTHE.

The following is a specimen of the fantastic epistles written to the young ladies at Mapledurham by James Moore. It is addressed to Martha Blount:

"If Parthenissa is a true friend, as I have reason to believe she is,

she may easily guess at the concern I was in to part with her so soon, and in such a prospect of ill weather, as I did yesterday. Had my enchanting rod and girdle been here, the park should not have wanted a habitation fit for Parthenissa. A castle should have rose surpassing all those you have read of in past ages, for as my art is much more perfect than ever theirs was, I had certainly surpassed all other enchanters in my performance. The night was as agreeably passed away as any could be after such a dire separation, with the pleasant ideas of having so good a friend and hopes of seeing you again, till unluckily repassing each minute of our conversation, I came to that unhappy moment when you told me you were angry with me. Ye gods, is Parthenissa angry and do I live? Why did not the almighty Jove send down a thunderbolt to crush my guilty head? For sure whoever deserves your anger deserves no less a punishment. But, hold! When I reflect how serene those looks were when you pronounced me guilty, I cannot think there was a thought of anger in that soul—I am sure there was none in your eyes. Yes! I shall flatter myself 'twas only to try me. Should I believe otherwise 'twould be worse than death to the most faithful friend living,

“ALEXANDER.”

The signature “Alexander” probably led to the wrong indorsement on this letter, “Alex. Pope to Martha Blount.” The loose, sprawling handwriting, and the ineffable nonsense of the letter, proclaim its author. The “Alexis” letters to Teresa are in the same style:

“CHARMING ZEPHALINDA,—I must begin my letter with the customary compliments of an happy new year to you all—the ordinary commencement of epistles in the first week of January. But I do not care to dwell long upon forms; neither must I, upon consideration, be tedious upon any other subject; for in the hurry of the London journey time will be too precious to throw away in reading letters of little profit or instruction. But, by-the-by, I must give you a caution when you go to London of sending me no more farthing histories of Tom Thumb in a budget, or new ballads of unfortunate lovers to the tune of Chevy Chase. If you do, I assure you, since Mr. Bickerstaff has lain down, I will take up his employment, under the name of Olinda. Well, I shall expect shortly to hear of some great conquest in the kingdom of Love, since Zephalinda’s and Parthenissa’s forces are taking the field. If the young Lord P., that is just entering Cupid’s lists, should happen to be made prisoner, treat him with generous clemency and compassion; and so I desire of any general officer that hath the good luck to fall into your hands. Be not cruel, however, to the inferior, for fear of acquiring the reputation of being

barbarous ; but use deserters at your own discretion.. And so I wish success to your arms ; and if victory does not attend you, I shall think the nation allows beauty to be resisted, and that Love's empire will soon be at an end. But, for my part, I am resolved never to swerve from my allegiance to so undoubted a sovereign, though an act of Parliament were passed to justify the legality of it. If you have leisure from your diversions in town, a line or two will not, you are sure, from your hands be unwelcome to me. My services to Mrs. Blount, and ten thousand to the lovely Parthenissa. I am, as ever, charming Parthenissa and Zephalinda,

"Your admirer and humble servant,

"ALEXIS."

We subjoin a few scraps of intelligence :

"Aug. 13, 1713.—The wits are removed from Will's over the way." [After Cato was produced, in April this year, Addison carried the Wits to Button's Coffee-house.]

"Nov. 19, 1713.—Upon Tuesday last we had a most sumptuous procession here, in which were carried the Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender. It marched out from Jenny Man's, and most of the Whig nobility were spectators, and their footmen attended it, and many others, with lighted flambeaux, as far as the Royal Exchange and back again to Charing Cross, where, in a bonfire of eight loads of fagots, the three images were burnt. But, to the great mortification of the Whigs, their procession was not joined by one hundred persons in all the long tour it made."

"The only lean beauty I see about town is Mrs. Belinda [Arabella Fermor?], whose charms and gallants desert her so fast, that I wonder despair and the spleen have not quite eaten her up." (No date.)

"The masquerade that was last Monday at the French Ambassador's affords discourse to the whole town. I was there, and never in my life saw such a crowd and confusion. For what betwixt quality (all in town being there) and the mob that got admittance, there was no sticking a pin between us. The table of sweetmeats was thrown down and two hundred bottles of wine broke to pieces. It is said the Ambassador will go from hence to France in a week." (No date.)

In these letters of James Moore's mention is occasionally made of his having purchased snuff for Parthenissa!

NATHANIEL HOOKE.

A long letter, dated December, 1741, was addressed by Hooke, the historian, to Martha Blount, in which he tries a

vein of somewhat heavy pleasantry, prescribing soap, or soap lees, as a cure for the stone. The following extract is more to our purpose :

"The only objection I ever had to Mr. Pope is that he has no taste for nonsense. He never can find the wit of it, which is an amazing thing in a man of his parts and reading. Now, you must know, I have been all my life, as Dr. Taylor expresses it, 'trifling as an untaught boy;' and an untaught boy I shall certainly be as long as I live. This is the reason why I am always uneasy when I have any of my children with me, for if I appear as I am, they will never have any respect for me, though they may admire me."

## II.

### LETTERS OF VOITURE'S PUBLISHED AS POPE'S.

It appears from MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, that after Curll had published a second volume of "Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence," he received the following communication, with accompanying documents :

"MR. CURLL,—The characteristics whereby the author of the enclosed letters may be known are too many and glaring to need any mention of his *name*. Were there no other arguments to confirm this, *his own pen betrays him*. But for your further satisfaction I must inform you that I found them among some papers of a deceased friend, with several others of a nature more insignificant, which therefore I would not transcribe. The gentleman's wife, before she was so, is known to have been personally acquainted with your adversary, which puts the matter beyond doubt. With many thanks for your two former volumes, these are at your service for the third, which I find you are about.—Yours, S. E.

"For Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller, in Rose Street, Covent Garden, London.

• "*Carriage Paid.*"

[In another hand, also on the back of the letter : "Send by Thos. Goodall at the Four Swans in Bishopgate Street, on Friday by noon."]

The letters enclosed consisted of translations from Voiture, one of them entitled, "To Miss B. on the Death of her Brother." Curll had replied by a notice in the newspapers, which called forth a second communication :



"Sept. 23, 1735.

"MR. CURLL,—In one of the public papers I find the following advertisement : 'A certain gentleman having received two letters from an unknown hand, signed J. E., if the author will let him know where he may be spoke with, or favour him with a line signed with his own proper name at length, the said gent. shall think himself very much obliged.' I presume it is put in by you and concerns me. Imagining that the two letters are the copies enclosed in mine to you, and that you, by mistaking my handwriting, have put J. E. for S. E., thus I state the case and thus I answer.

"When I sent you the copies of four letters which I thought abundantly worth your publishing, even though they were supposed not to belong to the hand whose style and sprightliness they undoubtedly bear, I did it with a view at least by your means of serving the public. If they fail of that desirable end, I am not answerable, having committed them wholly to your judgment, to publish or throw them by, as shall seem fittest to you and most to suit your conveniency. It can be but of little importance to you to know my name at length: let the initials suffice, as I for many reasons chuse it. If you have anything further to urge, it will probably escape me, unless inserted in the *Gazetteer*, *Oracle*, *Old Whig*, or *Craftsman*. I wish you success in your third volume, and you may depend upon my utmost assistance in the encouragement of it, who am yours, &c., S. E."

This bait proved successful. Curll printed the spurious Pope letters in his third volume, and the poet in the genuine edition stigmatised them as letters "printed in his name, which he never writ, and addressed to persons to whom they never were written." He also, in the list of spurious editions, pointed out the French source from which they had been derived. The original communications appear to be in Pope's well-known handwriting slightly disguised. They are indorsed on the back, in neat printed characters, "LETTERS OF MR. POPE TO MISS BLOUNT." The editor had no doubt that Pope was the author of this ingenious and successful imposition upon Curll; but since the first edition of this work was published, the following manuscript note has been discovered in a copy of Pope's Works which belonged to Francis Douce, the eminent antiquary :

"The Miss Blount which our son Charles mentioned to you was your granddaughter, begotten by Charles himself. Bookseller Curll having had good success with publishing a volume of letters of Mr.

Pope's, and others, he proceeded to a second, and by laying out far and wide, for letters of all sorts, he has now, I think, made them up 6 vols. When Charles found him so greedy of letters he translated three or four letters of Voiture's to Madlle. Rambouillet, &c., and sent them by the Penny Post to Curll as Pope's to Miss Blount, and Curll has not fail'd to publish them to the world as such.—*From a letter written by Mr. J. Plumtre to his wife Annabella, dated Jernyn Street, 1 May, 1744.*"

On turning to Burke's "Landed Gentry," we find notices of the Plumtre family. John Plumtre, Esq., of Nottingham (born in 1679, and died in 1751), married Annabella, eldest daughter of Sir Francis Molyneux, Bart., and had, with several other children, a son Charles, born in 1712, and afterwards D.D., Archdeacon of Ely, &c. Charles Plumtre, at the age of twenty-three, was likely enough perhaps to commit this hoax upon Curll, but the resemblance of the handwriting to that of Pope is remarkable. The form of the characters, the address in imitation of print, and the size and quality of the paper (small quarto), are precisely the same as those of the genuine Pope letters also in the Bodleian Library. Dr. Bandinell, and other gentlemen connected with the Bodleian, concurred with the editor in believing the spurious letters to be by Pope, but similarity of handwriting is a fallible test, and the poet should have the benefit of the doubt caused by Douce's extract. The spurious letters are bound up in a volume with the letters addressed to Henry Cromwell by Pope, and others received by Corinna (Mrs. Thomas) from Dryden, Norris of Bemerton, Lady Chudleigh, &c. Rawlinson (who was a voracious and indiscriminate collector) had most likely purchased the manuscripts from Curll after they had been printed. On one of the pages in the correspondence is a clever pen-and-ink drawing by Pope, representing a robed figure in an attitude of contemplation, under which Curll has written: "This figure is the delineation of Mr. Pope's penmanship. E. CURLL."

On the subject of these Voiture letters, we subjoin part of a communication, evidently from Pope, in the *Grub-street Journal* of January 8th, 1736:

"How unjustifiable is it, to speak in the mildest term, thus to

prostitute an author's name to three volumes of Letters, the first of which Mr. Pope has publicly disowned, and the two last can on no other ground be ascribed to this author but the insufferable assurance of the publisher of them. Not content with three volumes, he promises to trouble the world with another. It must, therefore, be highly reasonable to let those who have not an opportunity of examining before they purchase, know what they are likely to expect. C——'s second vol. has, I presume, been published long enough to be pretty well known. I shall, therefore, only say of it that there are contained in it, notwithstanding it bears the title of Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence, only eight letters *pretended* to be his, besides two fragments of letters and some verses, which either are not Mr. Pope's, or have been often in print before. As to the third volume, though it bears the same title, it has still less plea to it, and C—— has here exceeded his usual exceedings. If the single letter to the Duchess of Bucks be Mr. Pope's, I aver it to be the only one that is so in the whole volume. For though there are given four others—and but four—as Mr. Pope's to Miss B., any one may soon be satisfied with how little foundation it is, who will but consult Voiture's Letters, from which they are word for word transcribed, excepting only two or three words to adapt them more to these times, and a quotation from Shakspeare. Nay, so notorious is this re-publisher that they are not so much as transcribed anew from the French, but taken from an old English translation by one J. Davies, printed at London for T. Dring and J. Starkey in the year 1657. The letters are in Voiture the 13th, 14th, 36th, and 71st. Thus, neither the knowledge he professes to have of Voiture's writings nor the uncouthness of the language of this old translation (for he would be thought a judge of language in his prefixed letters signed S. E.), so very unlike that of Mr. Pope's, could deter this doughty re-publisher from endeavouring to foist these things on the world as Mr. Pope's; and to countenance all this he has prefixed a formal letter, as if these four letters came from a person who was possessed of some of Mr. Pope's writings, and he is ready no doubt, on being called on, to produce the originals. But if encouragement be given to such proceedings there will never be wanting crowds of plagiaries of this kind to pester the world with the gleanings of their hard-bound brains, and of their shallow readings."

The phrase "hard-bound brains" Pope had, in the Epistle to Arbuthnot, applied to Philips.

## III.

PLAN OF POPE'S GARDEN AND GROTTTO, BY J. SEARLE,  
HIS GARDENER.

IN 1745 was published a slight pamphlet, entitled "A Plan of Mr. Pope's Garden, as it was left at the time of his death, with a Plan and Perspective View of the Grotto. All taken by J. Searle, his Gardener. With an account of all the Gems, Minerals, Spars, and Ores of which it is composed, and from whom they were sent. To which is added a Character of his Writings. London: R. Dodsley. Price 1s. 6d."

## EXPLANATION OF PLAN.

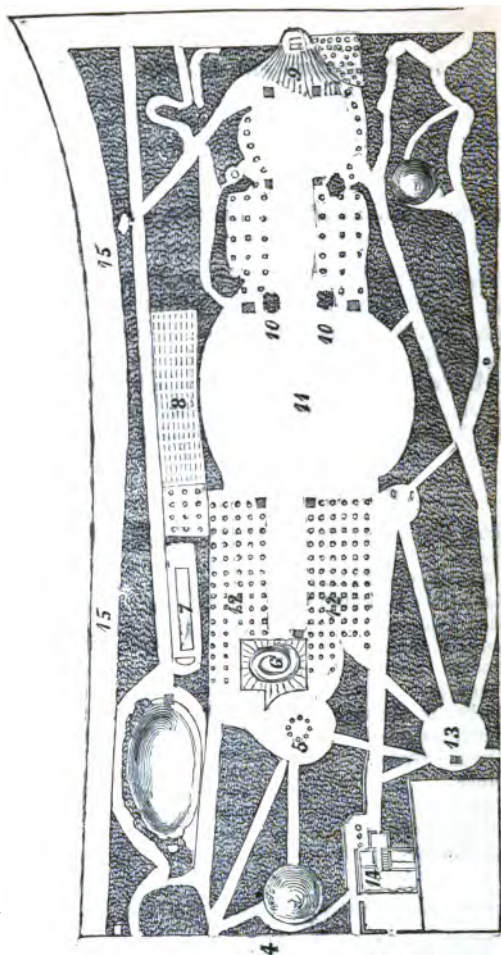
1. The Grass Plat before the House next the Thames.
2. The House.
3. The Under-ground Passage.
4. The Road from Hampton Court to London.
5. The Shell Temple.
6. The Large Mount.
7. The Stoves.
8. The Vineyard.
9. The Obelisk in Memory of his Mother.
10. Two Small Mounts.
11. The Bowling Green.
12. The Grove.
13. The Orangery.
14. The Garden House.
15. Kitchen Garden.

## AN ACCOUNT OF THE MATERIALS WHICH COMPOSE THE GROTTTO.

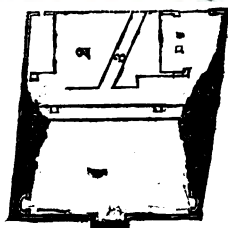
## Over the Entrance from the Garden :

"*Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitæ.*"—HOR.

1. At the entrance of the Grotto next the Garden are various sorts of stones, thrown promiscuously together, in imitation of an Old Ruin; some full of holes, others like honeycombs, which came from RALPH ALLEN'S, Esq., at Widcombe, near Bath. Several fine fossil and snake stones,



PLAN OF POPE'S GARDEN.



with petrified wood and moss in various shapes, from the petrifying spring at Nasborough [Knaresborough], in Yorkshire, by the Rev. D. KEY. Fine verd antique from Egypt, with several sorts of Italian sparry marble of divers colours. Amethysts; several clumps of different forms, with some fine pieces of white spar, from her Grace the Duchess of CLEVELAND, at Raby Castle, in Westmoreland [Durham]. Some fine pieces of German spar, intermixed with yellow mundic, with moss and some English pebbles. In the centre is a fine spring.

2. Flints, moss of many sorts, many pieces of Plymouth marble of different colours, from Mr. COOPER of that place. Several pieces of well-chosen things from the Glass-house. Several fine flakes of gold clift from Mr. CAMBRIDGE, with several fine pieces of white spar from the Duchess of CLEVELAND.

3. Many small dice of mundic and tin ore. Two sorts of yellow-flaky copper; one showing, by the different strata of metal, that different masses of copper will, though concreted at different times, unite close into one globe or lump. Several groups of Cornish diamonds incrustated, semi-pellucid, and shot round a globe of yellow copper. Many thick incrustations of shot-spar of a yellowish cast, sprinkled with small cubes of mundic, lead ore, kalkan, or wild iron. Many fine pieces of yellow mundic, several small Cornish diamonds, tinged with a blackish water, and others with a green water. Several large groups of Cornish diamonds, very transparent, from the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM BORLASE, of Ludgvan, in Cornwall. Many fine large pieces of red spar, out of Colonel Stapleton's lead mine, from GEORGE LYTTLETON, Esq. Fine petrifications from GILBERT WEST, Esq., at West Wickham, in Kent. Fine incrustations from Mr. ALLEN's quarries; and several pieces of sparry marble, of different colours, from Plymouth; with many large Cornish diamonds, and other petrifications: which form two fine rocks, with water distilling from them.

4. Fine sparry marble, from Lord EDGECOMBE's quarry, with different sorts of moss. Several fine pieces of the eruption from Mount Vesuvius, and a fine piece of marble from the Grotto of Egeria, near Rome; from the Rev. Mr. SPENCE. With several fine petrifications and Plymouth marble, from Mr. COOPER. Gold clift from Mr. CAMBRIDGE,

Gloucestershire; and several fine brain-stones from Mr. MILLER, of Chelsea.

5. Many fine pieces of sparry marble, of divers colours, and between each course of marble many kinds of ores—such as tin ore, copper ore, lead ore, soapy rock, kallan, and wild lead intermixed; with large clumps of Cornish diamonds, and several small ores of different degrees of transparency. The several sorts of figured stones are rich white spars, interlaced with black cockle, or spars shot into prisms of different degrees of waters. Some very particular sorts of fossils, of different sizes and colours; copper ore of a fine purple colour; several fine pieces of granated white mundic, intermixed with plain spar in a copper bed. Several thin crusts or films of bright spar, formed on a surface before shot into protuberances; a lump of yellow copper that has a very singular crust of spar, some grains of mundic interspersed of different colours—some yellow, some purple, and others of a deep blue, inclining to black; all from the Rev. Dr. WILLIAM BORLASE. Several fine Bristol stones of different colours, some of a dark brown, others of a yellow cast, &c., from Mrs. BROXHOLME; and several fine incrustations from Mr. ALLEN.

6. Several large pieces of fine crystal, intermixed with yellow mundic. A fine piece of spar, interwoven like many oyster shells, and intermixed with white mundic. A fine piece of spar, with a mixture of copper interwoven like a fine lace. Several pieces of crystal with a brown incrustation, and a mixture of mundic from the Hartz mines, in Germany. A fine piece of gold ore from the Peruvian mines. Silver ore from the mines of Mexico. Several pieces of silver ore from Old Spain. Some large pieces of gold clift from Mr. CAMBRIDGE, in Gloucestershire. Load ore, copper ore, white spar, petrified wood, Brazil pebbles, Egyptian pebbles, and blood stones, from Mr. BRINSDEN. Some large clumps of amethyst, and several pieces of white spar, from the Duchess of CLEVELAND. Some fine pieces of red spar, several fine icicles, and several sorts of fossils from GEORGE LYTTLETON, Esq. Many pieces of coral and petrified moss, and many other curious stones, from the island of St. Christopher, in the West Indies; with several humming-birds and their nests, from ANTONY BROWN, Esq., of Abbs Court, in Surrey.

Plymouth marble of different colours, one fine Cornish diamond from the PRINCE'S Mine, in Cornwall. Near a hundred-weight from the Rev. Dr. ASKEW. Several fine pieces of yellow mundic. Some purple copper stained by mineral water. Two stones from the Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, from Sir HANS SLOANE. Some pieces of petrified wood, with coral and petrified moss round a basin of water.

7. Different kinds of Italian marble. Many fine Kerry stones of different waters, with several fine fossils from Ireland, from the Earl of ORBERRY. Many flakes of white spar and mother-amethyst from the Duchess of CLEVELAND. The roof of small stones, incrusting over, out of the river Thames. Some square dice of mundic. Several pieces of silver ore from Old Spain; with several sorts of moss.

8. Different sorts of sparry marble from Italy. Several large stones interwoven like honeycombs; and others like old broken pillars. Many large pieces of Plymouth marble, German spar, and spar from Norway, by Mr. AFTERLONEY. The roof of purple spar, and some yellow spar; and several fine square dice of mundic from Mr. ORD's mine in Yorkshire. And round a piece of water are fixed different plants, such as maiden-hair, hart's-tongue, fern, and several other plants; intermixed with many petrifications, and some uncommon Cornish diamonds, from Lord GODOLPHIN's great copper works, in Ludgvan.

9. Some very natural rock work, compiled of flints and cinders from the glass-houses, furnaces, &c.; with some grains of mundic artfully mixed with white spar.

10. A fine and very uncommon petrification from Okey Hole, in Somersetshire, from Mr. BRUCE.

[Curll, in 1735, said: "He (Pope) has been annually improving the gardens to the amount of 5000*l.*, as Mr. Searle, his gardener, assured us. He has lived with Mr. Pope above eleven years; and, in the hortulan dialect, told us that there were not ten sticks in the ground when his master took the house."]



## IV.

## POPE'S WILL AND ESTATE.

IN the name of God, Amen. I, ALEXANDER POPE, of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex, make this my last Will and Testament. I resign my soul to its Creator in all humble hope of its future happiness, as in the disposal of it Being infinitely good. As to my body, my will is, that it be buried near the monument of my dear parents at Twickenham, with the addition, after the words *filius fecit*—of these only, *et sibi*; *Qui obiit anno 17—, ætatis—*; and that it be carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth, as mourning. If I happen to die at any inconvenient distance let the same be done in any other parish, and the inscription be added on the monument at Twickenham. I hereby make and appoint my particular friends, Allen Lord Bathurst, Hugh Earl of Marchmont, the Honourable William Murray his Majesty's Solicitor-General, and George Arbuthnot, of the Court of Exchequer, Esq.,<sup>2</sup> the survivors or survivor of them, Executors of this my last Will and Testament.

But all the manuscript and unprinted papers which I shall leave at my decease, I desire may be delivered to my noble friend, Henry St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, to whose sole care and judgment I commit them, either to be preserved or destroyed; or, in case he shall not survive me, to the abovesaid Earl of Marchmont. Those who in the course of my life have done me all other good offices, will not refuse me this last after my death: I leave them, therefore, this trouble, as a mark of my trust and friendship, only desiring them each to accept of some small memorial of me: That my Lord Bolingbroke will add to his library all the volumes of my works and translations of Homer, bound in red morocco, and the eleven volumes of those of Erasmus: That my Lord Marchmont will take the large-paper edition of Thuanus, by Buckley, and that portrait of Lord Bolingbroke, by Richardson, which he

<sup>2</sup> Son of Dr. Arbuthnot. He held a lucrative appointment in the Exchequer Office, and died June 8, 1779, aged 76.

shall prefer: That my Lord Bathurst will find a place for the three statues of the Hercules of Farnese, the Venus of Medici, and the Apollo in *chiaro oscuro*, done by Kneller: That Mr. Murray will accept of the marble head of Homer, by Bernini; and of Sir Isaac Newton, by Guelfi: And that Mr. Arbuthnot will take the watch I commonly wore, which the King of Sardinia gave to the late Earl of Peterborough, and he to me on his death-bed,<sup>3</sup> together with one of the pictures of Lord Bolingbroke.

Item. I desire Mr. Lyttelton to accept of the busts of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and Dryden, in marble, which his royal master the Prince was pleased to give me.<sup>4</sup> I give and devise my library of printed books to Ralph Allen, of Widcombe, Esq., and to the Reverend Mr. William Warburton, or the survivor of them (when those belonging to Lord Bolingbroke are taken out, and when Mrs. Martha Blount has chosen threescore out of the number). I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton the property of all such of my works already printed, as he hath written, or shall write, commentaries or notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of, or alienated, and all the profits which shall arise after my death from such editions as he shall publish without future alterations.

Item. In case Ralph Allen, Esq., abovesaid, shall survive me, I order my Executors to pay him the sum of one hundred and fifty pounds, being, to the best of my calculation, the amount of what I have received from him, partly for my own, and partly for charitable uses. If he refuses to take this himself, I desire him to employ it in a way I am persuaded he will not dislike, to the benefit of the Bath Hospital.

I give and devise to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Magdalen

<sup>3</sup> "He ordered on his death-bed his watch to be given me (that which had accompanied him in all his travels) with this reason, *that I might have something every day to put me in mind of him*. It was a present to him from the King of Sicily, whose arms and insignia are engraved on the inner case. On the outer, I have put this inscription: *Victor Amadeus, Rex Siciliae, Dux Sabaudiae, &c. &c., Carolo Mordaunt, Comiti de Peterborough, D.D., Car. Mor. Com. de Pet. Alexandro Pope moriens legavit, 1735.*"—*Pope to Swift*.

<sup>4</sup> Lyttelton was then secretary to the Prince of Wales. In 1744 he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury in the Coalition Ministry, known as the "Bread-bottom Administration." The busts are still at Hagley.

Rackett, the sum of Three hundred pounds ; and to her sons Henry and Robert Rackett, One hundred pounds each. I also release, and give to her, all my right and interest in and upon a bond of Five hundred pounds, due to me from her son Michael. I also give her the family pictures of my father, mother, and aunts, and the diamond ring my mother wore and her golden watch. I give to Erasmus Lewis, Gilbert West, Sir Clement Cotterell, William Rollinson, Nathaniel Hook, Esqrs., and to Mrs. Ann Arbuthnot, to each the sum of Five pounds, to be laid out in a ring, or any memorial of me ; and to my servant, John Searle, who has faithfully and ably served me many years, I give and devise the sum of One hundred pounds, over and above a year's wages to himself and his wife ; and to the poor of the parish of Twickenham Twenty pounds, to be divided among them by the said John Searle ; and it is my will, if the said John Searle die before me, that the said sum of One hundred pounds go to his wife or children.

Item. I give and devise to Mrs. Martha Blount, youngest daughter of Mrs. Martha Blount, late of Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square, the sum of one thousand pounds immediately on my decease ; and all the furniture of my grotto, urns in my garden, household goods, chattels, plate, or whatever is not otherwise disposed of in this my Will, I give and devise to the said Mrs. Martha Blount, out of a sincere regard, and long friendship for her. And it is my will, that my abovesaid Executors, the survivors or survivor of them, shall take an account of all my estate, money, or bonds, etc., and after paying my debts and legacies, shall place out all the residue upon government, or other securities, according to their best judgment : and pay the produce thereof, half yearly, to the said Mrs. Martha Blount during her natural life : and after her decease, I give the sum of One thousand pounds to Mrs. Magdalen Rackett, and her sons Robert, Henry, and John, to be divided equally among them or to the survivors or survivor of them ; and after the decease of the said Mrs. Martha Blount, I give the sum of Two hundred pounds to the abovesaid Gilbert West ;<sup>5</sup> Two hundred to Mr. George Ar-

<sup>5</sup> Gilbert West did not live to receive this bequest. He predeceased Martha Blount, dying March 26, 1756. Through the influence of Pitt he enjoyed competence in his latter days, having been appointed clerk of the Privy Council and Treasurer of Chelsea College.



"MADAM,—As it is not in my power at present to find an opportunity of waiting upon you, I take the liberty to tell you in this way, that I shall always think I owe my friend who is gone the doing you every friendly service in my power, upon all occasions. I received the enclosed three days ago, and am informed there are two *cases* entered at the Commons against proving the Will. Be under no apprehensions. The attempt is weak and unworthy; but folly may give us a little trouble. In this, and everything else, I will do all in my power to support his intention; and, if in anything you should want advice or assistance, I shall think myself obliged if you will lay your commands upon, Madam, your most obedient, humble servant. W. MURRAY."

As Murray predicted, the opposition of Mrs. Rackett came to nothing. In the Assiguation Book, Doctors' Commons, for Michaelmas term, 24th October, 1744, appears the following minute: "The Right Hon. Lord Bathurst and others against Rackett. Searle [John Searle, Pope's gardener, we presume] is assigned to return commission of appraisement, and Greening to exhibit inventory." This assiguation was continued from Court-day to Court-day for about two years, and then dropped, nothing having been done. No inventory can be found.

Lady Hervey, in one of her letters to the Rev. E. Morris, alludes to an observation made by some gentleman on Pope's Will, which she characterises as just and obvious. "If Mr. Pope's illegal delicacy," she says, "should occasion a lawsuit, I should be very desirous to hear what Mr. Murray's (Lord Mansfield's) artful eloquence, stimulated by his friendship for the deceased, could make him urge in justification and support of that expression." The expression is not given. Mr. Croker, editor of Lady Hervey's Letters, conjectures that it may have related to the bequest in favour of Martha Blount; and the *illegal delicacy* was perhaps calling the lady by *that name*, when some persons supposed Pope to have been married to her. It may have referred to Pope styling Mrs. Rackett his *sister-in-law*, when in reality she was by birth his half-sister. Martha in her Will calls herself *spinster*, a voluntary declaration on her part.

Concerning this Will, Warburton writes: "As Mr. Pope's extreme friendship and affection for Mrs. Blount made him consult her in all his concerns, so, when he was about making

his last Will, he advised with her on the occasion; and she declared to him, she would not accept the large provision made by it for herself, unless he returned back, by way of legacy, all that he had received of Mr. Allen, on any account; and Mr. Pope, with the utmost reluctance, complied with the infirmity of such a vindictive spirit."—*Ruffhead's Life of Pope*. Martha Blount gave a very different account of this matter to Spence. "I had never read his Will," she said, "but he mentioned to me the part relating to Mr. Allen, and I advised him to omit it, but could not prevail on him to do so. I have a letter of his by me on that subject. I sent it to Mr. Hooke." According to Ruffhead, Mr. Allen accepted the legacy, as Mrs. Blount was the residuary legatee, but gave it to the Bath Hospital; observing, that Pope was always a bad accountant, and that if to 150*l.* he had put a cipher more, he had come nearer the truth. Mr. Allen was immensely rich, having acquired most of his wealth by a contract with the government for the cross-road letters, which he enjoyed for forty-four years. He left Warburton 5000*l.*, and Mrs. Warburton (niece of Ralph Allen) 5000*l.*, besides 10,000*l.* which she had on her marriage. To the Bath Hospital he left 1000*l.*, and another 1000*l.* to be distributed by his widow in charity. To William Pitt, Lord Chatham, he gave a legacy of 1000*l.* His estate appears to have amounted to about 67,000*l.*, exclusive of landed property of the value of 3600*l.* per annum. Fielding, while engaged in writing *Tom Jones*, lived very much at Tiverton, in the neighbourhood of Widcombe, or Prior Park, and dined every day at Allen's table. On the death of the novelist in 1754, his widow and four children were all generously provided for by Allen, who left them by his Will an annuity of 100*l.* each. This fortunate and truly munificent man died, at his seat of Prior Park, June 29, 1764.

The following letters and accompanying document relate to the poet's estate. Mr. George Arbuthnot writes to Martha Blount:

"MADAM,—I am sorry I had not an opportunity of waiting on you before you went out of town, which the hurry I was in at the close of the term prevented. Above and on the other side you receive a

state of Mr. Pope's affairs. As 2100*l.* and upwards is to be raised on the securities on which the money now is, it is proper you and Mrs. Rackett should agree on what should be called in or sold, and the remainder may be contrived for you to receive the interest of for your life. I believe there is but 700*l.* due on Mr. Bethell's bond, and as you are willing to take that in part of your 1000*l.* there will remain but 14 or 1500*l.* to be raised, and still less if you stay till Wright and Bowyer's accounts are settled, which shall be done with all expedition, though there is not above 1500*l.* now to be raised. If you and Mrs. Rackett desire it, all the securities may be called in and the produce vested in such other securities as you and Mrs. Rackett shall agree on; but if you are both of opinion some of them should be continued, we need only call in what is sufficient to raise the money now wanted; as the Executors are to act merely for your own and Mrs. Rackett and her sons' interest it is proper I should have your directions. I hope you enjoy perfect health in the country, where I wish you all manner of diversion and a pleasant season. I am, Madam, your most obedient servant,

"GEO. ARBUTHNOT.

"Castle Yard, 23 July, 1745."

#### STATE OF MR. POPE'S AFFAIRS MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE.

"Four bonds delivered by Mr. Pope to Mr. Murray, 27 May, 1744. Allen Lord Bathurst's bond, dated 25 March, 1738, for 2000*l.*, of which paid off, as appears by endorsement, 1000*l.* and 500*l.* Bond of William Pannett, sen., and William Pannett the younger, citizen and grocer of London—12 Feb. 1714, for 200*l.* with interest at 4 per cent. Bond of Slingsby Bethell, Esq., dated 27 March, 1744, for 1000*l.* Bond of Ralph Allen, Esq., dated 25 June, 1743, for 2000*l.* These bonds are now in Mr. Murray's hands.

"It appears by a letter of Mrs. Watts and a memorandum of Mr. Pope's that he had 31 shares in the Sun Fire Office purchased at 1011*l.* 7*s.* Mr. Pope likewise mentions, in a memorandum of the effects, that Wright and Bowyer, the printers, would be indebted to him, when their accounts were settled, 200*l.* or 300*l.*; but their accounts are not yet settled.

"There was 200*l.* in Mr. Drummond's hands at Mr. Pope's death, but it has been all drawn out of his hands, except 44*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, to pay his debts and funeral expenses. I have now in my hands 49*l.* 16*s.* and a bill of exchange from Mr. Allen for 50*l.*, which will be due in two or three days. I believe all Mr. Pope's debts are paid, excepting 100*l.* and interest to Mr. Warburton, and Mr. and Mrs. Searle's wages, which the money in my hands and Mr. Drummond's will probably discharge.

"The legacies to be paid are—

£1000 to Mrs. Blount.

300 to Mrs. Rackett.

200 to her sons Henry and Robert.

100 to John Searle, and a year's wages to him and Mrs. Searle.

20 to the poor of Twickenham.

---

£1620 and the year's wages to Searle and his wife.

150 to Mr. Allen, or the Bath Hospital.

---

£1770

300 and interest to be paid for the house Mrs. Blount now lives in. So that there must be above 2100*l.* raised out of these four bonds and the Sun Fire Office Shares."

Mr. Murray, as one of the Executors, had some correspondence with Miss Blount relative to the furniture of the grotto, left her by Pope's will. The proprietrix of the villa laid claim to the more fixed part of the decorations. A letter from Murray, dated 31st January, 1747-8, states that Sir W. Stanhope would give 50*l.* if Miss Blount would accept it immediately for the furniture; and he advised her to accept it; "for," he added, "there will be a question whether you can remove them, as they are fixed to the freehold. If you should succeed in that, which is doubtful, you must be at the expense of putting everything in the condition it was before; and, after all, the things removed will not sell for the money, though they would have cost, and are worth where they are, a great deal more. *But Sir William pretends he should like the place as well as it was before!*" What would Pope have said to this depreciation of his beloved grotto?

Miss Blount got impatient, and Arbuthnot writes:

"MADAM,—You seem uneasy at some delay, I do not know about what. All Mr. Pope's affairs have been finished long since, excepting the sale of some of his books, which no bookseller will give anything considerable for, and will not, I fear, fetch as much as is yet due for the printing them. The reason of this is the power Mr. Warburton has of publishing other editions of the same books. They are worth more to him than any one else, and I have lately had some dispute with Warburton's bookseller about this matter, who has at last promised to take them at a price shall be agreed on by two referees.

"My account is and always has been ready; and some year,



ago I brought it to you, with the vouchers, to look over; but you declined doing it. I will order it to be again transcribed and send it to you. I don't remember you ever asked for an account before. I am, Madam, your most obedient servant, "GEO. ARBUTHNOT.

"Beaufort Buildings, 1st July, 1748."

The correspondence between Mr. Arbuthnot and his client continued up to the death of the latter, and we subjoin the concluding letter as connected with Pope's estate:

"Cork-street, 18th Feb. 1762.

"MADAM,—I had the favour of your letter, with that from Mr. Andrews enclosed, which I return to you. My ill health has, in some measure, been the reason of my not answering it sooner.

"I find your present lease is for thirty-one years from the 24th of June, 1737, so you have six and a quarter years to come. Mr. Pope having left you the interest of his fortune for life, which was afterwards to go to Mrs. Rackett's sons, I remember Mr. Henry Rackett was very angry that part of it should go in the purchase of your lease, of which he and his brothers were not likely to have any advantage. And if it had not been purchased in pursuance of an agreement made in Mr. Pope's lifetime, his objection would have been very reasonable; so you see Mr. Pope's executors cannot renew the lease, nor do I know that it is to your advantage they should. But I think Mrs. Rackett's sons, if any are now alive, or their representatives (as they have had a bad bargain in the first case), should have it in their power to renew it if they think it worth their while, and should be acquainted with Lord Berkeley's proposal. But I really do not know where any of them are, or if living. Mr. Henry Rackett was an attorney, and I used to see him frequently on business, but it was many years ago. I am, &c.,

"GEO. ARBUTHNOT."

Among Pope's Homer MSS. in the British Museum is the following note addressed to Pope's mother by Mrs. Rackett:

"DEAR MOTHER,—The somer coming on and y<sup>e</sup> roads good putts me in hopes I shall soon see you att Hall Greve. Mr. Morris is goeing, and I shall have an empty room at your servis, and another for my brother, if he will oblidg me with his good company. Mrs. Doune comes not this somer. I shall be alone all somer if my mother, Rackett, and you don't come to see me. All here joine in reall love and service. From, Dear Mother, your dutyfull Da<sup>r</sup>.

"M. RACKETT.

"April y<sup>e</sup> 19."

Ladies at that time—even young ladies of rank—spelt

very indifferently. The following note, addressed to Pope by his aged mother, is worse in this respect than the usual run of female epistles; but it illustrates the motherly affection and piety of the excellent old lady:

"Tuesday, 12 o'clock.

"MY DEARE,—A letter from your sister yust now is come and gone, Mr. Mannock and Charls Rackitt, to take his leve of us, but being nothing in it doe not send it. He will not faile to cole here on Friday morning, and take ceare to cearrie itt to Mr. Thomas Doncaster. He shall dine wone day with Mrs. Dune, in Ducke-street; but the day will be unsairton, soe I thinck you had better to send itt to me. He will not faile to cole here, that is Mr. Mannock. Your sister is very well, but your brother is not. There's Mr. Blunt of Mapill Duron is dead; the same day that Mr. Inglesfield died. [25th June, 1710.] My servis to Mrs. Blunts, and all that ask of me. I hope to here frome you, and that you are well, which is my dalye prayers; this, with my blessing. I am," &c.

The Athenæum, May 30, 1857, furnishes information respecting the Rackett family. Charles Rackett, the husband of Pope's sister, must have been a man of some property and respectable position. He resided at Hall Grove, near Bagshot, in Windlesham, where his family had held property for several generations. He appears to have died in 1728, administration being granted to his widow on the 7th of November of that year. "We presume," says the Athenæum, "that Mrs. Rackett had property of her own, or property settled to her own use, probably received from her father; for we find from MS. accounts in our possession relating to the estate of a Catholic Lady Carrington, that 55*l.* a year, as interest on 1100*l.*, is regularly charged as paid to Mrs. Rackett, from October, 1728, to June, 1730: and in her will, dated so long after as 1746, Magdalen Rackett refers to money due to her and received on, or arising from, the estate of Lady Carrington." Pope interested himself to obtain professional employment for one of his nephews—evidently Henry Rackett—who was, he says, "bred an attorney, but by nature and grace both, an honest man, *which even that education hath not overcome.*" We quote the following further particulars from the Athenæum, which has proved a perfect mine of unprinted materials for illustrating the biography of Pope:

"Magdalen Rackett died in 1747 or 1748. Her Will is dated the 16th of May, 1746, and was proved, with three codicils, in 1748. She is therein described as widow, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, in the county of Middlesex. The executors are, Henry Rackett, George Rackett, and George Wilmot. So far as our memory and notes made long since can be relied on, she bequeaths to her eldest son, Michael, an annuity of 50*l.* per annum, secured on certain messuages and tenements at Windlesham,—leaves small sums—by codicil, we think, 200*l.* and 300*l.* each—to her sons Bernard, Henry and John,—and bequeaths the whole of the residue to her son Robert, assigning as her reason for this preference, that she had not done so much for him as for her other children, on whom she had already spent considerable sums in settling them in life. Certain legacies she directs 'to be paid out of my late brother's personal estate at the death of Mrs. Martha Blount;' and she mentions money belonging to her secured upon the estate of Lady Carrington. She bequeaths some pictures to her 'good friend William Mannock,' if her son Robert be willing to part with them. This was probably Spence's informant, 'Mr. Mannick.' By a codicil dated the 30th of June, 1746, she bequeaths, in the event of the death of her son Robert, the residue to George Lamont, of Green-street, Leicester-fields, Doctor of Physic, and to John Byfield, of the parish of St. George the Martyr, organ-builder, in trust for the issue of Robert; and in another document, she mentions Alexander, the son, and Charles, the eldest son of her son Bernard. She twice mentions her white parchment Account-Book, and names George Wilmot as the executor who is to have possession of it.

"Amongst deaths announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1780, is that of 'Robert Rackett, Esq., the last surviving nephew of Alexander Pope.' In his Will he is described as of Devonshire-street, Queen-square, gentleman. It is dated the 20th of October, 1775, with a codicil dated the 15th of October, 1778, and was proved the 29th of December, 1779. He therein sets forth the Will of his brother, Henry Rackett, of East-street, near Red-Lyon-square; from which it appears that Henry had left personal property to the value of about 4000*l.* to his brother Robert, subject to the payment of an annuity of 80*l.* a year to his own widow, Mary Rackett, and of 500*l.* due to her under their marriage settlement. Robert directs his executors to fulfil the trusts of his brother's Will. He gives all the furniture, &c., in his house to his servant, Mrs. M'Carty, and, by codicil, an annuity of 20*l.*,—100 guineas to each of his executors,—and all the residue to his executors in trust for his grand-nephews, Robert Rackett and George Rackett, sons of his late nephew Alexander; and in default to his nephew Charles Rackett, of the city of Chester, or his children, if any living. The witnesses to the will sign as 'clerks to Mr. Robert Rackett.'

"It appears from this Will that the last of the sons of Magdalen Rackett died in 1779; and the probabilities are, that at that time she had a grandson living at Chester, and two great-grandchildren, Robert and George, probably youths, also living. We have set forth the names of executors and others, because it may help the curious to further information:—even the white parchment Account-Book, with its possible revelations, may yet be in unhonoured existence."

The estate of Hall Grove comprises a good house and 120 acres of ground. Fifty years ago it was in the occupation of "Squire Lister;" now of Mr. Hulse. The house has had additions made to it, and the present owner has added largely to the grounds, so that it was, we suppose, in Pope's time, a much humbler residence.

## V.

## RELICS OF POPE.

THE Editor received from Sir Edward F. Bromhead, Bart., of Thurlby Hall, Lincolnshire, an impression of a portrait seal, on a ring presented by Pope to Warburton. The seal contains a good likeness of the poet, apparently reduced from Richardson's profile. The ring is inscribed, "Don. A. Pope, G. Warburton.—G. Warburton, John Brown." The last named is evidently Dr. John Brown, author of several poems, including an "Essay on Satire," addressed to Warburton, and by him prefixed to Pope's Works. Dr. Brown left the ring to Dr. William Stephens, who left it by will to James Edwards, Esq.; and Mr. Edwards left it, also by will, to his wife, now Mrs. Butt, Trentham, Staffordshire. An engraving of the portrait is subjoined. Of this interesting relic Mrs. Butt says: "The ring has been much worn, but the lettering is quite legible. The red cornelian is also slightly scratched, but the portrait is perfect and uninjured."



A snuff-box is in possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh bearing the following inscription:

"This *Box*, with a Copy of his Published Works, was sent by

Alexander Pope, Esq., the Poet, accompanied by a written Note, in which he claimed a distant Relationship to my Grandfather (on my Mother's side), the Rev. Alexander Pope, Minister of Reay, Thurso, Caithness, who was himself something of a literary character:—the *Books*, so received were, on the Death of Mrs. Pope (who survived her Husband), taken away by Relatives of the Family, who usually attend on such occasions—and the *Norm*, also, which my eldest Brother distinctly recollected to have often seen and read during my Grandfather's life:

“The loss of this *latter* Memento, of a very eminent Man, is to me—as *now* the only Male Representative of both Father and Mother's Families—a source of deep regret.

“Edinburgh, April, 1854.”

“JAS. CAMPBELL,  
*Ass't. Commissary Gen'l.*”

This box is a handsome one, gilt, and with an allegorical scene in relief on the lid. Mr. Campbell has been misinformed as to the note written by the poet: there was no relationship between the parties. We have now before us a statement, dated August, 1822, and written by Mr. William Pope, nephew of the Caithness clergyman, in which he says: “We claimed no kindred with the poet, well knowing that we were the descendants of a very different family.” The nephew states that his uncle, on his visit to London, was introduced to Lord Bolingbroke, who invited him to dinner in company with the poet, and that they advised him to abandon the Church of Scotland and come to England with his family, and qualify himself for entering the English Church. This advice the minister declined to follow.

The drawing of the Prodigal Son, by Pope, in the possession of the Rev. Thompson Stoneham, Ketley, by Wellington, Salop, was engraved, as stated in the text (*antè*, page 90), for an edition of the *Essay on Man*, printed in 1748. There may have been an earlier impression, as the plate is dated in 1744. At the close of his introductory “Advertisement” to the *Essay*, Warburton says: “The reader will excuse my adding a word concerning the frontispiece; which, as it was designed and drawn by Mr. Pope himself, would be a kind of curiosity, had not the excellence of the thought otherwise recommended it. We see it represents the vanity of human glory in the false pursuits after happiness; where the ridicule in the curtain-cobweb, the death's head crowned

with laurel, and the several inscriptions, have all the force and beauty of one of his best wrote satires. Nor is there less expression in the bearded philosopher sitting by a fountain running to waste, and blowing up bubbles with a straw, from a small portion of water taken out of it in a dirty dish; admirably representing the vain business of school philosophy, that, with a little artificial logic, sits inventing airy arguments in support of false science, while the human understanding at large is suffered to lie waste and uncultivated."

In a communication with which we have been favoured by Mr. Stoneham, he mentions that in the painting itself there are not only all the particulars of the engraving, but a full-length figure of a rake reflecting amongst the ruins of Rome—"Roma Æterne." He is seated on a stone under a tree growing out of the ruins, and over his head is the inscription *Sic transit gloria mundi*. Above this is the death's head crowned with laurel; and at the feet of the penitent rake lies the upper portion of a statue inscribed *Viro Immortali*. His dress, once fashionable, is patched and torn, his looks are haggard and miserable, he is partly supported by a staff, and kneeling down close to the troughs where he has just fed the swine, he joins his hands and appears in the attitude of prayer. In his left hand is a scroll containing a sketch of the parable of the Prodigal Son, and the corner of the scroll shades the letters *Im* of the inscription *Capitoli Immobile Saxum*, thereby changing it to *mobile*. The right arm of the figure rests on the moulding of the plinth or pedestal of the statue inscribed *Viro Immortali*. There are other interesting points in the picture. Perhaps the incongruity of mixing up the Scripture parable with the ruins of Rome led Pope to reject the figure of the Prodigal Son from the drawing copied by the engraver for the Essay on Man.

## VI.

### THE WILLS OF POPE'S FATHER AND MARTHA BLOUNT.

IN the name of God, Amen. I, ALEXANDER POPE, of Binfield, in the county of Berks, gentleman, being in health of body and of perfect mind and memory, make this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following: Impri-

mis, I bequeath my soul to Almighty God, trusting through the merits of Christ to receive eternal salvation. For my worldly estate, I dispose thereof as followeth: Item, I give and bequeath unto my dear and loving wife, Editha Pope, the furniture of her chamber, rings, and jewels. Item, I bequeath unto my said wife the sum of Twenty Pounds. Item, I give and bequeath to my son-in-law, Charles Rackett, and to my dear daughter, Magdalen, his wife, to each of them the sum of Six Pounds for mourning. All the rest of my estate, real and personal, my goods, chattels, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, but more especially my rent-charge out of Mr. Chapman's estate, *viz.*, out of the manor of Ruston and elsewhere in the county of York, and my lands and tenements in Binfield, in the county of Berks, and in Windsham, in Surrey, I do give and bequeath unto my dear son and only heir, Alexander Pope. And I do hereby make, constitute, and appoint the said Alexander Pope sole executor of this my last Will and Testament, revoking all other wills-whatsoever. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this ninth day of February, Anno Domini 1710.

ALEXANDER POPE.

Signed, sealed, published, and declared by the said Alexander Pope to be his last Will and Testament, in the presence of

JOHN DONCASTLE.

ELNATHAN PAYNE.

MERCY BEECH.

[The Will was proved by the Executor on the 8th of November, 1717. The name of the last attesting witness should probably be Mary Beach, that of the poet's nurse; but the signature is very indistinct.]

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IN the name of God, Amen. I, MARTHA BLOUNT, of Berkeley-row, in the parish of St. George, Hanover-square, in the county of Middlesex, spinster, do make this my last Will and Testament in manner and form following: Impri-

mis, I give to my god-daughter, Mrs. Tichborne,<sup>9</sup> the sum of One hundred pounds. I also give to Matthew Swinburne, Esq.,<sup>10</sup> the sum of One hundred pounds. I give to Mrs. Ann Blount the sum of Fifty pounds, and forgive her the debt she owes me. I give to my maid, Mary Brown, Fifty pounds and all my wearing apparel, linen and woollen, with the furniture of my bedchamber and dressing-room. I give to my other maid Five pounds. I give to Eleanor Aylmer, my former servant, Thirty pounds. For other proper expenses, I leave to the discretion of my Executor. All the worldly goods and effects I die possessed of (after these legacies are paid) I give to my dear nephew, Michael Blount, of Mapledurham, in the county of Oxford, Esquire, whom I constitute my full and sole Executor and Administrator of this my last Will and Testament. In witness of which I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 13th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1762.

MARTHA BLOUNT.

Signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of the under-written witnesses:

E. COX.

MARY BROWN.

I desire my nephew, Michael Blount, to give Miss Betty Hooke<sup>11</sup> my silver tea-kettle and lamp for her great kindness to me; and Mr. Trustdale 5*l.* 5*s.* besides his bills, for his kind attendance on me. Dec. 21, 1762.

MARTHA BLOUNT.

[The Will was proved by the oath of Mr. Blount, the Executor, on the 18th of July, 1763—six days after the death of the Testator. Teresa Blount seems to have died intestate.]

<sup>9</sup> Martha Blount's brother married the daughter and co-heir of Sir Joseph Tichborne, of Tichborne, Hants.

<sup>10</sup> Sir William Swinburne, the second baronet of Capheaton, Northumberland, married, in 1697, Mary, daughter of Anthony Englefield, Esq., of Whiteknights, Berks, the maternal grandfather of Martha Blount.

<sup>11</sup> Probably the sister or daughter of Nathaniel Hooke the historian, with whom Pope and Martha Blount were very intimate.



## VII.

## FAMILY OF MR. EDWARD BLOUNT, POPE'S FRANKLIN.

MR. EDWARD BLOUNT (who has hitherto been strangely confounded with Mr. Michael Blount, of Mapledurham, the brother of Teresa and Martha Blount) was of the Sodington branch of the illustrious family now represented by Sir Edward Blount, Bart. Sir Walter Blount, the zealous Royalist in the time of Charles I., and the second Baronet of the family, after his release from the Tower, seems to have gone down to Blagdon House, parish of Paignton, Devonshire, on a visit to his eldest son, George, afterwards Sir George Blount, who had married Mary, sole daughter and heiress of Sir William Kirkham, of Blagdon, Knight. Here, in all probability, Sir Walter ended his days, for he was buried in Paignton Church, 29th August, 1654.

Sir George Blount had various children:

1. Sir Walter Kirkham Blount, who died without issue at Ghent, in Flanders, May 12, 1717.

2. George (who died in 1732, aged 80) married first to Mary, d. of Henry Earl of Thomond, by whom he had no issue. Secondly, to Constantia, d. of Sir George Cary, of Tor Abbey, Devonshire, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. Two of the sons died in infancy; the third, Edward, succeeded his uncle, Sir Walter Kirkham Blount, as fourth Baronet. Of his five daughters, 1, Constantia, m. Sir John Smyth, of Acton Burnell, in Salop; 2, Mary, m. Mr. Edward Dickenson, of Wroughtington, in Lancashire; 3, 4, 5, Anne, Elizabeth, and Catherine, all died at Cambay unmarried.

3. William Blount. ["Here lyeth the body of William Blount, Esq., Third Sonne of Sir George Blount of Saddington, Baronet, who dyed in the 21 years of his age on y<sup>e</sup> 9th of May, 1671."—*Inscription on flat stone in the Chancel of Binfield Church.*]

4. EDWARD BLOUNT, the friend and correspondent of

Pope. On the death of Sir George, in 1667, the Devonshire property, acquired by his marriage with the heiress of Kirkham, was settled on his fourth son, Edward, who about the year 1700 married Ann, daughter of Sir John Guise, of Rentcombe, Gloucestershire. Pope dates one of his letters to Mr. Blount from Rentcombe:

“ Rentcombe in Gloucestershire, Oct. 3, 1721.

“Your kind letter has overtaken me here; for I have been in and about this country ever since your departure. I am well pleased to date this from a place so well known to Mrs. Blount, where I write as if I were dictated to by her ancestors, whose faces are all upon me. I fear none so much as Sir Christopher Guise, who, being in his shirt, seems as ready to combat me, as her own Sir John was to demelish Duke Lancaster. I dare say your lady will recollect his figure. I looked upon the mansion, walls, and terraces; the plantations, and slopes, which nature has made to command a variety of valleys and rising woods, with a veneration mixed with a pleasure, that represented her to me in those puerile amusements which engaged her so many years ago in this place. I fancied I saw her sober over a sampler, or gay over a jointed baby. I dare say she did one thing more, even in those early times: ‘Remember her Creator in the days of her youth.’”

By this lady Edward Blount had four daughters and no issue male. Pope, in one of his letters to Martha Blount, mentions the marriage of Viscount Dunbar to the daughter of Lord Clifford, and states that one of the agents in the affair was Mr. Edward Blount, “who, it was thought, might have provided for that noble Viscount much better out of his own family.” Mr. Blount’s family, however, was amply, even nobly, provided for. Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, was married in his lifetime in 1725 to the Hon. Hugh Clifford, who, upon the death of his father in 1730, became Lord Clifford. Mary, the second daughter, in November, 1727, married the Hon. Edward Howard, who upon the death of his brother in 1732, became Duke of Norfolk. “She graced that high station,” says Sir Alexander Croke, “by the beauty and dignity of her person and the splendour of her wit and talents, and died in 1773.” Mrs. Edward Blount, widow of the poet’s friend, went abroad with her two unmarried daughters and

fixed her residence at Antwerp. In that city, Anne, the third daughter, took the veil in a convent of Ursulines, a religious order instituted chiefly for the education of young ladies. Though a foreigner, she was soon after elected Superior of the house, and by her talents and exertions she rendered the establishment one of the most celebrated convents for education in the Low Countries. She remained in that station till her death in 1779. Henrietta, the fourth daughter, was first married to Peter Proli, Esq., merchant, Antwerp, and after his decease to the Hon. Philip Howard, of Buckenham, Norfolk, younger brother of the above Edward Duke of Norfolk.

Mr. Edward Blount went abroad after the rebellion of 1715-6. He seems to have finally returned in 1723, and taken up his abode in his paternal residence at Blagdon. "I cannot deny," says Pope, "but I have a mixture of envy to you all for loving one another so well, and for enjoying the sweets of that life which can only be tasted by people of good will.

" 'They from all shades the darkness can exclude,  
And from a desert banish solitude.'

Torbay is a paradise, and a storm is but an amusement to such people. If you drink tea upon a promontory that overhangs the sea, it is preferable to an assembly; and the whistling of the wind better music to contented and loving minds, than the opera to spleenful, ambitious, diseased, distasteful, and distracted souls which this world affords." The mansion-house of Blagdon, as we learn from Sir A Croke's work, was situated at the foot of a hill which obstructed all view from it, but at a small distance, on the top of the hill, stood a summer-house, which commanded a view of the beautiful harbour of Torbay. This spot was, no doubt, the tea-table promontory. Mr. Blount died in London, July 28, 1726, and his estate of Blagdon was sold for the benefit of his widow and daughters. Another portion of the Devonshire property, the manor of East Cornworthy, was sold by Mrs. Blount, in 1739, to William Chalwiche, Esq., for 2500*l*. (*Communicated by Dr. Oliver, Exeter, from the deed of sale.*) This lady is described as a person of uncommon talents and

acquirements. The Countess of Pomfret met her at Antwerp in 1741, and gives an interesting account of her sentiments and mode of life. She remained the rest of her life in the neighbourhood of Antwerp, and died July 16, 1752. Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Blount are preserved at Thorndon Hall, Essex, the seat of Lord Petre.

## VIII.

## LIST OF POPE'S WORKS.

WE subjoin a list—the most complete we have been able to form—of Pope's separate publications, with their respective dates :

- 1709. In Tonson's Miscellany, part vi., January and May, from Chaucer; the Epistle of Sarpedon, from the 12th and 16th Books of Homer; and the Pastorals.
- ✕ 1711. Essay on Criticism (Anonymous). London: W. Lewis.
- 1712. In Lintot's Miscellany—The First Book of Statius's Thebais; the Fable of Vertumnus and Pomona, from the 14th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoses; to a Young Lady with the Works of Voiture; on Silence; to the author of a Poem entitled "Successio;" and the Rape of the Lock (first draft of the poem, without author's name or dedication).  
In Spectator, Nov. 10, The Messiah.
- ✕ 1713. Windsor Forest. London: B. Lintot.
- " Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day. Do.
- " Prologue to Addison's Cato, published in the Guardian, and with the Tragedy.
- " Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris, concerning the strange and deplorable Frenzy of J. D. (John Dennis—Anonymous.) Lintot.
- " Eight papers in the Guardian. Nos. 4, 11, 40, 61, 78, 91, 92, 173.
- ✕ 1714. The Rape of the Lock, with Additions. (Enlarged to five cantos, with machinery and dedication.) Lintot.
- " In "Poetical Miscellanies" by Steele, The Wife of Bath, from Chaucer; the Arrival of Ulysses at Ithaca, part of the 13th Book of the Odyssey; and the Gardens of Alcinoüs, part of 7th Book. Tonson.

1715. *The Temple of Fame.* Lintot.  
 " *A Key to the Lock, or a Treatise proving beyond all contradiction the dangerous tendency of a late poem entitled "The Rape of the Lock" to Government Religion.* By Esdras Barnevelt, Apoth. J. Roberts.  
 " Translation of the *Iliad*, vol. i., containing the four first books, with Preface, Essay, and Observations. Lintot.  
 1716. Second Vol. of the *Iliad*.  
 " *A Full and True Account of a horrid and barbarous Revenge by Poison on the Body of Mr. Edmund Curll, Bookseller, with a Faithful copy of his last Will and Testament. Publish'd by an Eye Witness.* J. Roberts, &c.  
 " *Epistle to Jervas.* Lintot.  
 " *The Worms.* A Satire. J. Roberts.  
 \* 1717. Third vol. of the *Iliad*.  
 " *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope.* Lintot. (A very handsome vol., both in folio and quarto, printed by Bowyer for Lintot. The *Epistle of Eloisa* to Abeldard first appeared in this collection.)  
 1718-20. Fourth, fifth, and sixth vols. of the *Iliad*.  
 1721. Verses on Mr. Addison's Dialogues on Medals, first printed in Tickell's edit. of Addison's Works.  
 1722. Select Works of Parnell, inscribed in Poetical Epistle to the Earl of Oxford.  
 1725. Edition of Shakespear. Six vols. 4to. Tonson.  
 Translation of the *Odyssey*, vols. i., ii., and iii. Lintot.  
 1726. " vols. iv. and v. Do.  
 " *Mr. Pope's Familiar Letters to Henry Cromwell, Esq.* Curll's Miscellanea.  
 1727. Miscellanies by Pope, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. Two vols. Motte.  
 \* 1728. Miscellanies, vol. iii., entitled "*The Last Volume.*"  
 " *The Dunciad, an Heroic Poem in Three Books.* Dublin printed. London: reprinted for A. Dodd. (No earlier edition has been found.)  
 \* 1729. *The Dunciad, with Notes Variorum, &c., 4to and 8vo.* Lawton Gilliver.  
 " *Letters to Wycherley, Wycherley's Works, vol. ii.* J. Roberts. (No copy of this work has been found, but it was advertised and is referred to by Pope.)  
 1731. *Of Taste.* An Epistle to the Right Hon. Richard Earl of Burlington, occasioned by his publishing Palladio's Designs of the Baths, Arches, Theatres, &c., of Ancient Rome. L. Gilliver. (The title of this epistle was afterwards altered to "*Of False Taste;*" and again to "*Of the Use of Riches.*")

1732. *Of the Use of Riches. An Epistle to the Right Hon. Allen Lord Bathurst.* L. Gilliver.
- „ *An Essay on Man. Addressed to a Friend. Part i. (Anonymous.)* J. Wilford. *Part ii. or Epistle ii. also published this year.*
1733. *Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men, an Epistle, addressed to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Cobham.* L. Gilliver.
- ✱ *Essay on Man. Epistle iii. (Anonymous.)* J. Wilford.
- „ *The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace, Imitated in a Dialogue between Alexander Pope of Twickenham, in Coun. Midd., Esq., on the one hand, and his Learned Counsel on the other.* A. Dodd.
- ✱ 1734. *Essay on Man. Epistle iv. (Anonymous.)* J. Wilford. Also published this year in a collected form in quarto, of which a vellum bound copy is at Mapledurham. Author's name not given, but vignette portrait of Pope in the work.
- „ *The Second Satire of the Second Book of Horace. (Printed along with a reprint of the First Satire of the Second Book.)* Gilliver.
- ✱ 1735. *An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot.* Gilliver.
- „ *A Sermon against Adultery; being Sober Advice from Horace to the Young Gentlemen about Town, as delivered in his Second Sermon. Imitated in the manner of Mr. Pope. Printed for T. Boreman, at the Cock on Ludgate Hill. (Included also in small edit. of Pope's Works, 1738, by R. Dodsley and T. Cooper.)*
- „ *On the Characters of Women. An Epistle to a Lady, by Mr. Pope.* L. Gilliver.
- „ *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope, vol. ii.* L. Gilliver. (In folio and quarto, the same as the 1st vol. of Poetical Works, published by Lintot. In this second vol. the version of Donne's Satires was published.)
- „ *Mr. Pope's Literary Correspondence for Thirty Years, from 1704 to 1734. (Curll's surreptitious edition.)*
1737. *The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope in Prose, or Letters of Mr. Alexander Pope and several of his Friends.* Knapton, Gilliver, Brindley, and Dodsley. (This is Pope's edition of his Correspondence published in folio and quarto to range with Poetical Works.)
- „ *The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace, Imitated by Mr. Pope.* R. Dodsley and T. Cooper.
- „ *The Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace, Imitated by Mr. Pope.* L. Gilliver.
- „ *The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, Imitated by Mr. Pope.* T. Cooper.

1737. The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace, Imitated by Mr. Pope. Dodsley.  
 „ Horace; his Ode to Venus, lib. iv. ode i. Imitated by Mr. Pope. J. Wright and J. Roberts.
1738. One Thousand, Seven Hundred, and Thirty-eight; a Dialogue Something like Horace, by Mr. Pope. Cooper.  
 „ One Thousand, Seven Hundred, and Thirty-eight, Dialogue ii. By Mr. Pope. Dodsley.  
 „ Universal Prayer (now added to Essay on Man).
1740. *Selecta Poemata Italorum qui Latine Scripserunt*, cura cujusdam anonymi anno 1684 congesta, iterum in lucem data, una cum aliorum Italorum operibus, accurante A. Pope. Two vols. Knaptons.
1741. The Works of Mr. Alexander Pope in Prose, vol. ii. Dodsley. (In folio and quarto, the same as 1st vol. This second collection included the correspondence with Swift, and the Memoirs of Scriblerus.)
1742. The New Dunciad, as it was Found in the year 1741, with the Illustrations of Scriblerus and Notes Variorum, 4to. T. Cooper. (Another edition the same year in 12mo, by Dodsley.)
1743. The Dunciad, in Four Books. Printed according to the complete copy, found in the year 1742. With the Prolegomena of Scriblerus and Notes Variorum. To which are added several Notes, now first published, the Hypercritics of Aristarchus, and his Dissertation on the Hero of the Poem. 4to. M. Cooper.

Pope died on the 30th of May, 1744. He was engaged in preparing a complete edition of his Works, assisted by Warburton, of which the Dunciad, the Essay on Criticism, and Essay on Man had appeared. Warburton's complete edition, nine vols. 8vo (printed for J. and P. Knapton), did not appear till 1751.

## IX.

## LINTOT'S ACCOUNT-BOOK.

MR. D'ISRAELI, in his "Quarrels of Authors," has published extracts from a Book of Accounts which belonged to Bernard Lintot. We extract Pope's account. "I am not in all cases confident," says Mr. D'Israeli, "of the nature of these 'copies purchased;' those works which were originally published by Lintot may be considered as purchased at the sums specified: some few might have been subsequent to their first

edition. The guinea at that time passing for 21s. 6d. has occasioned the fractions :

|                                                                                                                                                                                                            |       |    |     |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|----|-----|
| " 19 Feb., 1711-12. Statius, First Book. Vertumnus and Pomona . . . . .                                                                                                                                    | £     | s. | d.  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                            | 16    | 2  | 6   |
| 21 March, 1711-12. First edition, Rape . . . . .                                                                                                                                                           | 7     | 0  | 0   |
| 9 April, 1712. To a Lady presenting Voiture; upon Silence; To the Author of a Poem called 'Successio' . . . . .                                                                                            | 3     | 16 | 6   |
| 23 Feb., 1712-13. Windsor Forest . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                 | 32    | 5  | 0   |
| 23 July, 1713. Ode on St. Cecilia's Day . . . . .                                                                                                                                                          | 15    | 0  | 0   |
| 20 Feb., 1713-14. Additions to the Rape . . . . .                                                                                                                                                          | 15    | 0  | 0   |
| 1 Feb., 1714-15. Temple of Fame . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                  | 32    | 5  | 0   |
| 30 April, 1715. Key to the Lock . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                  | 10    | 15 | 0   |
| 17 July, 1716. Essay on Criticism [new edit.] . . . . .                                                                                                                                                    | 15    | 0  | 0   |
| 13 Dec., 1721. Parnell's Poems . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                   | 15    | 0  | 0   |
| 23 March, 1713. Homer, vol. i. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                     | 215   | 0  | 0   |
| " Feb. " 1715-16. " 650 books on royal paper . . . . .                                                                                                                                                     | 176   | 0  | 0   |
| 9 Feb. 1715-16. Homer, vol. ii. . . . .                                                                                                                                                                    | 215   | 0  | 0   |
| 7 May, 1716. " 650 royal paper . . . . .                                                                                                                                                                   | 150   | 0  | 0   |
| This article is repeated to the sixth volume of Homer. To which is to be added another sum of 840%, paid for an assignment of all the copies. The whole of this part of the account amounting to . . . . . | 3203  | 4  | 0   |
| Copy-moneys for the Odyssey, vols. i., ii., iii., and 750 of each vol. royal paper 4to . . . . .                                                                                                           | 615   | 6  | 0   |
| Ditto for the vols. iv., v., and 750 ditto . . . . .                                                                                                                                                       | 425   | 18 | 7½  |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                            | <hr/> |    |     |
|                                                                                                                                                                                                            | £4244 | 8  | 7½" |





## NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

*Pope's Father.*—The conjecture (page 15) that Pope's half-sister, Magdalen Rackett, was the daughter of the poet's father by a previous marriage, has, since the greater part of this volume was printed off, been confirmed. Mr. Hotten, bookseller, Finsbury, in the *Adversaria* attached to his Catalogue of May 30, 1857, published an extract from a London Directory of 1677, showing that in the list of merchants for that year was "Alexand. Pope, Broad-street." The *Athenæum* followed this up by a citation from the register of St. Bennet-Fink, in which part of Broad-street is situated: "1679, 12 Aug.—Buried, Magdalen, the wife of Alexander Pope." There can be no doubt that this Magdalen Pope was the wife of the poet's father, who had, previous to his removal to Lombard-street, resided in Broad-street during the period 1677-1679. The *Athenæum* further publishes an extract from the unpublished correspondence of Pope with Mr. Caryll, in which the poet writes: "My sister Rackett was my own father's daughter by a former wife." Of Pope's affectionate veneration for his father a fresh illustration has recently been discovered. In the first volume of the copy of Bowles's Pope in the library at Mapledurham, the late Mr. Blount had inserted the following fragment of a note in the poet's handwriting, evidently addressed to Teresa or Martha Blount, or to both: "I should think that in losing my father, I have lost half my friends, if I did not think you so. The greatest comfort I can have will be in hearing from you and in seeing you. I am truly yours, A. P."

*Coronation of George I.*, page 71.—The King arrived in England in September, 1714, but the ceremony of his coronation did not take place till the 20th of October; consequently Pope's Epistle must have been written subsequent to this date.

*Annuity to Teresa Blount*, page 76.—The Editor's authority for this statement is the "Genealogy" of the Blounts, drawn up by the family chaplain, the Rev. Charles Lefebvre, and preserved in the original manuscript at Mapledurham. Mr. Lefebvre's words are—"That Teresa, not Martha, was frequently the object of his (Pope's) rhymes, is proved from original letters now published; and that she was his first favourite and the principal object

of his affection, is evident from a deed of the 10th of March, 1717, by which he binds himself in an annuity of Forty Pounds, during the term of six years, to be paid to her yearly on the 25th of March, on condition that the said Teresa should not have married during the said six years, which condition she agreed to. There is a great probability that this agreement was with a view to a connubial settlement, but then Pope was living with his parents, whose old age and habits would probably have little agreed with the taste and inclination of a fashionable young lady."

*Verses of and to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, page 148.—The Editor has ascertained that the "Verses written in the Chiosk at Pera," and the Verses addressed to Lady Mary ("In beauty or wit," &c.), first appeared in a Miscellany of Original Poems published in 1720 by Anthony Hammond. Hammond was a friend of Lady Mary, and he states that the poems in his Miscellany were then first published from their original manuscripts. This is in favour of the genuineness of the two poems, though a wrong date is affixed to the "Verses written in the Chiosk at Pera." In the Miscellany these verses are given as "by a Lady," but in the index they are said to be "by the Lady M. W. M." At page 274 of the work appear the "Verses to the Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, by Mr. Pope." The Editor still thinks that these verses have little or nothing of Pope's peculiar manner, but he is reminded of the poet's remark to Spence: "There is nothing more foolish than to pretend to be sure of knowing a great writer by his style."

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